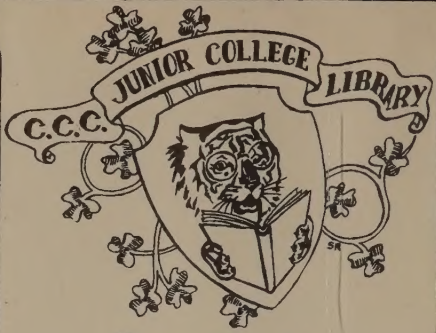

Presented by

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SPARKS *of* LAUGHTER

Sixth Annual Compilation

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STEWART ANDERSON
NEWARK, N. J.

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By Stewart Anderson

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Intelligencer Printing Company
Lancaster, Pa.

Salutation

For the sixth successive year we bring to our subscribers and to the general public the fruits of our survey of American anecdotal humor of the past few months. This new volume contains a larger number of classifications than any of its forerunners, and the humoristic content is more varied. We confidently hope that to this Sixth Edition will be given as generous favor as was accorded to the five precedent compilations.

STEWART ANDERSON.

Newark, N. J.,
September, 1925.

Fire-Tested!

Caustic Critic: "Gee, but you have a lot of bum jokes in this issue."

Editor: "Oh, I don't know, I put a bunch of them in the stove and the fire just roared."

—*The Traveler's Beacon.*

Suggestions to Toastmasters

If you are without experience you would do well to act on hese suggestions, at least until your own judgment is seasoned, nd if you are a master, still you may find in these few para- raphs a helpful hint, for none of us is all-knowing.

Great toastmasters prepare for the occasion, and do not de- end on the "inspiration of the moment." The "moment" ives them opportunities to add to or change what they had lanned to do or say, and sometimes necessitates a variation; ut the frame of their evening's work is made in advance. 'his preparation has two parts—having a finger in planning he program, if that is possible, and getting ready for one's wn conduct of the program.

Preparation

The Date: When choosing the dinner's date, diligently nquire about dinners or meetings of other organizations vhich might draw some whom you desire as guests and some of rour own members also. You want the fullest possible attend- nce. Avoid Friday if you can, that all your members and all rour guests may be liable to partake of *all* the food that is et before them.

Menu: The day of the many-course, heavy-dish dinner has one by, and such a banquet nowadays is served only when lisplay is desired. A few courses satisfy hunger and pleasure, nd are long enough for the generation of comradeship and ollity.

Punctuality: Insist and insistently emphasize to the caterer —club or restaurant or hotel—that the dinner must and shall egin *on time*. Then advertise the beginning as a quarter of n hour earlier. Guests and members grow weary with stand- ng around a half hour or an hour, and are impatient at the ong delay. A good part of a banquet's success is due to the ight start, and only the "on time" start is the right start.

Waiters: See to it—have it clearly understood—and drum t into the head waiter if you can get at him—that the waiters

are to leave the room as soon as the coffee and cigars are served, or, at least, that they shall collect the cups and saucers as soon as the cups have been emptied—shall do it quickly and get out, and *stay* out.

The Tip: Arrange with the management to add the equivalent of the collective tip to their charge, and thus avoid the annoyance of passing the plates or saucers among your guests. That is a banquet barbarism which nowadays is never seen at well-ordered affairs.

The Newspapers: And whatever else you may overlook do not forget the newspapers. The newspaper will be one of the best friends an organization can have, if it is given half a chance. We want a good story of our dinner in the next day's paper, but too often do nothing to earn it. The newspaper's commodity is news, and our dinner is news; but also we desire publicity; and so our relation to the press is reciprocal. Now, the reporter is a human being, with feelings and usually with fine sensibilities, and the way to gain him as an ally is to show him and his employer that you respect the newspaper as an institution and that you respect his profession. A good way not to do this is to stay away from the newspaper office, give them no notice of the dinner, and offer no facilities to the reporter for doing justice to the occasion. And a good way to procure and secure newspaper goodwill is to call on the city editor, give him the data, solicit cordially his own attendance or that of a reporter, and leave tickets for reserved seats, and then see to it that the seats are seats of honor, near the head table, where the scribe can hear perfectly and can see perfectly both those at the head table and all others in the room; and see to it also that some one at the door has been told about these seats, and, when the newspaper men come, will welcome them with a warmly glad hand and conduct them to their places. How would you like to stand outside a banquet door while some ignoramus trots up to the head table and tells the toastmaster that a reporter from the *Town Booster* is outside and asks what's to be done? Yet that happens often enough, and then there's wonderment that the dinner did not have a front page fat story next day.

Still more: If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, try to obtain from him a manuscript of his address, or, better, an abstract, and see that each paper has a copy of it twenty-four

ours in advance of the banquet. In these complex times dinner speeches are given far less space than was accorded to hem before August 1, 1914, yet sometimes a little more space ; available if the material is on hand early. Well managed ewspapers usually, or commonly, write to such a speaker for ıanuscript or abstract; but you should not rely on its being one. Metropolitan dailies have space for none but the ratory of the great. The "home town" paper is liberal.

Music: What about music? Just two kinds are permissible uring the dining. One is mere murmuring music—not *murersome* music—that does not interfere with conversation and ıerriment. Men do not like at a public dinner to have their oices drowned and their laughter quenched by a brass band r by a blaring orchestra. Set your foot down hard, and keep t down, if rackety music is proposed. If the musicians are rtists they should play after the dinner—and so with the singrs—and not while plates are clattering, and silver and glass re clinking, and waiters are bustling, and there is the hum of oices and laughter. The diners do not enjoy it, and artists oathe it. There is a time for everything. The other kind of ıermissible music is that in which the banqueters can partici)ate with song—such as good chorus singing, backed by an)rchestra. But keep out the mere row music, and give fellowhip the chance it looks for at a dinner table.

There are few banquet programs that cannot be made more njoyable by fine vocal or instrumental music, to be alterıated with the speeches—just enough to fill in, and relieve the nonotony of the speaking, and far from enough to throw the)rogram out of balance and give to music instead of to speakng the chief place.

Printed Program: An engraved or printed menu and program is desirable, at least for an annual or a special dinner—t is kept as a souvenir by many.

Speakers: This is the ticklish part of the planner's task, frequently. First, say that this is the annual dinner of your)rganization. There is not to be an outside speaker. And you have a horde of officials who will sit at the head table. Now, ıere's what you are after:—to make your dinner so enjoyable that next year everybody will say, "Let's go!" But they won't

say it if every magnate at that long head table makes a speech. Midnight will not find them finished. And most of them God did not purpose should ever make a speech. Wherefore, that they are officials does not justify your banquet committee in compelling them to daze, but not to dazzle, your audience. Your program should end not later than eleven o'clock, and your members and guests should not be compelled to listen to a procession of men, half of whom get up and say, "I am not a speechmaker," or "I am not going to make a speech,"—the first usually tells the truth, and the second is often an unmitigated liar. Firmly, gently, tactfully pick out four or five who *can* make a decent address, and without explanation or apology name them as your speakers; adding, as occasionally is necessary, some venerable or honored member, to whom all delight to pay respect. Tell each one exactly how many minutes he may speak, and explain why the limit was fixed—that will help some, even though one or more may exceed his minutes.

If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, all the more reason for keeping down the number of local orators. You must get the crowd away at eleven, and you can't do it if "the whole town" play orator. A hint here:—some of your members and guests may have come by train and must leave before eleven. If so, call up your out-of-town speaker first, or at least early enough for these early leavers to hear his entire address—they have paid their money to see the show, and he is the star attraction.

Some men have a deserved reputation as writers or as doers. But that does not make them acceptable banquet orators. Make sure that a proposed speaker can indeed speak, and is *known* as a capable speaker. Otherwise his reputation with your people is liable to suffer and he may ruin your dinner. I have seen it happen more than once. Fix this in your mind and don't let it get out:—a great name as a writer or doer is not a guarantee of a great or even an ordinary capable speaker. Don't risk it, don't yield to persuasion—*know* what you are doing when you engage your chief show piece. And do your engaging three months in advance, if you can, else you may not be able to procure him. If he is popular, others will be after him too.

Don't Wreck Your Program: When you have announced your speakers, or when you have printed your program, stick to your list. An audience that has been promised three

peakers only will curse you if two or three additional are im-
osed upon them. And the man whom you invited to be your
nief speaker, whom you told would have but two preceders,
ith fifteen minutes each, and to whom you gave the place of
onor at the end of the evening, will have just cause for offense
you earlier ring in two or three unadvertised speakers.
our guest of honor has the right to expect that his audience
nall not have been worn out before his turn has come, or that
e shall not be eclipsed by a speaker who perhaps excels
im. Treat your chief speaker courteously and fairly. He is
iving you not only his banquet time, but likely enough he has
pent many hours in preparing his address.

A common plague is the member who says, "Mr. So-and-So
unexpectedly here. I think it would be fine to ask him to
peak." And the inexperienced toastmaster assents. Then,
ve times out of six, the program is put out of joint. I have
nany times seen such an unexpected guest speak half or three-
uarters of an hour, with the result that the advertised
peakers were ill at ease and cut down addresses which the
udience desired to hear, or else they plunged in at full
ength, and eleven or twelve o'clock had come before the
speaker of the evening" was called up to face a disgusted
nd dwindling audience. Don't tamper with your list of
peakers for any other than an imperative reason, such as the
nexpected presence of a high official of your organization.
ou owe more banquet courtesy to your invited speakers than
ou do to John Flounder Flubdub, Billy Grinwide Limelight,
r the Honorable Notoribus Spoutlong Killem.

The Toastmaster

The "Once Over": And now it is time for the dinner, and
ve will give the room the "once over" before the doors are
pened. Yes, the place cards are at the head table, each with
name upon it—*and in its right place!* Better remove that
all vase that stands squarely in front of the place of toast-
naster or guest of honor—it would hide either one from the
anqueters.

Seating your Guests: All right—let them in. The bugle
lows or the orchestra plays, and in they come. If your
peaker is a non-member *you* will escort him to the place of
ionor at your right hand. If there are two such guests, you

will bring in both, and place the chief one at your right an the lesser one at your left; or *you* may bring in the chief gues and another officer may pilot the lesser light, to be seated a your right and your left.

The Start: The company is standing at the tables, and wait ing your invitation to be seated. Here's where your worl begins. Here's where you set the atmosphere, so to speak Instead of merely saying, "Be seated, gentlemen," say more First of all you must have complete silence. Get it by pound ing a heavy plate, or the table, with the end of your tabl knife. Don't try tinkling your glass—they won't hear it *Pound* with that knife—if you haven't a gavel. (Own an carry a gavel.) Some will immediately stop talking and loo toward your throne, but there will still be a few who do no hear or hearing do not heed. Pound again. Keep you poise, and don't open your mouth until the hall is silent Then, in a voice that reaches to the edges, quote, say, Bobbi Burns:

> *"Some hae meat, and canna eat;*
> *Some can eat, and want it;*
> *But we hae meat and we can eat,*
> *So let the Lord be thankit."*

"Will you take your seats, gentlemen?"

or something equally appropriate—you can get a book o toasts at any bookstore and make your own selection. If minister is at the head table, this "grace" from Burns woul not serve, of course. In that case, after silence had bee obtained, you would say, "Will the Rev. Dr. [or Bishop] Rob inson say grace?" And then, if you are dead sure you quotation would not spoil the grace, follow with your wel coming sentiment, quickly enough so that the diners woul not have sat down, and yet not so quickly as to seem to b pushing the grace aside—a little practice will make you expert

Control of Singing: During the dinner there may be ligh music or chorus singing, and if you are the local song leade you will do the leading. Commonly, song sheets with num bered songs are scattered among the tables, and the diner with rivalry do the selecting—table outshouting table. Catc the fun at the top moment and yourself announce the win ning number—don't let the fun run wild, but help it along an

direct it with a word of jest or repartee. Have it understood with the leader of the orchestra that he is to play only what *you* announce. Be boss!—and keep the control which you gained when at the beginning you compelled them to silence. An audience admires a firm toastmaster.

Compacting the Audience: Keep your eye on those coffee cups—that head waiter may have forgotten. Don't hesitate to send someone to remind him. The waiters have gone at last—don't begin until they have gone. Is the hall large? Then at once request the banqueters to move toward the head table, both that the speakers' task may be easier and that no one may miss any part of what is said.

You Begin: And now you start. But not to make a speech. No!—a thousand times, no. You are toastmaster and not speechmaker. Your sole job is to be the connecting link between the speakers and the audience, and, as I said before, to fix the atmosphere, and keep it fixed. That's all:—doing it, however, with all the grace of personality, and play of wit or seriousness, as may be required, that you can command. First, a few words of welcome and of compliment to guests and members. Next, a few words about the object and character of your organization, that your guests may be informed. Then a few words, if needed or appropriate, about the purpose of the dinner. Five minutes is ample, and two would be a volume. Learn letter-perfect what you intend to say—don't fumble, don't stumble, don't hesitate, and don't read from a wretched little piece of paper. Speak it out like a man and a toastmaster! All right? Well, then, begin your introductions. If the speaker is an outsider, you should have learned the reason for his eminence and the extent of his reputation—and have memorized the introduction. Just a brief presentment of his virtues or powers, or whatever made him famous—in modest language that avoids world-bursting superlatives. Two minutes is enough. And for heaven's sake don't say, "We have with us to-night!" Now he's on his feet and is receiving his welcoming hand-clap. Stay on your feet and lead the clapping as soon as you have uttered his name. If he is one to whom should be accorded the honor of a rising welcome, and the audience is a second slow, pull them to their feet by a raising of your eyebrows and a slight motion of your hands—they'll come. If he is one to be received with cheers, be the

cheer leader. And then keep on standing until he has turned to say, "Mr. Toastmaster," at which you bow and take your seat.

If Only One Speaker: While he is speaking, listen. You will probably catch a sentence or a drift that will suggest a jest, or a serious anecdote, or the recitation of a verse, or the utterance of a follow-up and clinching sentiment, after he has ended. Give his audience a chance to applaud him and give him "curtain calls" before you rise. Then say the say which his address has inspired, thank him in behalf of your organization and its guests for having honored your banquet table, speaking appreciation of his eloquent or learned or whatnot address. Then, if there are no others, thank your guests for having graced your banquet tables with their presence, thank the representatives of the press for their most friendly and long-continued service to your organization, and bid all "Good Night."

If Other Speakers: If you have member speakers, you will have prepared your introductions carefully—for this one a humorous story or jest, for that one both jest and serious word, and for that other a serious word only. You will find plenty of appropriate stories in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER.

Controlling the Speaking: Sometimes a speaker, although informed of his time limit, will meander on and on, or rush on and on, far beyond his allowance. If he is a stranger or a personage, courtesy forbids that he be publicly pulled to his seat. And usually it is not necessary. When he has trespassed five minutes, or ten if you can spare it, reach out your hand and unobtrusively push your watch toward him. Commonly the motion is successful. If it isn't, a minute or two later put your handkerchief to your face and from behind it say, "Five minutes more, Mr. Blank." And if that doesn't fetch him, in another minute or two lean toward the table and briskly pick up papers or programs, as if to remind yourself of the name of the next speaker, and looking out over the audience, in courteous attention, gently tap your fingers on the table, as if slightly impatient. Only as an extremity, and when absolutely necessary, rise and apologetically finish him, with a reason and with smiling courtesy.

At the dinners of the Gridiron Club in Washington no speaker, it is said, be he ever so celebrated, is permitted to

ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS

exceed his time allotment. But what those autocratic satirists impose upon their speakers, your organization should not upon yours. Your speakers commonly are friends and neighbors and members, and are not accustomed to the rules of the game of public-speaking. Hurting their feelings would be harmful to your organization. Do the best you can to obtain their co-operation, and be contented with the results. To preserve good will and fraternity is worth a few wasted minutes of unwanted oratory.

Alarm clocks and flashing red lights are well enough for the give and take and rough-and-tumble of lunch meetings. They are out of place at an evening dinner.

Tribute to Departed Members: At an annual dinner of a business or civic club, or other organization, it is customary to mention the names and describe the qualities and services of members who have passed on during the twelve-month period. And then, frequently, the toastmaster says: "Let us pay tribute to their memory by rising and standing a moment in silence." If a bugler or cornetist is present the impressiveness of the tribute can be heightened by having him softly sound taps while the audience is on its feet. Or, instead, if the toastmaster has the voice and personality to do it, he may say this:

> Something starry, something bold,
> Eludes the clutch of dust and mold;
> Something that shall not wholly die
> Out of the azure of the sky.

Or, again, and instead, if the Toastmaster is indeed a master, if he has voice, and skill in using it, and if he has a distinguished personality, let him try the following,—I promise him that his auditors will remember the incident for many and many a day:

> For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.
>
> So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.
>
> O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Don't have taps sounded if you use either of these quotations, for they are jubilant of victory, while taps speaks only of death and the grave. And don't use either quotation, especially the biblical, unless you are certain of your qualifications.

LIBRARY

It is easy to make a grotesque mess of such a task. Sometimes at the head table is a minister who, without announcement, might repeat the lines, but that he is a minister is no assurance that he could do the work well—precious few ministers, alas! are competent to read Paul's great lines on immortality. The moment the company is seated again, bring on some sprightly music, instrumental or vocal, to restore the cheerful tone of the meeting. Or else tell a funny story, or have something else to say, with a smile and an accordant voice.

"*Good Night!*" Frequently a part of the audience begins to ooze out as soon as the chief speech, which usually is the last one, has been finished. Bang your gavel and stop them and hold them and make them join in the courtesy of your "Good Night!" utterance. Here is an admirable finale:

> The songs are ended and the speeches done,
> The stories told, we've lit our last cigar;
> We leave this place of meeting, one by one,
> To seek a shadowy country, dim and far.
>
> It is a land where dreams do all come true,
> Where failures and resentments do not lurk,
> Where youth and hope are ours, and faith is new,
> And swift success does follow honest work.
>
> Two words invoke the bounty of that land,
> With all its favors and its blessings bright,—
> I give to each of you a brother's hand,
> And bid you one and all, Good Night!—Good Night!

You started the banquet, and *you* ended it. You had control throughout. You pleased your audience, and you made their enjoyment more complete because you did start and did control and did announce the end; never leave the audience to wonder whether or not the program has ended—do the ending yourself.

Toastmastering is a useful and an ornamental art. I have tried to show you some of its first principles. Use them and you will not go far wrong. Prepare thoroughly all that you do. And by and by your workmanship will be a master's, the product of your own personality and suited to your own temperament.

The Busy Man's Voice

This chapter is brief. Its aim is, not to supply an elaborate and technical course in elocution, but is merely, on the contrary, to show the business man and woman how to acquire the vocal power of serviceable speech.

We commonly think of a voice as being the especial instrument of the preacher, or the actor, or the lawyer, or the lecturer, and that it is to them a gift of nature, denied to ordinary men. The fact is, however, that every man and woman whose vocal organs are normal is equipped to produce a pleasing voice. The *nasal* voice is usually a misplaced voice, a thing of habit imitatively acquired in childhood. The *whining* or complaining voice is usually an expression of mental or emotional attitude. The *indistinct throaty* voice is merely a misplaced voice. Any one who is willing to spend a half hour a day for six months can have a pleasing voice. We do not mean that training will give that beauty of individuality to voice which makes some voices supreme. Even as faces differ in beauty, so do voices. But voices, unlike faces, can be changed and the vocal organs be made to produce tones that are melodious. Our advice to any man or woman who has both the time and the means and who wishes to acquire a good speaking voice is this:—

First, go to a nose and throat specialist to see whether or not there is anything wrong, even though you are sure there is nothing wrong. That done, go to a first-class teacher of the speaking voice and take about a dozen lessons in voice-placing.

In no time at all the nasal voice will disappear, as will the back-in-the-throat voice. You will learn that the proper use of the lips is necessary to distinct articulation and how to form your tones in the front part of the mouth—your voice will be pulled down from your nose (although, as a matter of fact, it never is there), or your voice will be dragged up from your throat and put in charge of your lips and teeth.

Self-Training

If, however, you cannot employ a teacher, follow day by day the method we now describe, and in a few months you will be delighted with the improvement in your voice.

Words are formed of vowels and of consonants. The consonants are the frames of the vowels, as it were. If you do not use the lips and the teeth to shape the consonants, necessarily your articulation is indistinct—you get only half-formed words. Articulation is necessary to the pleasing voice, and articulation comes from the efficient pronouncing of each syllable in a word, since words are made up of syllables. If you give each syllable its value, the entire word is sure to be clearly pronounced. You must therefore drill yourself in clear enunciation.

If you have a nasal voice, you must rid yourself of it; and if your voice is indistinct because throaty, that must be changed. Let us attack these two faults first, the cure for each being the same.

Sound a full, long o͞o. Any nasal sound, or throaty sound? Well, try this:—Stand before a mirror, or sit, and round the lips into a small circle. Now sing o͞o, and feel the breath passing sharply through the lips. If the tone is still nasal, concentrate upon that round orifice of the lips,—keep it round,—and try again and again until you are conscious that the o͞o is being formed on the lips alone. You will soon learn to distinguish between the nasal and the pure tone. When that recognition has come, watch your words for every o͞o you use and send it through the lips.

Having placed o͞o properly, next take the long "o," as in "gold." Treat it as you now do the "o͞o," except that the mouth circle is a little larger.

Next sound both "o͞o" and "ō" preceded by these consonants:—p, b, m, d, s, h, Bring each of these consonants to the lips, and clearly sound them when joined to "o͞o" and "ō."

This done, pass on to long "a" and "e." Both of these vowels are placed just back of the teeth. Fasten your mind on that part of the mouth, tell yourself that there, and from there alone, the sound of "a" shall proceed, and then sing the

vowel gently or speak it lingeringly. Keep at it until you perceive the difference between the "a" so sounded and the "a" that has nasal quality. Then go to "e," and treat it in the same way. Which done, hook on the named consonants, and as many others as you wish, making the utterance sharp and clear-cut.

With these four vowels properly placed, the nasal property will have disappeared, and the habit of forming their tones in the back of the throat, instead of the front of the mouth, will have been broken.

And from the start watch your voice in conversation, or in public utterance, schooling yourself to front-mouth speech, and it will not be long before a gratifying improvement both in character of tone and clarity of enunciation will be seen.

Now, then, for enunciation itself, aside from curing nasal and throaty utterance:—

You may have a voice loud enough to fill any hall, yet if you do not frame and shape your words into hearable speech, noise, melodious or unmelodious, is your probable vocal product, and your audiences miss a good deal of what you say. In the closeness of conversational contact that speech fault may not be disastrous, but it cannot help being so when you are speaking in public.

Here is the cure, and while you are taking it you will increase your volume and the quality of your tone,—don't holler! at first. Clear melodious speech is what you are after. You would not at first, unless already an athlete, do to the full limit of your strength the prescribed exercises in a gymnasium:

Make a list of fifty four-syllable words, choosing such as have *long vowels*—like "oo" in "cool," "o" in "cold," "a" in "fate," "e" in "feel." Then day after day, before a mirror, for at least three months give yourself a half-hour drill in syllabic articulation. Split each word into its syllables, and pronounce each syllable as if it were an entire word. For example, "Oklahoma." Pronounce it "Ok-la-ho-ma," a syllable at a time. Round the full "o" to begin with, and join it to the clicking sound of "k." Then the "la,"—just as you would sing "la-la-la-la-la,"—hit the "l" as strongly as you do the following vowel. Next the "ho,"—as if you were calling "Ho!"—with push in your sounding of the "h." Finally the "ma,"—bring your lips tightly together to form the "m," and join to it the full "a" as in "father."

Treat all the words in your list to this process,—"do your

exercises" faithfully day after day for at least three months, and you will have three things to show for your work:—

1. Effective enunciation—clearness of vocality.

2. Tonal quality. The vowels, which provide the *music* in speech, will have been purified and made brilliant.

3. The daily use of your vocal organs will have developed strength or volume of voice.

The enunciate voice, the rich-vowel voice, the strong voice is a voice indeed.

By all means go to a *first-class* teacher if you can. But if you cannot, do what has here been laid down, and you may be confident that in due time you will have a voice if you are voiceless now, or a still better voice if already you have a good one.

Airplane

Preserver Indeed

When flying, a pilot fell into a canal. A man on the towing path promptly dove in and brought him safely to land.

"Ah, my preserver, you've saved my life," gasped the pilot. "How can I repay you, my preserver?"

"Nah, then, guv-nor, that's all right, but don't kid a bloke 'cos 'e works at a jam factory."

Would Play Safe

George had taken his country cousin to look over the air-drome. When he had seen all there was to see, George said to his companion, "Now, we'll go for a joy ride in one of the machines."

"I may be old-fashioned, but I don't care very much for going on a trip in one of these new-fangled things," replied Jim.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" laughed the other. "Why you may live to see airplanes running like omnibus service!"

"Yes, I may, if I keep out of them," was the cautious reply.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Law of Gravity

The airman was explaining the use of the parachute to a group of listeners.

"And what would happen if the parachute failed to open after you jumped off?" asked the listener.

"Oh, that wouldn't stop me!" replied the airman. "I'd come down just the same."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Apparently Not

"And then, thousands of feet above the cruel ledges," said the talkative balloonist, "I pulled the string that released me, knowing well that should my parachute fail to open I would dash my poor brains out on the rocks beneath."

"And did it?" inquired the interested girl.

Another Peril

"These airplanes are getting more dangerous than ever."
"Some one killed?"
"No; but I see a chap got married in one yesterday."

In the Clouds

Aviator's Mechanic: "There's a fellow going down in a parachute."

AVIATOR: "I'll see if I can hit him. It isn't often we get a chance at a pedestrian."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Thankful for Something

"Tell me," said the interviewer at the bedside of the aviator who had fallen 1000 feet and hit the earth, "what was your dominating thought as you fell through all that space?"

True to his record for coolness, the aviator lit a cigarette, smiled and said:

"Why, I think the thought that impressed me most was that I was about the only thing that wasn't going up."

—*Boston Daily Globe.*

The Army and Navy

Tit for Tat

Private Jones was summoned to appear before his captain.

"Jones," said the officer, frowning darkly, "this gentleman complains that you have killed his dog."

"A dastardly trick," interrupted the owner of the dog, "to kill a defenseless animal that would harm no one!"

"Not much defenseless about him," chimed in the private, heatedly. "He bit pretty freely into my leg, so I ran my bayonet into him."

"Nonsense!" answered the owner angrily. "He was a docile creature. Why did you not defend yourself with the butt of your rifle?"

"Why didn't he bite me with his tail?" asked Private Jones with spirit.

—*Wallace's Farmer.*

Just Like America

The American in England affords cause for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen.

A Yankee soldier was being shown over an old church wherein hundreds of people were buried.

"A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a sweep of his hand.

"So?" said the Sammy. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

An Irishman not familiar with horses joined the cavalry. Mounting his horse, he immediately found himself prostrate on the ground. His irate commander, seeing the figure in the dust and not knowing the cause, shouted, "From what quarters did you receive orders to dismount?"

The Irishman hesitated; then, "From the hind quarters, I think, sir."

The Time is now

Opponents of defense days and preparedness will do well to consider the old gentleman on a pier.

As this old gentleman strolled up and down enjoying the sea breezes and an after-luncheon cigar, he heard a yell of "Help, help!"

Leaning over the rail, he saw a young man struggling in the water.

"What seems to be the trouble?" said the old gentleman, taking his cigar from his mouth.

"Help, help!" sputtered the young man. "I can't swim."

"Can't you?" said the old gentleman. "Well, then, young man, now is your chance to learn."

Just His Wife

Instructions were once issued by the commanding officer of a certain military station that no one was allowed to walk over the grass where the cow was pastured. The following day the general's wife, wishing to take a short cut, started to walk from one path to another.

"No one to pass here, madam," said the sentry.

The lady drew herself up haughtily. "Do you know who I am?" she demanded.

"No, madam," replied the man impassively, "I don't know who you are. But I know you aren't the general's cow, and no one else is allowed to walk on this grass."

Wurra! Wurra! Wurra!

During those stirring days when the American destroyers were in Queenstown, Ireland, a violently Irish water tender, from the destroyer Jarvis, red hair a-bristle like a terrier at bay, bounced into the lobby of a Queenstown hotel, approached the Irish hotel clerk with a belligerent mien and barked, "Oi whant a room, Oi whant room 237 and Oi whant it quick now!"

Replied the Irish clerk, "Shure an' it's mesilf as can give y' a r-r-oom, but I can't give y' r-r-oom 237. That room is occupied by a man named O'Brien!"

Roared the water tender, "Oi'll have room 237! Shure and Oi know it's not occupied by a man named O'Brien! Oi'm O'Brien, I just fell out of the windey!"

—*Our Navy.*

He Had a Reason

"Don't they teach you to salute in your company?" roared the major to private Patrick Malone, who had passed him without raising his hand, while on a walk outside of camp.

"Yes, sir," replied Pat.

"Then why didn't you salute?"

"Well, sir," was the candid reply, "I didn't want to attract more attention than I had to, 'cause I ain't supposed to be out here without a pass."

Lasting Impression

Two colored soldiers, whose crap game had been abruptly terminated, were debating hotly as to whether the hastily gathered up cubes had shown six or seven points at the last inspection. Finally one doubled up his fist, extending it to within an inch of the other's nose, and announced:

"See dat fis', uselessness? Whin Ah hits yo' side de face wid dat, yo' gwine see down yo' back 'thout turnin' yo' haid!"

"Huh! Am dat so, street sweepings? See mah foot? Oncet Ah kicks yo' wid dat, eve'y time yo' sits down yo' leaves a foot print."

—*The Barrow Pit.*

Tight Squeezes

An elderly lady was visiting the University Hospital in Oklahoma City.

"Poor boy," she said to an ex-soldier who had been wounded, "you must have been through some pretty tight squeezes."

At this he turned a violent scarlet and stuttered:

"Well, madam, the nurses here have been pretty good to me for a fact."

—*Whirlwind.*

Fire—No Kidding!

We all know the old gun used by the berth deck comedian who yells "Fire!" and then explains "in the galley." This old gag made it tough on the mess attendant, who ran down the deck yelling, "Fire in the galley, no kidding; fire in the galley, no kidding!"

Reasonable

Colonel Roosevelt told a war story at an Albany reception.

"A doughboy," he said "had just got back home from the war, and he was lunching in a cafeteria when a dear old lady in the next chair to his own leaned over across her pie and said:

" 'I, too, have a soldier son, young man, and a lucky one at that. Would you believe it? My boy went through the war without a scratch.'

" 'Gee, lady,' said the doughboy, 'spill us the name of his insect powder, will ye?' "

The Sheep and the Goats

The soldiers marched to the church and halted in the square outside. One wing of the edifice was undergoing repairs, so there was room for only about half the regiment.

"Sergeant," ordered the captain, "tell the men who don't want to go to church to fall out."

A large number quickly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, sergeant," said the captain, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others in—they need it most."

—*The American Central.*

Try to Imagine This

SERGEANT (*drilling awkward squad*): "Company! Attention, company, lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!"

One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily, "And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"

The Traveler's Beacon.

What He Learned

"Damn," snarled the General, "why can't you be more careful? You should have addressed this letter to the Intelligence Officer and you've addressed it to the Intelligent Officer. Don't you know there is no such officer?"

A Subtle Reply

A young corporal was one day drilling some men when one of them stepped out from the ranks and remarked in an angry voice:

"You couldn't drill a company of ducks!"

Next morning he was brought before the colonel, who ordered him to be taken out and given ten minutes in which to change his mind.

When the time was up the man was again brought in and asked if he had altered his opinion. He replied in the affirmative, and he was then asked:

"And what conclusion have you come to?"

"That he could not drill one duck, sir," was the quick, if somewhat astonishing, reply.

Had The Kick

A draft of Missouri mules had just arrived and one new buck private made the common and sad mistake of going too near one of them. His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher and started for the hospital.

On the way the invalid regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky overhead, experienced the swaying motion as he was being carried along and shakily lowered his hands over the sides only to feel space.

"My gosh!" he groaned. "I haven't even hit the ground yet!"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Some Bugler!

Two negro buck privates were discussing the relative merits of their buglers during the World War.

First Private: "Why, man, dat bugler of ourn am so good, when he plays 'Pay Day' it sound 'zactly lak de Symphony Orchestra playing 'De Rosary.'"

Second Private: "Hush, nigger, you ain't got no bugler a-tall. When our bugler, Snowball Jones, wraps his lips roun' dat bugle an' sounds 'Mess Call' ah looks down at mah beans and says: 'Strawberries, behave; you're kicking the whipped cream outer de plate'!"

—*Carry On.*

Noah's Advice Needed

A mule-skinner in France was trying to drive a mule with a wagon load through a hospital gate. The mule would do anything but pass through the gate.

"Want any 'elp, chum?" shouted one of the hospital orderlies.

"No," replied the driver, "but I'd like to know how Noah got two of these blighters into the Ark!"

—*The Hudsonian.*

Opinion Confirmed

WIFE (*teaching husband to dance*): "My dear man, you learned to do drill in the army; why can't you pick this up? It's a perfectly simple step. Anyone would think you were mentally deficient."

HUSBAND: "Almost the sergeant's own words, my dear."

—*Washington Cougar's Paw.*

African Dodger Struck

"Cap'n, suh," explained the unbleached motorcycle courier who had unsuccessfully attempted to navigate a French highway in night traffic, "everything was jes' goin' along fine and den Ah see mah chance to dodge between two motorcycles."

"Well, what of it?"

"Dat's all dey was to it, suh. Dem two motorcycles was a truck."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

The Human Dud

While he was making his way about his platoon one dark night, a sergeant heard the roar of a "G. I. Can" overhead and dived into a shellhole. It was already occupied by a private, who was hit full in the wind by the non-com's head. A moment's silence—a long, deep breath, and then—

"Is that you, sarge?"

"That's me!"

"Hot dog! I was just waiting for you to explode."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Arts

The Refrain Identified

Two women were listening to an out of door band concert, but could not agree on the tune the band was playing, 'I think it is the serenade from Faust," said one.

"I am sure it's Trovatore,"—and then they caught sight of a sign hanging on the band stand. It was too far for them to read, so they sent a little girl to settle the question.

"What does it say?" they asked eagerly when she returned.

"Refrain from Spitting," she told them.

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

Too Much to Bear

"I noticed you crying while Miss DeBlah sang 'The End of a Perfect Day.' That is an affecting thing, isn't it?"

"Oh, it wasn't the song I was crying about. You see, I know that girl, personally, and how dumb she is. And when she sang about sitting all alone with your thoughts, I got to thinking how utterly lonely she would be if she had to sit that way, and the thought was more than I could bear tearlessly."

Problem of a Venus

A small boy, the heir of a father who has great possessions, was observed to be regarding, with a puzzled look, the statue of a Venus in the ancestral hall. He was told the story of the goddess, but did not seem impressed, and still looked puzzled. "What I want to know," he explained, "is whether she is dressing, or undressing."

Much Too High

At a concert a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come. Ten thousand leaves are falling."

But she began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped.

"Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer present.

—*Financial News.*

Beef Broth

"I want somepin for my dining room. Somepin in still life."

"I warn you that I am a cubist."

"Then paint me some beef cubes."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Monday Morning

ENTHUSIASTIC, BUT SHORT-SIGHTED ARTIST: "My good man, what are those beautiful waving objects near those trees, rivalling the latter themselves in grace and beauty of outline, making such a beautiful variety in the landscape, and seeming to hang 'twixt earth and sky?"

LABORER (*gruffly*): "Shirts."

—*Montreal Star.*

The Right One

As the model was leaving an artist's studio he called to him: "To-morrow I have to paint a foot. For goodness sake don't forget to wash!"

The model was already on the street when a most important doubt occurred to him. Hurriedly he made his way back to the studio.

"Pardon me," he said to the painter, "which foot is it that you intend to paint?"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Not an Artist

A certain painter evidently doesn't believe that two or more can live as cheaply as one. He was known as the cheapest painter in town, but something happened which compelled him to put this notice in the local paper:

"The reason why I have hitherto been able to do painting so much cheaper than anybody else is because I am a bachelor and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn, as I am about to be married. You will therefore do well to send in your orders at once for the old rate."

Evening It Up

Some time ago Alfred Robyn, composer, organist, and authority on Bach fugues went to a dentist to have his teeth put in order, and during the seances the forceps artist, who was somewhat of a singer in an amateur way, discovered his patient's musical proclivities.

"Good," cried Doctor X; "then you can accompany me at several concerts where I am to sing during the next fortnight." Robyn consented most obligingly, and after numerous rehearsals assisted the dentist to real success at his appearances. Shortly after, the composer received a bill for $187, itemized as follows:

Examining teeth	$ 10.00
Cleaning teeth	10.00
Preparing teeth	20.00
Material for bridge work	30.00
Borings for bridge work	25.00
Bridge work	90.00
Chemicals	2.00
Total	$187.00

Nothing daunted, Robyn sent in his own bill, as follows:

Opening piano lid	$ 10.00
Putting music on rack	10.00
Playing on black keys	20.00
Playing on white keys	30.00
Playing sharps and flats	25.00
Accompanying	90.00
Closing piano lid	2.00
Clean laundry	0.50
Total	$187.50

P. S.—You owe me fifty cents.

—*Musical Courier.*

It Has Happened

"Your picture of the infant Hercules strangling the serpent is very good. But how did you ever get a model?"

"My kid gave me the idea the day he got tangled up with the hose on his mother's vacuum-cleaner."

—*Judge.*

"Just a Leetle"

Paderewski was once invited to a reception on Fifth Avenue. His hostess said to him:

"O, by the way, you play, don't you?"

"A leetle; just a leetle," said Paderewski with a smile.

"Then," said his hostess brightly, "I'm sure you won't mind turning my daughter's music, will you?"

A Fine Frame

The profiteer was showing off the picture gallery of his new house. He had scarcely had time to look at the pictures, but had ordered magnificent frames for them.

When the guest stopped opposite a picture and said: "Ah, an old master, surely—surely."

"O, yes, this is very old," the profiteer said, hurriedly, "yes, but it's a new frame."

Too Much Solitude

Pianist A tells us this about pianist B:

When B's recital was half finished, the box office man was aroused from his nap by an odd sound. He yawned and looked out of the box, and there stood before him a little boy, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my little lad?" asked the man in the box.

The boy, holding up a ticket coupon, said:

"I want my money back."

"Why?"

"Because," sobbed the boy, "I'm afraid to sit in there all alone."

At 1120 Feet per Second

"Fine orchestra, isn't it?" remarked an Englishman to an American after a concert, and the American replied:

"Fine, you say? Well, it's a good little band in its way, but if you're using 'fine' in a sense of its being large, Great Christopher! you should see one of our musical combinations in the States! Why, in one of the orchestras over there the kettle-drum player is so far away from the conductor that he has to come in three bars ahead of time to allow the sound to travel!"

A Latin Quarter

An actor was talking about the famous Lotta Crabtree, who bequeathed her fortune to charity. He chuckled and went on:

"I asked her one day to buy some oil shares—I was interested in oil at the time—and she said if she did that she'd be as ignorant as the old lady.

"An old lady," she said, "was visited by a young art student just back from Paris.

"'Here's a French franc, ma'am,' said the art student, that I've brought you from Paris as a souvenir.'"

The old lady looked at the coin and frowned.

"'O, thanks,' she said, 'I'd ruther ye'd brought me one o' them there Latin quarters.'"

He Just Did It

Once Massenet was compelled to listen to a youthful prodigy, and to give his opinion. "You have talent," he said to the little pianist; "and with proper diligence and perseverance you ought to be able to—"

"Oh, I would love to compose, too," interrupted the prodigy; "how shall I set about it?"

"You will have to learn a great deal more and become older."

"But you composed when you were 13."

"Yes," acknowledged Massenet, "but I didn't ask anyone how to do it."

Wanted The Twelve Tribes

Otis Skinner's history of his 50 years as an actor tells of a Biblical play that was being presented at the Globe Theater in Boston under John Stetson's management. Observing a tableau of "The Last Supper," seen through a gauze drop, Stetson was disturbed because the scene looked scant, and demanded that more people be shown.

"But, Mr. Stetson," said the stage manager, "there were only 12 Apostles."

He Must Have Been Better

LITTLE GIRL (*to painter copying a masterpiece*): "Would you please tell me what they will do with the old one when yours is finished?" —*Life.*

The Automobilists

Enough to Raise the Dead

An applicant at the Ford plant asked a veteran Ford employe if it were true that the company was always finding methods of speeding up production by using fewer men.

The veteran replied: "Most certainly. In fact," he continued, "I just had a dream which illustrates the point. Mr. Ford was dead, and I could see the pallbearers carrying his body. Suddenly, the procession stopped. Mr. Ford had come to life. As soon as the casket was opened he sat upright, and, on seeing six pallbearers, cried out at once: 'Put this casket on wheels and lay off five men.' "

—*Pure Oil News.*

A little boy was given $2 by his uncle. He had heard that a certain make of popular automobile is very cheap, and he wrote to the factory for one for $2. The automobile people were so amused that they asked the kiddie to visit the plant. His aunt took him to the factory.

"Go around," said the manager, having taken the boy's $2, "and choose the model you like best."

The youngster wandered around, looking at the various cars. "Well?" said the manager after the boy had made a thorough inspection.

"Please, I'd like my $2 back," said the lad.

—*Good Hardware.*

Soft Music

With a jolt the car came to a sudden stop in the middle of a busy street. The self-starter refused to act, and the driver was forced to dismount and endeavor to crank up the engine with the aid of the starting handle. For five minutes he twirled the handle furiously, while a small crowd collected, and then at length an old lady stepped forward and pressed a penny into the perspiring motorist's hand. "My good man," she said gently, "I wish all barrel organs were as quiet as yours."

—*The Tatler.*

Certain Revenue

"Crimson Gulch hasn't parking space enough to accommodate the automobiles that come to town."

"No, sir," answered Cactus Joe. "This here is a growing community with expenses to meet. If we can't ketch a driver for speedin' we ketch it for standin' still."

—*Washington Star.*

In the Class Room

A teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "Perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and up hills and down through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

There was a silence, and then Tommy, whose father was a motor dealer, spoke up "Please, Miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

The Time May Come

"Where's Bill going with the car?"

"To a matinee."

"But there's no matinee till tomorrow."

"He's got to find a place to park, hasn't he?"

—*Life.*

First Driver: "I see that some Chicago Judge has ruled a man can't kiss a girl while driving."

His Pal: "Yes, and that ruling is gonna cause an awful lot of accidents."

First Driver: "How so?"

His Pal: "Because every fellow now who goes out with a girl will try to prove the Judge doesn't know what he is talking about."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Not So Sure

Thompson: "Do you know how to run a motor car?"

Jackson: "Why, I thought I did until I had a short talk with a policeman yesterday."

—*Exchange.*

Slipping

"You sold me a car about two weeks ago."
"Right. Do you like it?"
"I want you to tell me everything you said about that car again. I'm getting discouraged."

—*Birmingham.*

Prize Locations

"How did Black make his money so quickly?"
"He established branch junkshops close to all the important grade crossings in the country."

A Local Ordinance

FRED (*horse-back riding*): "Hey, you! Don't stop your car in front of my horse."
PAUL: "Don't worry, I know the rules. Don't park in front of a plug."

Most of Us Do

"What style of car do you drive?"
"A detouring car."

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

Not Peculiar to Flivers

RASTUS: "What ho'se powah am dat flivvah?"
RUFUS: "Fo' hund'ed million when she balks."

Bane Cow Ranch

An autoist in great distress
Was mopping his bald head
Before a ranch-house. "Have you got
A monkey-wrench?" he said.
The rancher tall, from Sweden's shore,
Did open wide his eyes—
"She bane a cow-ranch," answered he,
In disgusted surprise.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

Nailed Going and Coming

"Did the traffic cop arrest you?"

"Twice," replied Mr. Chuggins. "When I couldn't stop he arrested me for speeding, and when I finally stopped and couldn't start he arrested me for blocking the traffic."

—*Washington Star.*

Wages Too High

An opulent looking man drove up to the curb in an ancient car. Immediately he was accosted by a small boy.

"Watch yer car for a nickel, mister."

"Beat it, kid. This car of mine won't run away."

"Nah, but I kin call yer when it starts to fall apart."

—*Union Oil Bulletin.*

A Forceful Resemblance

"As a matter of fact," said the lawyer for the defendant, trying to be sarcastic, "you were scared half to death, and don't know whether it was a motor car or something resembling a motor car that hit you."

"It resembled one all right," the plaintiff made answer. "I was forcibly struck by the resemblance."

Hear Dem Bells

"Is this the speedometer?" she asked, as she tapped on the glass which covered that instrument.

"Yes dear," I replied in a sweet gentle voice.

"Don't they call this the dashlight?" she queried, fingering the little nickel-plated illuminator.

"Yes, honey." My words floated out softly as before.

"And this is the cut-out?" she inquired.

"Yes, Toodles," as I took my foot off the accelerator. Not more than 200 feet away our course was blocked by a fast moving freight train.

"But what on earth is that funny looking pedal?" she said in a curious tone, as she gave the accelerator a vigorous push with her dainty foot.

"This, sweetheart is Heaven," I said in a soft, celestial voice, as I picked up a golden harp and flew away.

—*The Lincoln Life.*

Making It Pleasant

The latest Parisian motor cars are painted in brilliant jazz designs of peacocks, flowers, etc. The idea, presumably, is that the stricken pedestrian's last impression of earth should be a cheerful one.

—*London Opinion.*

A New Junction

"Where did the car hit him?" the coroner asked.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

The burly foreman rose from his seat. "Man and boy, I've lived in these parts for 50 years," he protested, "and I never heard o' the place."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Fool Proof

What we need is an auto that will stop and count ten before it tries to pass another on a narrow road.

—*Frankfort (Ind.) Times.*

Stationary Engine

"Bet that car sticks to the road all right."

"You're right. It stuck five hours this morning before I could move it."

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

Old Story

"Did you hear about Mrs. Fastleigh's motor accident?"

"No. What happened?"

"She ran down her own husband."

"But she's been doing that ever since she was married."

Wife or Car?

"Did either your wife or your car get hurt in the accident yesterday?"

"Just a little paint chipped off."

"Which?"

"Agin the Constitution"

The motorist had been fined and his right to drive suspended for a year for reckless driving.

"Your Honor," shouted the attorney. "I will appeal this case."

"On what ground?" asked his Honor.

"On the ground that to sentence a man to become a pedestrian is cruel and unusual punishment," replied the lawyer.

—Traveler's Protection.

"I have here the most wonderful invention of the age," declared the man looking for an angel.

"That's what they all say! But go ahead. I've listened to crazy people before," sighed the capitalist.

"It's an automobile, "continued the inventor, "equipped with wings that enables it to fly over grade crossings, blocked streets and traffic cops."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Obeyed His Signals

MOTHER: "You kept baby out in his carriage longer than I told you to, Norah."

THE NURSE: "But he wanted a long ride, ma'am. Every time I came to a corner he had his arm out signaling for a turn."

—Good Hardware.

It's The Custom

SCHOOL TEACHER: "If a farmer raised 1,700 bushels of wheat and sold it for $1.17 a bushel, what will he get?"

LITTLE BOY: "Automobile."

—The Carolina Motorist.

Thank Goodness He's Wrong

TEACHER: "Tommy, does this world of ours move?"

TOMMY: "When my father says for it to."

TEACHER: "Gracious! What is your father?"

TOMMY: "A traffic cop."

Attention, S. P. C. A.

A woman was crossing the street when a big dog ran into her with such force that it knocked her down. Just then a light car nearly ran over her. A man, witnessing the accident, came to her assistance.

"Did that dog hurt you?" he asked.

She looked at him a little dazed and replied "No, the dog didn't hurt me. It was the tin can tied to his tail."

Just Once

The motor car, travelling at a tremendous speed, was just about to turn a very dangerous corner.

"Do people lose their lives here frequently?" asked the nervous passenger.

"Not more than once!" said the intrepid driver, as he took a firmer grip of the wheel.

Making Him Toot

"Willie!"

"Yes, mamma."

"What in the world are you pinching the baby for? Let him alone!"

"Aw, I ain't doin' nothin'! We're only playin' automobile, an' he's th' horn."

Engine Missing

It was his first motor car and it was her first ride in one. Accordingly, both had looked forward to this particular afternoon for some time previously.

No wonder he wanted to show off his mechanical knowledge, and, no wonder she failed to understand him. Everything went quite well until the return journey; then things began to happen.

"Botheration!" exclaimed the young man.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"The engine's missing again," he replied between set teeth.

She looked appropriately distressed.

"Good gracious!" she cried in consternation. "Wherever can we have dropped it?"

—*Boston Daily Globe.*

Veracity Proved

A cyclist was pedaling briskly one dark night. A brick lay directly in his path, but his front wheel took it gallantly. The jerk, however, proved too much for the flaring cheap lamp; it went out, and round the first corner, of course, was the inevitable policeman.

"I'll trouble you for your name and address, young man," he exclaimed, pompously.

"Upon my word, officer, I wasn't aware it was out."

"Humph! the old story," was the dry retort, as the policeman made to caress the lamp's roof. "That lamp hasn't been lit tonight."

Then he let out a yell that was heard at the end of the street. "Ow!" he cried. "I'm blistered for weeks!"

Modern Diogenes

Diogenes was wandering aimlessly around town with his lantern.

"Still looking for an honest man?" sarcastically inquired a cop.

"No," he snapped, "for a parking place."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Plenty of Us Do It

He owned a touring car, to ride in it was Heaven.
He ran across a piece of glass—bill, $14.97.
He took his friends out for a ride, 'twas good to be alive,
The carburetor then sprung a leak—bill $40.95.
He started on a little tour, the finest sort of fun,
He stopped too quick and stripped his gears—bill $90.51.
He took his wife downtown to shop; saving carfare sure was great,
But he jammed into a hitching post—bill $11.78.
He spent his little pile of cash and then in anguish cried,
"I'll put a mortgage on the house and just take one more ride."

—The Travelers Beacon.

Some Nerves

A hardened motorist ran down a pedestrian.

"Hey," he shouted, "while you're under there, take a look at my brake rods."

—The Luptonite.

The Tired Business Man

Just Guarded The Foreman's Slumber

The owner of a big plant, said to a new employe, "Did the foreman tell you what you will have to do?"

"Yes, sir, he told me to wake him up when I see you coming."

—*Pure Oil News.*

Fifty-Fifty

He was a millionaire and an admirer was trying to discover how he had done it.

"How did you make your million, old man?"

"I sold rabbit pies, my dear chap."

"But it's impossible. You must have put something with them."

"As a matter of fact, I did use a little horseflesh."

"What proportions did you use?"

"Oh, 50-50, you know—one horse, one rabbit."

Passed the Buck

"What did you learn at the business college?" asked the boss of the fair young applicant for a position as stenographer.

"I learned many things!" she answered, "One is that good spelling is essential to a stenographer."

"Very good," said the boss with a chuckle, "and now let me hear you spell essential."

For just a second the fair one hesitated.

"There are three ways of spelling it," she replied, "which one do you prefer?"

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

He Had No Diploma

WOULD-BE JOB-HOLDER: "And what will my wages be?"

EMPLOYER: "Seven dollars a week."

WOULD-BE JOB-HOLDER: "What you t'ink I am? One of these doggone college graduates?"

—*Tips and Taps.*

Stumped

GOLDSKI (*dictating a letter*): "My dear Mr. Schankelhausenheimer—

MISS KAYTAP: How do you spell that name?"

GOLDSKI: "S-c-h—Oh, py de vay, I dink you petter pegin der letter—'My dear sir,' undt save der vear and tear on de machine."

Got Well Too Quickly

The particularly well-looking man entered the doctor's consulting room and took a chair.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the doctor.

"I don't think much of that cough medicine of yours," answered the man.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," was the reply. "What is the reason?"

"Why," said the other, "there's so much dead waste in it. I hadn't taken more than a quarter of a bottle when my cold disappeared, and there is the other three-quarters just thrown away."

Certainly An Untimely Arrival

JUNIOR PARTNER (*who has noticed the sudden arrival of the boss*): "Let me see now, where was I?"

ROMANTIC TYPIST (*who has not*): "You were talking of our future, darling; our home, the beauty of a room by firelight and your longing to smash old monkey-face!"

—*Judge.*

Pressure Was Lacking

String Bean, a character around the water front, agreed to maintain a savings account, made one deposit, and there the matter rested. The head of the bank met him one day and proceeded to take him to task.

"Now, look here, String Bean, you promised to put $5 in our bank every month. You haven't done so. You could easily do it."

"I s'pose I could, boss," responded the culprit easily. "Trouble with you banking gentlemen is you don't send around a man to threaten me."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Controverting Babson

Two youngsters were having a discussion as to their future aspirations. Says Tom to Jim: "Whaddya intend doin' when ya get outta school?"

Jim: "Huh, that's a cinch. I got it all doped out. I'm gonna be a street cleaner."

Tom: "What's de big idea?"

Jim: "'Cause de business is always pickin' up."

Awaiting Orders

The station master on the East Indian Railway had been given strict orders not to do anything out of the ordinary without authority from the superintendent. This accounts for him sending the following telegram:

"Superintendent's Office, Calcutta: Tiger on platform eating conductor. Please wire instructions."

—*Jewelers' Circular.*

Blossom Time

"I say, George," said the young business man to his friend, "where do you buy your typewriter ribbons?"

"I don't," replied the other, "I usually buy her flowers."

—*London* (Eng.) *Tit-Bits.*

Contained No Selling Talk

"There," said the advertising writer, "is an advertisement containing an unanswerable argument."

Tossing back the copy unread, the boss said, "Change it, for heaven's sake. We want a lot of answers to that ad."

—*Farm Life.*

Qualified

He entered the office, hat in hand.

"I've come in answer to your advertisement for a 'andy man," he informed the manager.

The latter looked him over. "Well, what are your qualifications?" he asked at length.

"Just that I'm very 'andy, sir," replied the man. "I lives next door to 'ere."

— *London Tit-Bits.*

Wanted His Own Keyhole

Lew had saved up a little money, and when Al came over a few years later the two brothers went into the hardware business.

One day Lew bought a roll-top desk, and when it arrived he said to Al: "The one desk will do for the two of us. And here are two keys, one for you, Al, and one for me."

Al took the key, but seemed to study the desk.

"That's all right, Lew," he said, "but where is my keyhole?"

—*Good Hardware.*

Doing His Bit

The solemn-looking man in the smoking compartment remained silent for many a mile. Finally, however, he turned to the man on his right and remarked: "There is much unrest in the world just now, my friend, much unrest."

"You're right."

"I hope you are not unmindful of the fact that we each have a duty. We must combat this unrest."

"I'm doing my best," said the other man.

"How?"

"I manufacture mattresses."

To Be Sure

BUSINESS MAN (*hiring stenographer*): "Can you spell well?"

STENOG.: "Oh, much harder words than that."

Preferred The Front Entrance

There was a red-headed Irish boy once applied for a position in a messenger office. The manager after hiring him, sent him on an errand in one of the fashionable districts. Half an hour later the manager was called to the phone.

"Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the janitor at the Oakland apartments where your boy delivered a message. He insisted on coming in the front way and was so persistent that I was forced to draw a gun."

"Good heavens, you didn't shoot him?"

"No, but I want my gun back."

Not a Kick!

"I just stopped in to tell you," began the man at the complaint desk of the gas company, "that my gas stove blew up yesterday."

"Tell your troubles to a plumber," growled the surly clerk. "That's no fault of ours—you got no kick here."

"Oh, I'm not kicking," replied the customer cheerfully, as he opened the door. "Only I thought I'd tell you that your blamed old slot meter back-fired at the same time, and I haven't been doing anything but pick up silver quarters all over the cellar ever since. *Good* day!"

So Would We

Ole Oleson had been working as an engine wiper, and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with such advice as, "Now, Ole, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money. And don't waste the waste, either—that's getting expensive too."

When Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility for an engineman he was asked, "Suppose you are on your engine on a single track. You go around a curve, and see rushing toward you an express. What would you do?"

"I grab the oil can; I grab the waste, and I yump."

—*The Inland Merchant.*

He Carried On

BEAL: "How did my son carry on the business while I was gone?"

CLERK: "Oh, he carried on all right, but he forgot the business."

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

Gently Declining

A man who had recently come into a fortune received an income tax blank from the Treasury Department. He acknowledged its receipt with the following note:

Dear Treasury: I received your application blank. But I already belong to several good orders and I do not care to join your income tax at this time.

—*The Shield Press, Indianapolis.*

His Best Customer

The druggist had just taken a cinder out of a lady customer's eye. The pain had been severe and the lady was very, very grateful.

"Oh," she said, "the relief you've given me! Thank you so much! Do I owe you anything?"

"Owe me anything?" said the druggist. "Of course not, ma'am. You owe me nothing whatever. Don't you buy all your postage stamps here?"

A Close Trust

"Please, father wants to know if it's true that there is a tobacco trust?"

"Yes; that is quite right, my man."

"Then father would like to be trusted for a package, please."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Paid for His Knowledge

A machine broke down. The operator, the foreman, and the plant engineer couldn't start it.

The expert took one quick look at the machine, tapped it several times with a hammer, and told the operator to start it.

His bill was $250. When the superintendent asked for an itemized statement he got this:

Tapping with Hammer.....$ 1.00
Knowing Where to Tap..... 249.00

Corn Kept On Growing

A corn syrup manufacturing company receiving the following letter:

"Dear Sirs: I have ate three cans of your corn syrup and it has not helped my corns one bit."

—*Farm and Home* (Vancouver, B. C.).

A One-day Reference

EMPLOYER (*to applicant for position, who has handed in testimonials from two ministers*): "We don't work on Sundays. Haven't you a reference from someone who sees you on week days?"

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Instance Right There

A young man had been talking to a bored editor for a quarter of an hour, and at last observed, "There are some things in this world that go without saying."

"Yes," said the editor, "and there are still more persons in the world who say a good deal without going."

—*Stray Stories.*

You Tell'er

"I want to know," said the irate matron, "how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week."

"I can't give you that information, ma'am," answered the man in the cage.

"You're the paying teller, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Ruling Passion

An old Jewish gentleman, who had been running a pawn brokerage and second-hand establishment for over fifty years, came to his time to depart to his greater reward. After a short illness he felt that his time had come and asked for all his sons to be brought to him, in order that he might talk to them all before he passed away.

The old fellow was slightly groggy by the time the boys had collected, and the conversation ran as follows:

"Jakey, iss you dere?"

"Yes, Fader, I'se here by de bed post."

"Vere's Ikey?"

"Here iss me, Fader, sitting py de pilla."

"Vell, vare's Mose?"

"Here I iss, Poppa, vaitin' patiently."

"Sammy, iss you here?"

"Yes, Fader, here I iss, too."

"Vell, who's taking care of de store?"

Preparedness

BAR: "Got anything saved up for a rainy day?"

CARR: "Yes, a couple of old umbrellas."

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Not A Go-Getter

Cornelius A. Wood said at a dinner in New York:

"Unparalleled prosperity lies before us, and every American will get his share of it—every American, that is, except the Si Hoskins kind.

"Si Hoskins, the keeper of the Nola Chucky general store, was playing checkers and chewing tobacco in the back room when his opponent, happening to glance through the doorway, said:

"'Thar's three customers in thar waitin', Si.'"

"'S-sh,' said Si in a whisper. 'Don't I know it? Keep quiet, an' mebbe they'll go away ag'in.'"

Fast Mail

SHE: "I have so much correspondence that the letters are just rolling in."

HE: "Huh, they must be circular letters."

—*Washington Cougar's Paw.*

More or Less

During a civil court trial, a witness said he sold fountain pens for a living. He was asked how much business he did. He replied, "Some days we don't make so much, and some days we make less."

—*Tom Dreier's Vagabond.*

The Minority Prevailed

FIRST GOLFER: "I thought you couldn't turn up this afternoon."

SECOND GOLFER: "It was a very near thing, my boy. I tossed up to see if I should go to the office or come here, and it took five spins before it came right."

Something to Worry About

"You look blue, old man."

"I am blue. I've been rejected."

"Oh, cheer up. There are plenty of other girls, you know."

"Girls be hanged! It's an insurance company that has done the rejecting."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Proof of Advertising

HISTORY PROF.: "And when Lord Chesterfield saw that death was near he gathered all his friends around him. But before he breathed his last he uttered those last immortal words. Who can tell me what the dying words of Lord Chesterfield were?"

CLASS (*in chorus*): "They Satisfy!"

—*Selected.*

A Demand for Justice

"I have come here," said the angry man to the superintendent of the street-car line, "to get justice; justice, sir. Yesterday as my wife was getting off one of your cars the conductor stepped on her dress and tore a yard of frilling off the skirt."

The superintendent remained cool. "Well, sir," he said, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not intend to let you off so easily as that," the other man replied gruffly. He brandished in his right hand a small piece of silk.

"What I propose to have you do," he said, "is to match this silk."

Triple Entry Bookkeeping

An employer was examining an applicant for the job of bookkeeper.

"Of course, you understand double entry?" he said.

"Oh, sure!" said the applicant. "The last place I had I kept the books triple entry—one set for the boss, showing the real profits, a second set for the shareholders, showing no profits, and a third set for the income tax people, showing a loss."

—*Financier News.*

The Junior Partner

"Well, how's trade?" inquired an old merchant of a young man who had just been taken into partnership with his father.

"Very good," replied the young man with enthusiasm, "I think father will soon be earning enough so I can retire."

The Billet-Doux

Two men with the same name were members of a certain club. One day a letter addressed to one of them was left at the club. The wrong man opened it first. It was a dun from a tailor.

He knew the missive did not belong to him, so he put it back in the letter-rack.

The next night both men happened to come to the club at the same time. Both went to the letter-rack, the man for whom the letter was intended reaching it first.

He read the epistle very carefully. Then he tore it into bits, which he tossed carelessly into a waste-paper basket.

"Poor little girl!" he said. "How she loves me!"

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Shipments Mixed

"Miss Curlycue," murmured the office manager to the stenog, "I don't wanna be harsh. Nothing like that. I really don't."

"Let's have the answer," said the damsel nonchalantly. "What's gone wrong now!"

"I just wanna ask you not to write your young man during business hours. Letters are apt to get mixed. Herb & Blurb report we have sent 'em a shipment of love and kisses instead of the axle grease they ordered."

—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Not Business Phraseology

"Miss Johnson," said the head of the office, "I cannot permit you to have long conversations over the telephone with your friends."

"It was—er—a business conversation, sir," she said.

"In that case, please remember that this firm never addresses any of its clients as 'sweet old thing.'"

Worth a Million Cold

"Did I hear you say that's he's worth a cold million?"

"No; I said he's worth a million cold—he carries that much life insurance."

—*Protection.*

Not a Love Letter

"Don't be so long-winded in your reports as you have been in the past," said the manager of the "Wild West" railway to his overseer. "Just report the condition of the track as ye find it, and don't put in a lot of needless words that ain't to the point. Write a business letter, not a love letter."

A few days later the railway line was badly flooded, and the overseer wrote his report to the manager in one line:

"Sir: Where the railway was the river is. Yours faithfully."

Dad Is Observant

Bobbie Snow: "Dad, what is an advertisement?"

Snow, Sr.: "An advertisement is a picture of a pretty girl eating, wearing, holding, or driving something that somebody wants to sell." —*Pacific Mutual News.*

Refused As Counterfeit

The story is told of an engraver in the Government printing shop at Washington who, at the time the first $20 yellowback gold certificates were issued, received his salary in these new bills and decided to take a trip to New York.

When paying his hotel bill he handed the clerk one of the yellowbacks, whereupon the clerk turned it over several times, then refused as politely as he could to accept it, saying that he had never seen such a bill and thought it of no value.

"Why," said the engraver, "of course it's good. I made it myself last week."

"That's what I thought," returned the clerk as he rang for the house detective.

Briefly

Busy Magnate (*testily*): "Well, what do you want? Be short!"

Prodigal Son (*rising to the occasion*): "I will! I am!"

—*Passing Show* (*London*).

Not a Heavy Order

A paint manufacturer recently received the following letter:

"Gentlemen: Will you please send us some of your striped paint? We want just enough for one barber pole."

—*Good Hardware.*

Pat's Canceled Checks

Pat had opened his first bank account and had taken to paying most of his debts by check. One day the bank sent him a statement, together with a packet of canceled checks. Of the statement Pat made neither head nor tail, but the returned checks greatly excited him.

"Mike!" he said to his friend one day, "sure an' it's a smart bank I'm doin' business wid now."

"How's that?" asked Mike.

"Why," replied Pat, "Oi paid all me bills wid checks and bejabbers if the bank wasn't slick enough to get ivery check back for me again."

—*Everybody's.*

Life Epitomized

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into the world without his consent and goes out of it again against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of the trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, every one wants do him a favor.

If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to his country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner. If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold-blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future before him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.

A man took a job at a siding running wagons down an incline. There was only a sleeper at the bottom to stop the wagons, and the manager told him to be careful and keep the brake on. On the third day four wagons went down at a terrific speed, jumped the sleeper, and plunged into the canal.

The manager, his face wrathful, rushed from his office.

The man forestalled him. "You needn't come grumbling at me," he said. "I've left.

—*Montreal Star.*

Two Points of View

The office boy had made his 20th mistake that day. His employer sent for him.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" the employer asked sternly. "If I made mistakes like you do, I should never be where I am."

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, promptly, "but if we were all like you, you wouldn't be where you are, either.

Uncertain Quantity

Boss: But you asked for a day off a month ago, because your wife was dying and now you ask another for the same reason.

Clerk: Can't help it, sir, I'm very sorry, but you can never depend on my wife for anything.

—*Buen Humor, Madrid.*

He Was No Pepys

One clubman announced that he proposed to keep a diary throughout 1924, and stated emphatically that he was going to stick to it. One of his hearers in particular applauded this display of iron will and said, "You'll be another Pepys."

Meeting the first clubman a week or so later, the second saluted and chirped cheerily: "Hello, Pepys."

"Call me Ananias," said the first clubman.

That Impertinent Man

Bank Teller: "This check is all right, but you must be introduced. Can't you bring your husband?"

Woman: "Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me he'd knock your head off."

More Legislation Needed

"We have a law that prohibits children under 16 years of age working," remarked the head of the concern.

"Well, it is a good law, isn't it?" demanded the secretary.

"Oh, yes, I am for it," he replied, "but we need an even stronger law that would compel the sons of rich men who have reached 21 to go to work and earn their own money."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Way It Always Works

Here is a bit of French allegory taken from *Canadian Finance* hat points a moral worth remembering.

A portrait painter sat in his favorite cafe sipping his wine. His first small bottle finished, he was about to order another when his eye fell on a headline in the Figaro, "Hard Times are Coming," so instead of ordering his usual second bottle he called for his check.

"Is there anything wrong with the wine?" asked the landlord.

"The wine is good, but I did not order a second bottle because hard times are coming and we must economize," explained the artist.

"Hard times," said the landlord. "Then my wife must not order the silk dress we planned, but must take one of cotton."

"Hard times," repeated the dressmaker when the order was cancelled. "This is no time to expand. I must not make the improvement I had planned in this place."

"Hard times, eh?" said the builder, when the dressmaker cancelled the building plans. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted."

So he wrote the artist and cancelled his order.

After receiving the letter the artist went again to his favorite cafe and ordered a small bottle of wine to soothe him. On a nearby chair was the paper in which he had read of hard times two days before. He picked it up to read more closely and found it was two years old!

—*Fireman's Fund Record.*

So Sensitive

WEALTHY MAN: "I'm telling you the truth when I say I was much happier when I was poor."

POOR MAN: "Then why don't you let your millions go, and be poor again?"

WEALTHY MAN: "That would be of no use, I'd still feel miserable thinking of these poor fellows cursed with money."

He Will Be Successful

Boss (*engaging boy*): "Is there anything you can do better than any one else?"

BOY: "Yes, sir; read my own writing."

—*Good Hardware.*

She Had But One Dog

A Pennsylvanian relates the following experience which he had one morning while waiting to see a prospect about automobile insurance:

"His wife entertained me by showing me her very valuable police dog and telling of his breeding, etc.

"I suggested that she should have her dog insured.

"'How much does it cost?' she inquired.

" 'Twelve dollars per hundred.'

" 'But,' she objected, 'I have only one dog!' "

—*The Hartford Agent.*

Poor Henry!

"Henry Ford's got Muscle Shoals," shouted a newsboy as he wiggled his way through the aisle of a crowded Canal Belt car Monday afternoon.

"What's Muscle Shoals?" asked one girl of another.

"I ain't sure," replied the other, "but I believe it's something like rheumatism. It's no wonder—that fellow Ford works too hard."

—*New Orleans Item.*

A Better World

The late Edgar Addison Bancroft, the noted Chicago lawyer, and once Ambassador to Japan, said at a Blackstone banquet:

"Some people complain about crooked business, but there's nothing like the crooked business there used to be."

Mr. Bancroft chuckled.

"Why," he declared, "there's many a millionaire to-day who, if he lost his money the same way he gained it, would insist on somebody going to jail."

Confidential Chagrin

A certain bank takes on a number of young men during the summer. On their salary receipts is printed a legend something like this: "Your salary is your personal business—a confidential matter—and should not be disclosed to anybody else." One of the new boys in signing this receipt added: "I won't mention it. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."

Spring Fever

Early in the year, just as Spring fever becomes epidemic, the bleached urbanite swells with longing and puffs with determination:

1. To own a little place in the country, if it weren't so far from town.
2. To raise chickens and sell the eggs, if it weren't so much trouble to feed 'em.
3. To have a nice little garden to grow just enough stuff for ourselves, if it weren't that spading gives one a kink in the back.
4. To walk to the office every morning, and home again in the evening, if it weren't so far, and the sidewalks weren't so hard, and if it were not so clearly a public duty to patronize the street cars.

And so the bleached urbanite goes out and buys another golf club.

Worth Watching

Jones was fortunate enough to get half a ton of precious anthracite, and it was dumped on the sidewalk. A colored man offered to put it in for half a dollar and Jones hired him; but when the job was finished the man asked for 60 cents.

"Why, I thought you said 50 cents," Jones protested.

"Fifty cents for puttin' it in, an' 10 cents to pay a boy to watch it. Why, boss, if someone had grabbed a couple of handfuls you'd been out a dollar, at least."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Still On Its Way

This country's going straight to heck.
My granddad told me so.
The old gent ought to know.
I asked him why he was so sure.
He said long years and years ago
His granddad told *him* so.

J. P. R.,—*American Legion Weekly.*

Really Doing Something

OFFICE GIRL: "You can't see Mr. Blodgett."
CALLER: "Is he in conference?"
"No, he's busy." —*Life.*

Business Was Better

In the soft twilight the boarding house sitting room looked cozy and almost attractive. The comfort must have thawed the heart of the oldest boarder.

In an expansive moment he turned toward the landlady, and, clasping her hands, murmured:

"Will you be my wife?"

The woman did not start nor blush.

"No, sir," she replied, with calm deliberation. "I'm sorry, but I cannot marry you. You've been here four years and are much too good a boarder to be put on the free list."

Not Easy to Find

Goaded to despair by the inaccuracies in spelling of his typist, Mr. Gunnysack bought her a dictionary.

"Now," he said, "there's no excuse for further mistakes."

The following day he dictated a letter to her before he went to lunch. "I want that ready when I return," he said.

When Mr. Gunnysack returned an hour and a half later he found the letter still in the machine and the typist poring over the pages of the dictionary.

"Mr. Gunnysack," she exclaimed, wearily, "I'm half-way through and I haven't found the word psychoanalyst yet."

Bovine Advertising

Little Barbara was out in the country walking with her mother.

"Gracious!" exclaimed mother, "What is that noise?"

"Oh, that's nothing but a cow mooing, trying to sell her milk," said Barbara.

Bride and Groom

The Supreme Test

Mrs. Newlywed was still in the "silly" stage. Every afternoon, almost, she would call on her friends and rave about the bliss of wedded bliss. They no doubt believed her, but it didn't take them long to get rather fed up with this sort of talk.

"O, it's divine!" said the young wife. "Jack says my hair is like fine gold, my eyes like stars and my mouth a rosebud, moist with the dew of early June. Yesterday he said—"

Here one of her more practical hearers lost patience.

"That doesn't show he loves you," she said abruptly. You want to be able to point to something more practical than that. Does he eat the things you cook?"

"No," answered the other, her eyes lighting up, "but he refuses to let me eat them."

Gonna Raise Her Own

A bride walked briskly into a grocery store, and asked for a couple of good egg plants. As the grocer was wrapping them up, she asked, "How deep should these be planted to get the best results."

"Planted?" said the astonished grocer. "You're not going to plant them, are you?"

"Yes," replied the bride. "My husband won't eat any but strictly fresh eggs and the stores are so unreliable, I have decided to raise my own."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

She Did the Complaining

"I wish to complain," said the bride haughtily, "about the flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

She Should Have Drowned

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a boat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle it, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind and he shouted in no uncertain tone, "Let go the sheet!"

No response.

Then again. "Let go that sheet, quick!"

Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said, "Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

Heavy Work

"Did you make these biscuits, my dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish that you wouldn't make any more, sweetheart."

"Why not, dearie?"

"Because, angel dear, you are too light for such heavy work."

—*Cougar's Paw.*

And They Say Men are Brutes!

Mrs. Newlywed was in tears.

"I don't believe you love me any more," she sobbed. "You don't take a bit of interest now in anything I do."

"My dear, that's positively absurd," he soothed her. "Why, do you know that after we ate that Welsh rarebit you made last evening I lay awake nearly all night thinking what a fine little cook you were?"

The Farmer Wants To Know, Too

"John," said Mrs. Newlywed, a city bred, college-trained young woman, "cows *give* milk, don't they?"

"Yes, my love."

"Then the farmer gets it for nothing, and we have to pay fifteen cents a quart for it. Now what I'd like to know is, who gets the profit?"

Quoted From the Daily Press

"We regret the unfortunate mix-up of two items in yesterday's edition which made us say that 'the bridegroom took his place beneath the floral bell and 2000 volts were immediately shot through his quivering form.'"

—*Boston Transcript.*

He Earned a Meddle, Too

"Look here, Luella," said the young husband, "I can't eat these waffles."

His tone was not unkind, but it was firm. The young wife was astounded.

"Why, honey," said she, "I got a medal at the cooking school for waffles."

"Did you, indeed?"

"I did."

"Let me see the medal?"

She brought it and he examined it carefully.

"So you did get a medal. Bring back those waffles and I'll have another try at them."

"Cheer Up, Son, They're All Alike"

An hour before the wedding, the bridegroom was found in his room weeping bitterly.

The family ran to learn the reason for a grief so out of keeping with the occasion.

"What's the trouble, son?" asked the father when the others had failed to comfort him. "This is no time to be crying. Why the day I was married I was the happiest man on earth."

"B-b-but this is different," sobbed the son. "You married my mother. I'm marrying a total stranger."

Enthusiastic Artists

VISITOR (*to newlywed*): "So you are not getting tired of studio life, eh?"

ARTIST'S WIFE: "Good gracious, no! It's most interesting. Jim paints and I cook. Then the game is to guess what the things are meant for."

—*Pathfinder.*

Not Expected to Endure

They had been planning their wedding and had decided on a magnificent ceremony.

"How about the honeymoon?" she asked coyly.

"Well, what do you say to a trip to Europe for that?" he asked.

"But," she objected. "You know how afraid of seasickness I am, dearest. I can't stand the water for even 10 minutes."

"Yes," he replied tenderly, "but you ought to know that love is the best remedy for that."

"Perhaps," she said slowly and doubtfully. "But—but think of the return trip!"

A Similar Token

HILDA (*married a fortnight*): "I do think it was kind of him to give us a wedding present. We scarcely knew him."

JACK: "Oh, well, you see, I sent a wreath when his wife died. I suppose he remembered I thought of him in his trouble, so he would think of me in mine."

No! Indeed!

"How about some nice horse-radish?" said the grocer to the bride.

"Oh no, indeed! We keep a car." —*Exchange.*

A Bit Tough

A bride who hadn't the slightest knowledge of cooking determined to make a noble effort to please her husband.

Her mother-in-law told her that he was exceedingly fond of Welsh rarebit, so she set about perfecting herself in the preparation of this dish, and spent several afternoons in her kitchen.

Her failures were many and varied, and finally she exhausted the supply of cheese in the neighborhood and gave up in despair.

A few mornings later her husband, while leaving the block of furnished flats in which they lived, was stopped by the caretaker.

"Look here, young man," said the latter, "just you tell your wife that she must stop throwing the linoleum out of the window.

Her Diagnosis

A woman was upbraiding her husband on his drunken abits, and saying he was ruining his health.

"Don't be alarmed on my account, my dear," he said, ssuringly. "The doctor says I'm in the pink of condition."

"You should have asked the doctor to look at your tongue nd not your nose," retorted the wife.

A Rash Promise

"Bob, won't you please get me an automobile?" the young ife pleaded.

"But the expense, dear!" replied her husband.

"Oh, you promised to keep nothing from me after we were arried."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Sorry—Only Two Left

BRIDE: "I bought three hams here recently and they were ne—"

BUTCHER: "I'm glad you liked them, lady."

BRIDE: "Well, can you send me up three more off the same ig?"

—*Live Stock Markets.*

Charity—tramps, etc.

Not His Blind Day

Two men were walking through a churchyard one day in Birmingham, one of them being blind was led by his mate. They came to a halt and started singing when a kind gentleman stopped and threw them a shilling.

The blind man made a dash for it and the gentleman, being astonished by his action, remarked, "Why, my man, I thought you were blind."

"So I am," was the reply, "but it's my mate that's blind to-day, only they've put the ticket on the wrong 'un."

Not Well Lighted

A gentleman was one day walking down a street in Belfast, when he saw an old Irish woman begging. As he was passing her, she stopped him and said, "Could ye spare a copper for an auld woman, sorr?"

The gentleman, taking pity upon her, gave her sixpence.

"God bless you, sorr!" said the old woman, "and may every hair of yer head be a candle to light you to glory."

Taking off his hat and showing a bald head, the gentleman said dryly, "It won't be much of a torchlight procession, madam!"

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

All But Himself

"Lady, could yer gimme a quarter to get me where me family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man. Where is your family?"

"At de movies."

Would Help All She Could

TRAMP: "Can you assist me along the road, mum!"

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Personally, I cannot; but I will unchain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so!"

—*Stray Stories.*

Not a Bad Method

A tramp knocked at the door of a Florida cottage and asked or a bite to eat.

"I'll give you half a cocoanut custard pie" said the woman f the house, "if you'll promise to bail out the boat."

The tramp promised, and the cocoanut pie was set before im. He finished it to the last crumb. The woman then rought him a large sponge.

"There's the boat down there," she said.

But the tramp waved the sponge aside.

"Thank you madam," he said, "but I never use a sponge in ailing out a boat."

"Don't you? What do you use?" asked the woman.

My method," the tramp answered, as he raised his hat olitely and started off, "my method, madam, is to wait for a ong drouth."

—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Found He Had Seven

TRAMP: "Pity a poor man what has seven little ones to eed."

PASSERBY: "But we met a week ago and you told me you ad five children."

TRAMP: "Picture my astonishment next day, ma'am, when ivin' 'em their mornin' bath, to discover I had seven."

—*Pathfinder.*

Not Satisfied

"You will never get anywhere unless you have higher ideals than this," preached the woman at whose door the ramp had applied for assistance. "Are you really content o spend your life walking around the country begging?"

"No, lady," answered Weary Willie. "Many's the time I've vished I had an auto."

—*The Earth Mover.*

Not Sure of His Ground

LADY (*to tramp*): "Do you ever drink intoxicating liquors?"

TRAMP: "Before I answer you lady, I would like to know vhether it's a question or an invitation."

A Bargain Meal

Representative Pou, of North Carolina, talking of a certain tariff clause, said:

"It reminds me of old Scrooge, the millionaire."

" 'Mister,' a tramp whined huskily, taking hold of old Scrooge's threadbare coat, 'could ye gimme a nickel for a meal, sir?'

"The millionaire's eye glittered.

" 'Why, to be sure I could,' he said heartily—'that is, if it's a good, substantial one. Just lead me to it, my man.' "

A Distinct Advantage

"My poor fellow," said the old lady, "here is a quarter for you. Goodness gracious, it must be dreadful to be lame, but just think how much worse it would be if you were blind."

"Yer right, lady," agreed the beggar, "When I was blind I was always getting counterfeit money."

—*Judge.*

Not Guilty

TRAMP (*to woman at back door*): "Lady, I lost me leg, an' I thought perhaps you—"

LADY: "Well, I haven't got it here."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

He Made a Sale

"Your next door neighbor mentioned your name, mum."

"What right had she to assume that I would buy anything from a peddler?"

"She said you probably wouldn't be able to buy anything."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Between Two Wanderers

"Dat dame gimme a big layout on condition dat I'd promise to cut some wood."

"And did yer keep yer promise?"

"Sure! I whittled meself a toot'pick an' said, 'Good day.' "

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Clergy

Saved the Family Honor

Little Jackie took the church collection very seriously, and very Sunday morning he saw that his penny was ready.

One day just as the usher began to take the collection Jackie noticed that a guest in the family pew was not duly provided. Sliding along the seat, he whispered, "Where's your penny?"

"I didn't bring one," replied the woman.

Time was short, and the matter was urgent, but Jackie came to a decision with great promptitude. Thrusting his penny into the woman's hand, he whispered: "Here, take mine! I'll pay for you, and I'll get under the seat."

—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

What Greeley Said

Most of those who know about Girard College, in Philadelphia, have heard of its stringent rule that no clergyman shall ever enter its gate. Whenever the institution is open a guard stands at that entrance, and his one question is, "Are you a preacher?" Long ago Horace Greeley, with his usual white tie and angelic smile, stood at that gate.

"You can't come in here!" exclaimed the guard.

"Why not?" queried Greeley humbly.

"Because you are a clergyman."

"The hell I am!" said Greeley.

Religion Too Free

"I thought you were preaching, Uncle Bob," said the Colonel, to whom the elderly negro had applied for a job.

"Yessah, Ah wuz," replied Uncle, "but Ah guess Ah ain't smaht enough to expound de Scriptures. Ah almost stahved to deff tryin' to explain de true meanin' uv de line what says, 'De Gospel am free.' Dem fool niggahs thought dat it meant dat Ah wuzn't to git no salary."

—*The Western Christian Advocate.*

She Missed the Monk

It was 3-year-old Edna's first time in church. She sat ver still until midway through the service, when she began glanc ing around anxiously as though puzzled over something When her mother inquired the reason, Edna said: "Mamm I hear the organ grind and I see the man coming for th pennies, but I cannot see the monkey."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Passing Sighs

The pastor who was fond of figures of speech was making funeral oration. He began his address, "Friends, we hav here only the shell of the man, the nut is gone."

—*The Churchman.*

The Bishop's Bath

The maid had been using surreptitiously the bathtub o her employer, an elderly bachelor bishop, very fastidious abou his toilet.

He reprimanded the maid with much indignation: "Wha distresses me most, Mary, is that you have been doing thi behind my back."

Deduction

VICAR: "What would happen if you were to break one o the ten commandments?"

WILLIE: "Well, then there would be nine."

—*The Continent* (*Chicago*).

A preacher who wished to announce that a pile of leaflet would be found at the rear of the church, which the congre gation could obtain as they passed out at the close of the ser vices said "The congregation can obtain the leaflets as the pile out at the close of the service."

Aunty's Method

BESS: "Somebody passed a counterfeit dime on Bob a yea ago, and he hasn't been able to get rid of it since."

MAIDEN AUNT (*horrified*): "What! Does that young ma never go to church, then?"

—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

Somewhat

"My friend," asked the missionary, "are you traveling the traight and narrow path?"

In silence the man handed over his card which read: "Signor Ballancio, Tightrope Walker."

—*Square Deal.*

Just a Matter of Mind

A woman told the local faith healer that her husband was very ill. He replied:

"Oh no, dear lady, there is no such thing as illness. Your husband only thinks he is ill."

A week later he met her again.

"Well, how is your husband to-day?" he asked.

"He thinks he is dead, sir," was the reply.

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

The King's English

The preacher at the First African Methodist Church had taken a few weeks' vacation, and during the time the black sheep of his flock had shown their appreciation of his services by having the church redecorated. However, their supply of funds had run out before the whole job was completed, and they were forced to leave the pastor's study in its original condition of disrepair.

On being shown the position of things on his return, the reverend gentleman was heard to deliver the following judgment, "Breddern, Ah seen what you's done done, an' Ah seen what you ain't done done, an' they's goin' to be no more preachification from dis pulpit until dat abscess am fricasseed!"

—*Gargoyle.*

He Was Naming Him

A clergyman from northeastern Pennsylvania tells the story of an Italian who brought his baby to him to be baptized.

"Now," he said, "you see you baptize heem right. Last time I tell you I want my boy call 'Tom,' you call heem Thomas. Thees time I want heem call 'Jack,' I no want you call heem Jackass!"

—*Judge.*

Ready for Eventualities

"During a stay in the South," says a Baltimore man, "I attended divine service in a country church, the minister of which, in making a certain announcement, seemed to have been prepared for untoward results from his preaching.

"'There are some flowers here,' he said, 'for those who are sick at the close of this service.'"

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

No Special Delivery

A minister forgot to take his sermon to church, and his wife, discovering the mistake, sent it to him in the charge of a small boy, who was to receive a quarter for the job.

In due course the boy returned for the money.

"You delivered the sermon, did you?" he was asked.

"I jes give it to him; he's deliverin' it himself," he answered.

Typical of Other Places

A story is told of a man in a back pew of a London church seen from the pulpit with his hat on. The minister beckoned to a deacon, who went to the man and asked if he was aware that his hat was on. "Thank God!" said the man. "I thought that would do it. I have attended this church for six months, and you are the first who has spoken to me."

Truth Will Out

By the unfortunate substitution of "n" for "r" in the report of his marriage in a country newspaper, a certain clergyman was styled the "Neverend Mr. Brown."

As it happens, the clergyman in question has a reputation for being very long-winded.

Not Far From True

"Yes, my friends," said the theological lecturer, "some admire Moses, who instituted the old law; some Paul, who spread the new. But after all, which character in the Bible has had the largest following?"

As he paused, a voice from the back bench shouted, "Ananias!"

Just Genesis Left

An itinerant peddler with Bibles called at a log cabin in he wild and woolly West.

"Have you a Bible, sir?" he asked a man sawing wood in ront of the unpretentious habitation.

"A Bible?" was the indignant reply. "Of course, we hev!"

"Nancy! bring out the Bible and show it to the gentleman!" e called to a long, lean female peering out of the cabin door, resumably his wife.

Nancy disappeared for an unconscionable length of time, nd then reappeared with an ancient bit of pasteboard that ad done service once as one of the covers of a Bible, but now ad only one torn and battered leaf of the book of Genesis dhering to it.

"All I ken find, father! Guess the boys hev used the rest n't fur wadding when they was hunting!" explained Nancy, pologetically.

"Lor' sakes alive!" exclaimed the man. "I hed no idee we vas so near out!"

"Guilty, Sir!"

A clergyman who had given up his former position as a nagistrate in order to enter the church was conducting the irst marriage service.

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" he sked the bride.

The bride answered eagerly: "I will."

"And you," he continued, addressing the bridegroom, 'what have you to say in your defense?"

Wet Wash vs. Dry Clean

A colored Baptist was exhorting. "Now, breddern and isters, come up to de altar and have yo' sins washed away."

All came up but one man. "Why, Brudder Jones, don't o' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has? Where yo' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Ober at de Methodist church."

"Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed; yo' jes' been ry cleaned."

—*New York Central Magazine.*

The Cullud

Not Hand Concrete

Mose Lightfoot, one of the best hod carriers on the job lost his footing and fell to the street, four stories below.

Mose hit on his head, struck the cement pavement and went through to the basement.

When the foreman went to the basement, expecting to find Mose cold and stiff, he met Mose coming up the steps.

"Great Scott, man, aren't you killed?" he cried.

"No," Mose replied, dusting off his clothes. "I guess dat concrete pavement musta broke my fall."

Handling Trouble

"Why is it," a Southern friend of mine asked his colored servant, "that so few colored men commit suicide?"

"Well, suh," the colored man replied, "when you white folks has got troubles, you sit down and think them over, and the more you think about them the wusser they get, 'til at last you jes' can't stand it no longer and you go to work and kill yo'self. But with us colored people, when we've got troubles we sit down and think them over, and we think and think, boss, and you know what happens when a colored man sits down and tries to think. He jes' naturally falls asleep."

—*Fuch and Lang Circular.*

He Knew The Mule

Her coffee-colored husband had just completed an advantageous trade in the mule market, but Mrs. Jefferson Lee was perturbed.

"Rastus," she worried, "you-all tol' Mistah Jackson dat mule was gentle, an' you knows she's a regular debbil. S'posin' she kicks Mistah Jackson. Den he'll bring dat mule back and raise fits."

"Listen, 'ooman," returned her husband tranquilly, "if dat mule breaks mah guarantee and kicks Mistah Jackson, Mistah Jackson ain't gwine bring nothin' back. No, ma'am. Ah knows dat mule!"

An Impossible Prescription

"Dey ain' no jestice no mo'," mourned Rufus to a friend. 'Sam, ah's a sick man. Guess ah's gwine die, suah. Ah goes to de doctah, an' he says mah veins am too close. Says Ah got very-close veins. An' de only help f' me, he says, am o eat chicken brof free times a day, an' stay in nights. An' Sam, dat jes' kain't be done!"

—*Borrow Pit.*

Explicit!

The colored woman looked at the bushel basket of eggs in front of the colored man's store.

"Is dey fresh, Rastus?"

"I hain't sayin' that dey hain't," answered Rastus, spitting n the direction of the road.

"I hain't askin' you is dey ain't," said the indignant woman. "I is askin' you is dey is!"

—*Borrow Pit.*

To Support His Argument

"Brothah Binkly, would you-all be so kind as to lend me yo' razzer?"

"Suttinly, Brothah Mimbo, so as yo' brings it back. Fo' what occashun does yo' requiah its posseshun?"

"I'se jes' gwine to attend a li'l social. De members of de Rise an' Shine Lit'ry Sassiety of which I'se president and chairman is a gwine to have a frien'ly argyment on de prognostification of worl' peace."

—*Borrow Pit.*

In Plain Daylight

An old Southern planter was discussing the hereafter with one of the colored servants. "Sam," he said, "if you die first, I want you to come back and tell me what it's like over there. If I die first, I'll come back and tell you what it's like."

"Dat suits me, massa," replied the old negro, "but if you dies fust, Ah wants you to promise me dat you'll come back in de daytime."

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

No Charge for The Jaw

An Atlanta man, visiting the shop of an old negro who had formerly been in his employ, observed the man wore a most unhappy expression.

"What's the matter, Uncle Eph?" asked the visitor.

"I's jest been done outer some money, suh," was the reply. "Had a terrible misery in mah toof, an 'went to a dentist an' got it pulled, an' he charged me a dollah—a whole dollah! Why, once in Mobile I went to ole Doc Tinker an' he pulled two toofs an' broke mah jawbone an' only charged me 50 cents! I's robbed."

—*Country Gentleman.*

But He Moved

RASTUS: "Ain't dat mule eber kicked yuh?"

SAMBO: "Naw, chile, not yit; but he frequently kicks at de place whar Ah recently wuz."

Let It Run Out

Half way across the lake on his first boating expedition, Rastus noticed quite a little water in the bottom of the boat. Somewhat agitated, he took his penknife and got down on his hands and knees.

"What you gwine do, boy?" asked his boating companion.

"I's gwine let some of this heah watah out," explained Rastus, " 'foah we gits heavy n' sinks!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

No Come Back

A traveler passing through a colored settlement heard cries of anguish, and came upon a black woman who was belaboring a pickaninny.

"Wait!" said the stranger. "What's the boy been doing?"

"He's done a plenty," answered the woman, with upraised hand. "He tuk an' lef' de chicken-coop do' open, an' all de chickens done run away."

"Don't worry," said the stranger, "You know how chickens are. They'll all come back tonight."

"Come back!" Her voice rose to a shriek. "Huh! They'll go back."

—*Exchange.*

Not A Real " Dirt " Farmer

Down in southern Missouri, Mose White, a colored farm hand, appeared at a neighbor's back door one morning, and asked for the loan of a mule to do his employer's ploughing.

"Why, Mose," said the neighbor, "your boss has a good mule. Why not use him?"

"Well, suh," replied Mose, "dat mule sit in the shade all day. Jes' won't work."

"What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

"No, suh," was the answer, "dat mule ain't sick. He jes' think he's a gentleman farmer."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Only One Yard

Rastus was proudly sporting a new shirt when a friend asked, "How many yards does it take for a shirt like that?"

Rastus replied, "I got three shirts like this out of one yard last night."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

His Were The First Three

A man once rented a plot of ground to a negro neighbor, upon which corn was to be planted, and at harvest time the renter was to receive one-fourth of the yield. Meeting the negro during harvest time, he asked: "Look here, Sam, have you harvested the corn?"

"Yes, sah, boss, long ago!"

"Well, wasn't I to get one-fourth?"

"Yes, boss, that's the truf, but there wasn't no fourth! Der was jes' three loads, and dey was mine."

—*Christian Register.*

An Afterthought

RASTUS: "Whar yo' gwine?"

SAMBO: "Home."

RASTUS: "Home, Ah thought you an' yo missis had a ruckus, dis mo'nin'."

SAMBO: "Yeah, but Ah done jus' thought o' somepin' mo' to say."

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

The Awful Prospect

LIZZIE ANN: "Brother Congo, I hear Sis Johnson's dead—when she gwine be interned?"

BRO. CONGO: "Dey aint gwine be no internment."

LIZZIE ANN: "How come?"

BRO. CONGO: "De fambly hab decided she's to be incriminated."

—*Life.*

Not Depraved

It was at the close of the day and the tramcar was crowded with tired workers returning home. A fashionably dressed lady entered, and a colored man arose to offer her his seat.

"Thank you, but I hate to deprive you of your seat," said the lady, with a gracious smile.

"No depravity, madam, no depravity!" exclaimed the colored man as he reached for a strap.

Contrary

"An' yo' say dat little twin baby am a gal?" inquired Parson Jones of one of his colored flock.

"Yassah."

"An' de other one. Am dat of de contrary sex?"

"Yassah. She am a gal, too."

—*Borrow Pit.*

Coffee

"There'll be an important meeting" announced the colored preacher, impressively, "right after the preachin'! All the deacons must attend. The subject of this meeting is, 'What color we gwine whitewash de church?'"

—*American Builder.*

Very, Very, Very Old

DRUMMER: "Why, hello, Rastus, what are you doing away out here in the West?"

RASTUS: "I's in de minin' business, boss."

DRUMMER: "You don't say! What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

RASTUS: "Calcimining."

—*Detroit News.*

He Came To Himself

The negro minister was trying to impress his hearers with the shame and remorse felt by the prodigal son, and with his desire to cast away his wicked doings:

"Dis young man got to thinking about his meanness and his misery, and he tuk off his coat and frowed it away. And den he tuk off his vest and frowed dat away. And den he tuk off his shirt and frowed dat away, too. And den he come to hisself."

—*Financial Times.*

Mose and Rastus

The sight unseen, or rather telephonic, altercation between Mose and Rastus had reached the point at which its effectiveness depended greatly upon the immediate and present whereabouts of Mose's body.

"Niggah," the voice of Mose reached the ear of Rastus, "wheah does you-all fink Ah is at, anyway?"

Rastus never hesitated.

"Coon," he shouted back into the receiver, "you-all done am wheah you-all done wouldn't be if Ah wus deah."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

From Ear to Ear

A small negro boy went to a physician to be treated for a painful sensation in one of his ears. Upon examination the ear was found to be full of water.

"How did it happen?" he was asked after his ear had been drained. "Been going in swimming?"

"Nah, suh," said the little fellow, "been eatin' watermelon!"

—*The Haversack.*

Ritual Somewhat Altered

"Lord Babbington was instructing his new colored servant in his duties, adding, "Now Zeke, when I ring for you, you must answer me by saying, "My Lord, what will you have?"

A few hours afterwards having occasion to summon the servant, his lordship was astonished with the following: "My Gawd, what does you want now?"

The Runaway

It was the day before the race, and an inquisitive fan who had been looking over a few of the entries, came upon a likely looking little roan being groomed by an old darkey.

"Good horse," commented the fan.

"There ain't none bettah, suh," said the darkey.

"Who was he sired by?"

"Well, suh," replied the darkey, aware that the pedigree of his little horse was somewhat shady, "nobody knows that. This colt is so fast he run away from home before evah he'd heard his papa's name!"

—*City Ice Company Magazine, Kansas City.*

Warned

Sam, while walking in the woods late one afternoon, was surprised by a wildcat which proceeded to chase him to the top limbs of a large oak tree on the edge of a deep canyon. The wildcat was climbing as fast as Sam, and soon had forced him perilously near the decaying end of a long limb extending below the edge of the precipice. Sam decided it was time to remonstrate.

"Wilecat," he said impressively, "wilecat, does yo' make me go one inch furdah, yo' is gwine to have to jump a long ways fo' yo' suppah!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

First Gentleman of Color: "Whaffo' yo' runnin' so, boy?"

Second Likewise: "Ah done jes' seed a ghost!"

"Whar?"

"'Bout six mile back."

"Huh. Yo' dat much skeered o' ghosts?"

"Not orn'ry ghostes—nossuh! But Ah done owed dat ghost a dollar eighty-seven!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

So Would Some Others

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the Judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, Jedge; but, Lawdy, Jedge, I'd give a whale ter git rid ev her."

—*Boston Transcript.*

He Was "Off" The Chickens

A colored woman consulted the village lawyer.

"Ah want to divo'ce mah husband," she said.

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"That nigger's done gone an' got converted to religion, and we ain't seen a chicken on de table foh two weeks."

—*Beacon Light.*

Case Sounded Better

"Comin' to mah pahty, Sam? We gonna have a whole gallon o' cohn."

"Nup, can't do it, Zeke. We'se got a case o' tonsilitis over to my house."

"A whole case. Say, Sam, can't we have that pahty to yo' house?"

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

Wanted The Day Out

A negro who had unwisely assimilated some alien chickens heard the sheriff was on the trail. Hastily he sought the agent of the railroad, asking for a ticket to the end of the line.

"The passenger train left a few minutes ago," replied the agent.

"Well," gasped the hard-breathing tourist, "jes' gimme de ticket and p'int out de track."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

And also Wormwood

"Alphonse, yo'-all rec'lect dem markers ovah dar what de Frenchmen used tuh mark kilometers? What yo' done call 'em—milestones?"

"Milestones in France, man? What's de matter wid yo'? Dem's Gaul stones."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Good Day To Apply

CONTRACTOR: "Don't you see that sign, 'No Work Today'?"

COLORED APPLICANT: "Yassuh, das why ah applied!"

—*Door-Ways.*

He Wanted To Be Certain

The man had been badly stabbed by another, whose name he did not know, although they had roomed together for six months. The assailant did a disappearing stunt and after working for hours to locate him the police were forced to abandon the chase just then. As the other colored man was leaving the station-house, McGowan told him that if he ever found out where this man was staying to let the police know that he could be arrested.

"I suah will, Lieutenant," promised the victim earnestly, "but I's afraid he might give me the slip again. Will it be all right to shoot him so's he can't get away if I should meet him on the street?"

—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Sign of Backsliding

An old negro was brought into a police station charged with vagrancy. "Law, mistah, I ain't no vagrant! I's a hahd-wukkin, religious man. Look at dose!" And he pointed proudly to the large patches ornamenting the knees of his trousers. "I got dem f'om praying!"

"How about the patches on the seat of your breeches?" asked a policeman.

The negro looked sheepish for a moment, then: "I reckon Ah must have got dose backslidin'," he said.

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Exclusive White Sale

Fountain's (Greenwood, Miss.) is located in a section with a large negro population.

One January day, a portly colored sister timidly approached one of the salesladies and asked:

"Missus, kin a cullud person buy anything in dis store dis week?"

"Why certainly; we're always glad to have your trade."

"Well, I knowed you allus wuz, but I thought I'd better ask first."

"Why? What made you think you couldn't?"

"Well—I wuzn't sure, after I seed them big cards in de windows sayin' dat all dis week wuz de White Sale."

—*Andrew Broun.*

No Dirt Coming Off

A little colored boy, clothes removed, was splashing around to his heart's content in a public reservoir. "Hey! come out of that, you young rascal!" shouted the keeper. "Don't you know that the people in town have to drink that water?"

The youngster dived under, came up and innocently replied, "Oh! dat's all right, mister; I ain't usin' no soap."

She Wanted Bacon

An old negress went to a Governor of Tennessee and said: "Massa, we's mighty poor this winter, and Ah wish you would pardon mah husband."

"What was he put in for?" asked the Governor.

"'Stead of workin' for it, that good-fo'-nothin' man done stole some bacon."

"If he's good for nothing, why do you want him back?"

"Well, you see, we's out of bacon again."

Made His Own Living

Jones who had advertised for a chauffeur, when questioning a negro applicant, said, "How about you, George, are you married?"

"Naw sah, boss, ah makes mah own livin'."

A Good Provider

"Dinah," said the mistress, "I hear you are married."

"Yassum, I'se got a good man now."

"Does he provide for you all right."

"Yas, he a good provider, but I'se skeered he going to be cotched at it."

Cupid

A Mathematical Short Cut

The professor of mathematics and his fiancee were roaming in the fields when she plucked a daisy and, looking roguishly at him, began to pull the petals, saying:

"He loves me, he loves me not—"

"You are giving yourself a lot of unnecessary trouble," said the scholar. "You should count up the petals, and if the total is an even number, the answer will be in the negative, if an uneven number, in the affirmative."

Fine Distinction

"He says he will be miserable unless I marry him," said the pensive girl.

"You must decide for yourself," answered her chum, "whether he is a devoted lover or merely one of those people who can't be happy unless they are having their own way."

—*Washington Star.*

Just a Peace Offering

"Hello, Jack, what are you carrying?"

"Chocolates and meat—going to see the girl."

"Great Scott! Do you have to supply the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no. The candy is for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Unfortunate Suggestion.

JACK: "So your father demurred at first because he didn't want to lose you?"

MAY: "Yes; but I won his consent. I told him that he need not lose me. We could live with him, and so he would not only have me, but a son-in-law to boot."

JACK: "H'm! I don't like that last expression."

—*Adelaide Gossip.*

Suspicious Father

He thought it safer to write to the girl's father asking for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a poor speller, and his note ran: "I want your daughter—the flour of your family."

"The flour of my family is good," replied the old man. "Are you sure it isn't my dough you're after?"

He Was, At That

HE: "I'm going to kiss you."
(No answer.)
HE (*louder*): "I'M GOING TO KISS YOU."
(No answer.)
HE: "Say, are you deaf?"
SHE: "No, but you're dumb."

Listen to This

HE: "Do you remember when we met in the revolving door?"

BRIGHT YOUNG THING: "Yes, that's when we started going around together."

The Market Boy's Lovalogue

"My Sweet Potato: Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you. You are the apple of my eye. If we cantaloupe, lettuce marry. We will be a happy pear."

Poor, Poor Girl!

"But darling, don't you want to marry a man who is economical?"

"I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."

—*Pennsylvania Register.*

Taking No Chance

JACK: "I told your father that I would provide you with every luxury."

BESS: "And what did he say?"

JACK: "That he would immediately withdraw his money from the bank where I work."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Cause and Effect

"Why is it that a red-headed woman always marries a very meek man?"

"She doesn't. He just gets that way."

—*American Builder.*

He Should Have Known Better

The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.

"Are you the groom?" he asked a melancholy-looking young man.

"No, sir," the young man replied. "I was eliminated in the preliminary tryouts."

—*Anthony Republican.*

An Egoism

"And what do you tell the men that come here to see you!" he asked as he released her from his close embrace. "Do you lead them to believe that you love them?"

"Yes, dearest," she whispered. "Do you mind?"

"Ah, but it will be hell for them later," he murmured. "The poor trusting fools!"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

She Wanted a Second

She was one of those maidens who believe in spurring on the efforts of would-be suitors by "treating 'em rough." As a matter of fact, she had carried this principle into effect with such deadly results to the young hopefuls that she had defeated her own purpose. So vigorously did she repulse the young men who came after her hand that in the end they gave up the idea of wooing her altogether.

She resolved to amend her ways.

One day a certain young gentleman was sufficiently enraptured to steal a kiss. She gave a faint scream, and, indignantly drawing herself up to her full height, said:

"If you attempt to kiss me again I shall call papa."

"Where is your father?" inquired the beau.

"In California," she replied softly, and with eyes cast down.

Coincidence, Perhaps

Blushing, she hid her face on her father's shoulder.

"He loves me," she said.

"Then I suppose he wants to marry you?" the old man grunted.

"Yes, dad."

"What's his income?"

She started.

"I don't know," she murmured, "but the coincidence is very strange."

"What coincidence?" asked her father.

"Sebastian," she answered, "asked the very same question about your income."

Just Waiting For Art

I wearied of the pictures,
When I spied a lovely blonde
Glancing at the paintings
Of which I am most fond.
"You are interested.
In art," I sighed, "my dear?"
"Yes," she answered sweetly,
"I'm waiting for him here."

His Prospects Were Poor

She listened as he talked.

"I am rich," he said, "if you marry me, my money, my motor cars, my yacht, my houses, everything will be yours."

"Fine!" she exclaimed delightedly. Then her brow clouded.

"But what will *you* do?" she asked.

Incriminating

"Frances," asked her mother, "was that young man smoking in there last night?"

"No, why?"

"Well, I saw some matches in there on the floor."

"Oh, that's just where he struck some matches to see what time it was."

—*Mugwump.*

Love or Death

The doctor rushed out of his study. "Get my bag at once," he shouted.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired his wife.

"Some fellow has just telephoned that he can't live without me," gasped the medical man as he reached for his hat.

His wife gave a sigh of relief. "Just a moment," she said gently. "I think that call was for our daughter, dear."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

He Has Several

"Did anybody ever kiss you before?"

"Oh—yes."

"Is he too big for me to thrash?"

"Not too big, perhaps—but I think he might be too many."

Hard to Understand This

HE: "Perhaps I was a little cruel."

SHE: "Yes, you were!"

HE (*surprised*): "I wasn't! (*Pause.*) Well, look here, I'll say I was cruel if you'll say I wasn't."

SHE: "Very well, peach blossom, you weren't."

HE: "Then I'm sorry if I was."

—*London Daily Express.*

Not Such a Bad Idea

"I hear that Mary keeps a diary of all her quarrels with Jack."

"Oh, I see, a sort of scrap book."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Soothing Serum

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he begged tenderly.

She fell into his arms and he was very busy for a few minutes. But the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No, "she murmured. "It's hay fever, but go on with the treatment."

Did His Best

"No, Reginald," averred the girl, "your blossoms made no great hit with me."

"I was merely trying to say it with flowers, as we are constantly advised to do by astute commercial men."

"You sent only daisies."

"Well, daisies mean 'I love you'."

"That's all right, but Tom sent orchids. Orchids mean 'I went broke for you.'"

—*Brockville Recorder and Times.*

The Meat Boy's Love

I never sausage eyes as thine,
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,
And liver round me every day,
We'll seek some ham-let far away.
We'll meat life's frown with life's caress
And cleaver road to happiness.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Idea Different

HE: "How sweet it would be if we were two little birds who could fly out into the great world and build our nest in the top of a tree!"

SHE: "It would be much nicer to be married and to have a little flat with two rooms and a bath, a gas stove, and warm water!"

No More Hunting

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Ay tank ay bane hunting long enough. Ay want marriage license."

CLERK: "Maybe I can help you make a selection. Now here's a sweet little sentiment, 'To the Only Girl I Ever Loved.'"

JACK TAR, U. S. N.: "I'll take a dozen of those."

—*Our Navy.*

Between Girls

"You should have seen how terribly foolish he looked when he proposed to me."

"No wonder, when you consider the terribly foolish thing he was doing."

Had Troubles of His Own

Bashful Young Man: "I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage."

Busy Father: "Oh! Has she accepted you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what do you want to come round and bother me with your troubles for?"

Her Favorite "Him"

Miss Teachem, wishing to arouse the interest of her Sunday school class, asked them to write down the names of their favorite hymns.

All the scholars bent their heads over pencil and paper for a few minutes, and then handed in their slips. All except Mary.

"Come, Mary," said the teacher, "write down the name of your favorite hymn and bring the paper to me."

Mary wrote, and with downcast eyes and flaming cheeks, handed the teacher a slip of paper bearing the words: "Willie Smith."

First Time She Had Credit

"If I were rich you would accept me fast enough."

"Thank you, Freddie; that's the most flattering thing you've said to me yet—and so unusual."

"What do you mean?"

"You and a lot of others have paid compliments to my beauty, but that is the first time one of you has given me credit for common sense."

Not His First Proposal, Evidently

"Do you think the lieutenant will propose to Lucy?"

"Oh, yes; he has several medals for bravery, you know."

—London Opinion.

Easily Arranged

HE: "Dearest, our engagement is off. A fortune-teller just told me that I was to marry a blonde in a month."
SHE: "Oh, I can be a blonde in a month!"
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

She Didn't Tell Him

PAR: "Can your girl keep a secret?"
DONN: "Gosh, yes. We were engaged two or three weeks before I knew a thing about it."

His Choice of Missiles

SHE: "Why not ask father now? There he goes, to the billiard-room."
HE: "Wait till he goes to the library; I'd rather be hit with a book than a billiard-cue."

Dad Can't Help It.

"Dearest, I must marry you."
"Have you seen my father?"
"Often, honey, but I love you just the same."

None To Be Jealous

HE: "But you didn't object to my holding your hand at the summer resort last week."
SHE: "That's different. We are alone now and there isn't another girl in sight to be jealous of me."
—*Boston Transcript.*

This Is So Sudden

"Muriel, are you fond of dogs?"
"If you mean that as a proposal, you'd better ask papa."

Vox Tremulo

"Has he proposed, then?"
"Oh, not yet, dear. But his voice had such an engagement ring in it last night."
—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

Mum's the Word

She had just been kissed.

"You'll pay for this!" she stormed. "I'll tell my father and he'll—"

"But dear"—he started to object.

"Sh! Here he comes now."

—*Brown Jug.*

Had No Chance To Try It

CHARLES: "Will you please take back this engagement ring I bought the other day?"

JEWELER: "Doesn't it suit?"

CHARLES: "I don't know—but I don't."

The Doctors

A Meaning All Its Own

VISITOR (*at doctor's house to his small daughter*): "Is your daddy in, dear?"

SMALL DAUGHTER: "No, he's out, giving an anesthetic."

VISITOR: "An anesthetic! That's a big word. What does it mean?"

SMALL DAUGHTER: "It means twenty-five dollars."

—*J. A. M. A.*

Educated For Five Dollars

"Can you read that bottom line?"

"No, suh."

"These glasses will fix you so that you can read it," declared the optician.

The customer brightened up at this.

"Dat's more 'n what I expected, boss," said he. "An eddication and a pair of glasses, all fur fibe dollars. I nebber learned to read."

They Let Him Go

The examining board of specialists was testing the mentality of a thick-lipped, weak-faced negro who had been brought in by the police. Among other questions, the specialist asked: "Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking, or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, suh!" answered the negro.

The specialists looked at each other triumphantly. "And when does this occur?" one asked.

"When I'se talkin' over de telephone."

And That's That

MRS. DE PEYSTER: "I wish to say, doctor, that the prescribing of a mustard plaster for a woman of my social position is nothing short of impertinence!"

—*Pickup.*

Wanted Another Doctor

"It's no good mincing matters," said the doctor, "you are very bad. Is there anybody you would specially like to see?"

"Yes," replied the patient faintly.

"Who is it?" queried the doctor.

"Another doctor, please," whispered the invalid.

—*Beckenham Journal.*

One For Sleeplessness

"And this special treatment of yours for sleeplessness, doctor?"

"I strike at the cause or the origin of the trouble."

"Oh, I see. Well, you'll find the baby in the adjoining room. Only don't strike at him too hard."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Small Sympathy

News quickly spreads. After a sleepless night, a hero suffering from toothache, told of his woes to an enthusiastic believer in the Coue system of optimistic auto-suggestion.

"You must repeat over and over again this phrase. 'Get thee behind me, pain,'" he was told.

"What!" gasped the disappointed man, "and get lumbago?"

His State of Health

DOCTOR: "Well, John, how are you?"

JOHN: "I be better than I was, sir, but I hain't as well as I was before I was as bad as I be now.

—*Everybody's.*

Specialization

VERY MUCH WORRIED MAN (*running into office of throat specialist*): "Doctor! Doctor! Come quickly! My little girl has swallowed a button."

SPECIALIST: "What kind of a button?"

VERY MUCH WORRIED MAN: "Celluloid. It came from—"

SPECIALIST (*holding up hand*): "You'll have to go to Dr. Wilkinson if it's celluloid; I remove only metal ones with an embossed design."

—*Life.*

Capacity Too Small

DOCTOR: "What! your dyspepsia is no better? Did you follow my advice and drink hot water one hour before breakfast?"

PATIENT: "I did my best, but I couldn't keep it up more than ten minutes."

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Safety First

"Hello, Dr. Bunyan? Yes? Come right away. My husband has another one of his spells."

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" said the doctor, half an hour later. "You should not have waited till your husband was unconscious."

"Well," replied the wife, "as long as he had his sense he wouldn't let me send for you."

—*Boys' Outfitter.*

At Last

DOCTOR: "I expect you are getting tired of lying flat on your back for three weeks, aren't you? Well, I have a little surprise for you."

PATIENT (*eagerly*): "Yes?"

DOCTOR: "To-morrow, if you are feeling well, you can lie on your side."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Nostril

A young medical student was being quizzed by an instructor. "In what will you specialize?" the aspirant was asked.

"Diseases of the nostril," replied the student.

"Good!" said the professor. "Which nostril?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Dr., Before and After

"What is your greatest wish, Doctor, now that you have successfully passed for your degree?"

"To put 'Dr.' before my own name, and 'Dr.' after the names of other people."

—*Life.*

Logic

One winter night, when the ground was covered with sleet, and the rain was freezing as it fell, the old doctor received a very late call from a family living away on the other side of the city. It was after 1 o'clock when he left home, and his horse—this was in the old days—slid all the way to the patient's house.

He got there about 3 o'clock, and found that a girl in the household had a severe cold. It was nothing dangerous.

"How long has she had it?" asked the doctor.

"Three days," answered the mother.

"Why didn't you call me in the daytime?" asked the doctor.

Then came the answer, which made this the favorite story of the Medical Society for many, many years:

"We are poor people, and we aren't able to pay very much, so we thought we would call you when you weren't busy."

Not That Kind of Service

SURGEON: "Your minister is here, do you want to see him before we begin the operation?"

PATIENT: "No, sir! I don't care to be opened with prayer."

—*M. W. A. Bulletin.*

Come Around Next Week

The telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something has happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word."

"Perhaps she has lockjaw?" said the medical man.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are round this way some time next week I wish you would look in and see what you can do for her."

Serious Enough

DOCTOR: "Your wife suffers from insomnia? Are there any serious consequences?"

VISITOR: "Yes. When I come home late she is always awake."

Had Pneumatic Fever

"Oh, Mamma," cried Jamie, "Mrs. Brown's gone to the hospital, and she had to swallow a tube!"

"Indeed," said his mother, "what kind of tube?"

"Oh, I 'spect it must have been an inner tube!"

—*J. A. M. A.*

Pumps Needed

"Poor old Smith has gone to see a doctor."

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"He's got water on the knee!"

"Then the best thing he can do is to wear pumps."

—*Montreal Star.*

Pay or No Delivery

"Are there any marks on the baby?" asked the anxious father.

The doctor looked the new arrival over carefully and replied, "Yes, he's marked C. O. D."

—*Colorado Medicine.*

It Makes a Difference

DR. BIGPHEE: "Have the Jones' paid their bill yet?"

HIS SECRETARY: "They have."

DR. BIGPHEE: "Mrs. Jones is in the office—I didn't know whether to order her to Florida or order her out."

The Obliging Medico

"Is Dr. Grampleton moderate in his charges?" asked the old lady.

"Oh, yes," answered the man. "He does his best to bring illness within the reach of all."

—*London Sunday Express.*

Was Tired of Sniffing

DOCTOR: "Why are you in such a hurry to have me cure your cold?"

PAT: "Because I've lost my handkerchief."

—*Cornell Widow.*

Not Difficult to Find

With tears on her baby cheeks little Winnie ran up to the policeman.

"Please, sir," she sobbed, "will you come and lock a nasty man up?"

"What's he been doing?" asked the man in blue, kindly.

"Oh" wailed the child, "he's broken up my hoop with his nasty bicycle."

"Has he?" said the constable, preparing to go to the scene of the crime. "Well, where is he?"

"Oh, you'll easily catch him," explained Winnie triumphantly. "They've just carried him into that drug store on a shutter."

Family Trouble Brewing

DOCTOR: "Have you told that young pup what I think of him yet?"

DAUGHTER: "Yes, Daddy, and he says you're wrong in your diagnosis as usual."

—*Judge.*

Unacceptable Sympathy

An old farmer went to the dentist to have an aching molar removed. The operation was completed and the patient then instructed the tooth drawer to remove the next one.

"It isn't necessary," explained the dentist, "that one only aches in sympathy."

"Yank it out, then," growled the farmer, "darn such sympathy as that."

Embarrassing

Then Everybody Shouted

"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man."

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster and fell in to a fit of confusion on hearing his hostess say to her husband: 'How inattentive you are, Charlie. You must look after Mr. Blank better. He's helping himself to everything.'"

"He Who Hesitates——"

The clergyman was calling upon a member of his congregation who was the proprietor of a corner drug store. The man was law-abiding, but as his visitor was about to leave the store his sense of hospitality asserted itself.

"You'll have something before you go, will you sir? Perhaps you'll take a—a—seidlitz powder."

This Was Not Diplomacy

Jones was at a dinner party. He was shy and nervous, and could never summon up courage to speak because of his inability to say anything neat.

All the evening he had been trying to think of something nice to say to his hostess. At last he thought he saw his chance.

"What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones," said his hostess with a smile.

"To sit next to you," he replied gallantly, "would cause any man to lose his appetite."

An Unfortunate Reply

An absent-minded man was dining out. "My daughter, you know," said the hostess, "married a struggling man. Life has been one long struggle for them, too, ever since."

"Perhaps he'll get away some day," answered the absent-minded man.

True and Disconcerting

The dance was in full progress and the young couples, circling gayly on the polished floor under the delicately shaded lights, made an attractive picture. A certain popular song has told us recently that "dancing time is just the time for loving," and one couple at least were putting this theory well to the test.

They sat in one secluded corner holding hands, and—well, you know. After a moment the girl turned to her lover and said, softly:

"John, are you sure your love is true?"

"Yes," he replied, fervently, "yes—as true as the roses on your cheeks."

"O—er—yes," answered the girl, stammeringly. "Isn't the—er—doesn't the band play nicely?"

"Must You Go?"

A minister's wife was busy repairing clothes when a neighbor called. After some general gossip the visitor, inspecting the miscellaneous contents of a button basket, remarked: "You seem to be unusually well supplied with buttons of all kinds. Why, there's one like my husband had on his last Winter's suit."

"Indeed!" said the minister's wife, with a smile. "Well, all these buttons were found in the collection plates, and I thought I might as well make use of them. What? Must you go? Well, goodby. Come again soon."

Making Matters Worse

A clergyman and his wife were receiving a call from a parishioner. The clergyman's small daughter, aged 9, walked up to the visitor and, gazing intently at her, said, "O, my! But aren't you homely?"

Her mother, of course, was horrified and sought to undo the mischief, as well as she could, "Why, Laura," she said, "what do you mean?"

Frightened, Laura stammered: "I only m-m-meant it for a joke."

But the mother pushed disastrously onward: "Well, it would have been a much better joke if you had said, 'How pretty you are.'" —*Kansas City Star.*

Had It Straight

TOM: "What makes you think she doesn't like you?"
VIC: "She told me she thought there was a fool in every family."
"Well, what of that?"
"I'd just gotten through a moment before telling her that I was an only child."

—Michigan Gargoyle.

She Had His Number

ABSENT-MINDED LADY (*as street-car conductor helps her off*): "Call me at seven, James."
CONDUCTOR (*aghast*): "But, madam, I don't——"
MADAM (*wearily*): "All right, take the day off."

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

She Was Not Ancient

The party was in full swing, when one of the guests, a lady of uncertain age, was noticed by the hostess to be preparing to take her departure.
"Must you really go?" asked the hostess.
"I will not stop here and be insulted another minute," declared the guest, indignantly. "How dare your husband come up and ask me to take part in an ancient folk-dance?"

Quite Ample—Figuratively

The woman, although by no means a sylph, prided herself on the neatness of her well-rounded figure. One day when she appeared upon the hotel porch with a cluster of daisies pinned against her green linen frock, a gallant old gentleman complimented her.
"Miss Robinson, those certainly are charming flowers?" Then, with the profoundest of bows, he added: "They suit you precisely. You look like a Virginia hillside!"

Engaging

MISSIONARY: "During the three years we were on the island my wife saw only one white face. That was mine."
MRS. GUILD: "How she must have suffered."

—Sydney Bulletin.

Wanted No Sister

A middle-aged, baldheaded widower took a girl's hand tim idly in a dim-lit conservatory and said:
"Miss Mainwaring—Alice—your mother has given her con sent, and I—."
But the girl snatched her hand away.
"No, Mr. Wilkerson," she interrupted. "No, this canno be. My respect for you is profound, but the difference in ou ages is too great. I will be a sister to you."
"A sister, hey? No you won't, either," snapped Wilker son. "You'll be a daughter to me. I'm going to marry you ma."

Near Enough

The unprepossessing lady of uncertain age was calling on small boy's mother, and the child was doing his best to answe her numerous questions politely.
"And how old are you?" she asked him."
"Almost six," was the reply. "How old are you?"
"Oh," said the lady in an embarrassed manner, "I don' remember the year I was born."
"Never mind," answered the small boy, politely, "tell m the century."

He Didn't Look Black

CALLER: "Why do you look at me so intently, little man?"
BOBBY: "I was looking to see if you were black."
CALLER: "Black! Why should you think I was black?"
BOBBY: " 'Cause I heard pa say you were awful niggardly."

Not For A Penny

"Will you let me kiss you if I give you a penny?" asked th little boy's aunt.
"A penny!" he exclaimed. "Why, I get more than tha for taking castor oil."

Then He Danced Out

HE: "Pardon me. May I have this dance? "
SHE: "No, I'm too danced out."
HE: "You're not too damn stout. You're just pleasantl plump."

Badly Expressed

GUEST (*just arrived*): "Dear, dear, what a terrible night it s."

HOST: "Yes, most disappointing. I'm afraid it will keep ll the best people away."

—*Selected.*

Next Stop, Please

"It's really very kind of you to give me your seat," said Miss Sallow graciously.

"Not at all," said the chivalrous gallant. "We men are getting tired of being told that we're only polite to pretty girls."

—*The Ingleside.*

The Villian Unmasked

FREDDY: "Ma, did the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes?"

MOTHER: "Yes, my boy."

FREDDY: "Then why did papa put a button in the missionary box?"

Another Friendship Severed

CHESTER: "Who on earth is that homely girl Jack's dancing with?"

JIM: "That's my sister."

CHESTER: "She sure can dance."

—*The A. & S. Link.*

The English

The Prince on the Somme

At the Piping Rock Club dinner to the Prince of Wales a World War veteran told this story.

"The Prince," he said, "once passed a wild winter night in the trenches of the Somme. In the morning, in his primitive quarters, he got to work briskly, shaving himself, brushing his uniform, scraping the mud from his boots and so on.

"A boy soldier came into the dugout for a rest. He sat down on a sand-bag, lit a cigarette, and gazed at the Prince through the smoke.

"You ain't just an ordinary subaltern, are you, sir?" he said presently.

"Why do you ask me that?" said the Prince, as he polished a boot with a bit of khaki cloth.

"I don't know," said the boy, "but there's something about you—perhaps you're connected with the Prince of Wales' staff?"

"Yes, I am."

"Perhaps you work for the Prince himself, eh?"

"Yes, I do."

"What work do you do for him?" asked the boy.

"Well," said the Prince, as he polished away vigorously, "I'm valeting him just now."

Spine and Spine

Lloyd George said to a group of reporters in New York:

"We make fun of your American accent. Why don't you make fun of ours? Why don't you tell your English visitors the story of the cockney school teacher who said to his little cockney charges:

"You 'ave to be very careful, boys, about words that 'ave a similar sound. For instance, there's the spine, what most of us wears down the middle of our backs. But Spine, the country where they 'ave set up a dictatorship—that's a different thing now altogether."

—*Boston Daily Globe.*

He Demonstrated

That veteran journalist and prince of raconteurs, Sir Henry Lucy, delights in telling the story of a certain old admiral, who had an extraordinary habit of contradicting any one with whom he conversed. In fact, he once flatly contradicted the queen. He attended a royal reception and was presented to her majesty, who had heard something of his propensity.

"I hear, admiral, you contradict every one who speaks to you," said the queen.

"Your majesty is misinformed," replied the admiral gruffly, "I do nothing of the sort."

Poor Lonely Pup

The friend of the English family had been commissioned to purchase a small dog for an exile in Paris. He took his small son with him to conduct the purchase, and afterward found him in tears.

"O, daddy," the child sobbed, "I can't help feeling sorry for that poor dog. What will it do when it gets over there and finds that all the other dogs speak French? It will be so dreffly lonely."

Most Extraordinary

The Right Hon. Edward Hilton Young, N. P., one of the advisors to the Bank of England, upon visiting New York, found the financial methods of the Fifth Avenue bus conductors very puzzling.

"I got on one of your busses the other day," said the Right Honorable, "only to have a revolver, or what appeared to be a revolver, shoved in the pit of my stomach. I thought the man with the gun was a hold-up man—I had been reading about hold-up men in a newspaper—and I put up my hands. When the man explained that he wanted my fare I handed him two nickels—all the money I had—and he handed me back a dime, as you call it. Most extraordinary."

'T Was Old, Too

ENGLISHMAN (*eating a fish cake for the first time*): "I say, old chap, something has died in my biscuit."

—*Penn. Punch Bowl*

The Wrong Bottle

A good story is going the rounds concerning Lord Cowdray, who, it is well known, is greatly interested in the attempts that have been made from time to time to find petroleum in Britain.

One day an engineer at one of the English "bores" sent him along a sample of crude oil and asked him to have it analyzed.

Lord Cowdray called a maid and told her to take the bottle to some analytical chemist. The girl put the bottle down on a shelf while she went to put on her hat. When she came back—

Anyway, a few days later Lord Cowdray received a telegram: "Congratulations. Your fortune is made. You have struck paregoric."

The Wrong Kind

Once, at the Marble Arch in London, an Englishman was making a speech.

"I was born an Englishman," he cried—"born in England; and of English parents. I married an English wife, I am going to live all my life in England, and in England I shall die."

Then an American shouted from the rear of the crowd: "Say, bo, ain't ye got no ambition?"

Such Strange Names

"You have such strange names for your towns," an Englishman remarked to one of his new American friends—"Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie, and ever so many others."

"I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?"

"Oh, no!" said the unsuspicious Briton. "I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton, and then I've a place at Pokestogg-on-the-Hike."

Why They Do It

An Englishman, recently explaining the British system of beginning telephone conversations by saying, "Are you there?" instead of the American "Hello," defends his style thus:

"We ask, 'Are you there?' If you aren't, obviously there is no need for proceeding with the conversation."

A Practical Helpmate

"Well, wife, I've got good news for you. I insured my life o-day for $15,000."

"Bully!" said his wife. "Now I won't need to be always varning you to look out for automobiles."

Twelve Hours Later

American Visitor: "Why don't they show a comedy nstead of this scenic?"

English Host: "Oh, they never show comedies at the inema in England on Saturday night. They're afraid they'll ause laughter in the churches."

—*Continent.*

In an English Railway Station

Porter: "Balhamstreathamcommonnorburythornton-heathselhurstwestcryodonwaddonwallingtoncarshaltonbeeches-andsutton train!"

Yank: "Say, boy, you said a mouthful. But where does his train go to?"

—*Humorist* (*London*).

Not a Matter of Grammar

"You certainly sling a terrible lingo. You ought to go to London and learn the King's English."

"Oh, I know he's English."

—*University of Kansas Sour Owl.*

Wot 'e Washes In

At one of their Anglo-American parties Lord Curzon told a funny story about the American accent, but Lady Curzon retorted with another story about a boy in a London board school whose teacher asked him what a bison was.

"A bison," the boy answered, "is wot I washes in."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

On Etiquette

"Beg Pardon, Old Boy"

Fairfax was a good fellow on the whole—better than most, in fact—but he had one great fault. He was no good at all at listening: he always wanted to be "it" when a conversation was in progress. All his friends noticed this, and it was beginning to make him extremely unpopular. His pal, George, resolved to speak to him about this little failing.

"You mustn't take offense," he began, "if I speak to you about—er—a little bad habit of yours that I think you would do well to correct."

"Certainly not, old man," replied Fairfax. "Let's have it."

"Well, you're one of those fellows who never listen. You are so busy thinking about what you are going to say next that when a conversation is in progress you never hear what is being said to you. You should be more attentive."

He waited for a while for this to sink in. After a minute or so Fairfax turned to him with a faraway look in his eyes.

"Er—ah—just what were you saying?" he inquired blandly.

Neither! Soup!

By some means or other a very impossible person had obtained election to an exclusive club. On the first night that he dropped in for dinner the members were horrified to see him take his napkin and tie it round his neck.

The head waiter, determined to deal with the matter in the most suitable manner, approached.

"Hair-cut or shave, sir?" he asked.

—*Boston Daily Globe.*

Real Tit for Tat

"Keep a civil tongue in your 'ead, Mrs. Green; politeness don't cost nothing."

"No, nor does rudeness, Mrs. Jones, an' yer gets more change out of it."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Not Tommy's

"Tommy, stop eating with your fingers."
"But, mamma, weren't fingers made before forks?"
"Not yours, Tommy."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

We Can't Agree

MR. WIGWAG: "The things we have to struggle for are the things, we appreciate most."
MRS. WIGWAG: "Yes, a seat in a crowded car is worth two in an empty one."

Can't Quite Blame Her

"The photograph flatters you," commented the plain-spoken young man.
"Then it is more polite than you are," said the young woman, indignantly.

—*Pathfinder.*

Might Have Happened Anywhere

THE MAN (*having surrendered his seat*): "I beg your pardon!"
THE GIRL: "I didn't speak!"
THE MAN: "Sorry, I'm sure. I thought you said 'thank you!'"

—*Jewelers' Circular.*

Meeting a Social Obligation

Margaret, aged five, had been interested in an explanation of how her mother's social obligations could be simplified by the skilled use of calling cards.

The next day she attended church for the first time, and was tired out before the lengthy service ended. At bedtime she talked over with her mother her first visit to the Lord's house.

"Mother," she asked, "does the Lord expect us to call at his house every Sunday?"

"Yes, Margaret, every Sunday," was the reply.

"Well, mother," inquired this budding casuist, "some Sundays mightn't we just leave cards?"

Possibly Excepting the Bath

Without consulting any of the authorities on etiquette, we will answer the question, "When is the proper time for man to lift or remove his hat?" for the benefit of our readers.

At the following times and on the following occasions, respectfully, the hat should be removed or lifted as the circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow; when taking a bath; when eating; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when having the hair trimmed; when being shampooed; and when standing on the head.

—*Dodo.*

Well Trained Tommy

A small boy came to school one day with dirty hands.

"Tommy," the teacher said, "I wish you wouldn't come to school with such dirty hands. What would you say if I came to school with dust and ink all over my fingers."

"I wouldn't say anything," answered the child promptly, "I'd be too polite."

Righto

"What should I wear to a fashionable function?"

"Well, of course, I'm only familiar with these fashionable movie functions. I suggest wearing a one-piece bathing suit under an evening gown. Then you'll be prepared for anything."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Right Where He Put It

"And were you a little gentleman at Gracie's party?" asked Tommy's mother.

"Oh, yes," replied Tommy. "But I think Gracie's mamma must be blind."

"Blind. Why, son?" asked his mother.

"Well," said Tommy, "because when I went in she said: 'Where is your hat, little man?' And it was right on my head all the time!"

—*Erie Post.*

The Family

Not the Lord's Responsibility

A well-known minister in one of our suburban towns was recently going away for several days, and in bidding good-by to the family he took Bobby up in his arms with the remark, "Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy and be sure to take good care of mamma."

Bobby promised, and all day kept a sharp eye on his mother. That evening, when called to say his prayers, he was heard to express himself thus: "O Lord, please protect Papa and Brother Dick and Sister Alice and Aunt Mary and all the little Jones boys, and Bobby. But you needn't trouble about Mamma, for I am going to look after her myself."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

Probably a Willing Sacrifice

MOTHER: "Yes, my darling, those little boys next door have no father or mother, and no kind Aunt Jane. Wouldn't you like to give them something?"

WILLIE (*with great enthusiasm*): "Oh, yes, mamma! Let's give them Aunt Jane."

—*Answers, London.*

A Mighty Good Rule

One of the Washington correspondents attempted to sound President Coolidge on the subject of prohibition.

"Instead of answering your questions, I'll tell you a story," countered the President.

"Frankie dropped in to tell his mother that he was going to his uncle's house for dinner.

"'I suppose Mary is also going,' said his mother, referring to a grown-up cousin.

"Frankie evidently thought the question too personal, for, after a moment of deep thought, he replied: 'I don't know; I just go round minding my own business.'"

Nature Worship

Doris is the eleven-year-old daughter of the suburban lady and has the Saturday morning task of sweeping and washing the front porch.

One Saturday morning recently the sky looked as if it were about to burst and deluge the earth. Doris swept the porch and proceeded to take herself off to play with a neighbor's little girl.

"Doris," said her mother, "have you forgotten to wash the porch?"

"No," said Doris, as she superficially scanned the sky, "I think I'll let nature take its course."

Fifteen Cents Net

Uncle John watched his nephew and some other little boys playing at soldiers, attacking a fort. "Tommy," he said, "if you and your side can take that fort in half an hour I'll give you a quarter."

About two minutes later there came an eager cry, "Uncle can I have that quarter now? We've taken the fort."

"That was very smart," said Uncle John, as he handed over the coin. "How did you manage it so quickly?"

"Oh, I just offered the other side a dime to give in," answered Tommy.

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Teddy Probably Laughed

"Dick" Oulahan, otherwise R. V. Oulahan of the New York Times, ex-president of the Gridiron Club, one of the most highly regarded newspaper men in Washington, just home from China, tells this one of Richard Oulahan, Jr., his only son.

Richard, now married, and with an offspring of his own, went to the White House one day when he was a little shaver to have a game of marbles with the Roosevelt boys. He was encountered by President Roosevelt who genially welcomed the youngster with a "Well, well, so this is Richard Oulahan! Richard I think a lot of your father."

"Thank you, sir," returned the little chap politely, not in the least impressed; one is never a snob or a climber when one is a kid—"I've heard my father speak of you, too."

A Studious Lad

FOND MOTHER: "Yes, John is such a good boy. You know he is taking a medical course, and he is working so hard that it even affects his sleep. Why, the other night I heard him say in his sleep. "Let me get to work. Let me have those bones!"

—*Pelican.*

Yes, Why Not?

"Mamma," said four-year old Edna one day, "why are you going to give my kitty to the milkman?"

"Because the kitty scratched baby sister and we can't keep her any longer."

"But, mamma," said Edna, as a frown wrinkled her little brow, "why can't we give baby sister to the milkman and keep the kitty?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Rapid Transit

It was little Arthur's first journey on a railroad. The train entered a long tunnel and when they came out into the daylight again, the little fellow exclaimed: "Oh, mother, look; it's to-morrow already!"

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Where Rabbits Come From

A little boy returned after a morning walk with nurse in great excitement. Rushing to his mother he pushed into her hand a small packet of parsley seed, the front of which showed a picture of little rabbits nibbling at the grown parsley, "Oh, Mummy," he shouted, "look at what I bought; now we can grow rabbits!"

—*Montreal Star.*

Little Charlie's Trouble

"See, Charlie, the stork has brought you a nice little brother."

"Yes, that's the way! Just as I'm getting on in the world competition begins."

—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Billie's Ultimatum

Five-year old Billie at the breakfast table asked for more bacon. There being very little bacon left, his father, without comment, put a piece of toast on his plate, which was accepted in silence.

Finally Father said, "Well, Billie, what do you say?"

"I say I want some bacon, and when I get it I am going to say, 'Thank you,'" said Billie.

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Circumstantial

Seven-year-old Mary had been repeatedly cautioned against handling any object that might contain germs. "Mother," she said, "I shall never play with my puppy any more, because he has germs on him."

"Oh, no!" replied the mother. "There are no germs on your puppy."

"Yes, there are," insisted the child. "I saw one hop."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Just Unbuttons It

"I know where the 'lectricity comes from that lights our house," said little John.

"Where does it comes from?" queried his small brother.

"From the wall," replied John. "When mamma wants a light she unbuttons it."

Misplaced Philanthropy

WILLIE (*aged 12, looking contemptuously at Kiddie Kar among his birthday presents*): "I'll bet the guy what gave me that sent Venus de Milo a bracelet."

—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

Right Christmas Spirit

"Yes, Rupert," said mother, "the baby was a Christmas present from the angels."

"Well, mamma, if we lay him away carefully and don't use him, can't we give him to somebody else next Christmas?"

—*Good Hardware.*

Fore Armed

SISTER: "Johnny is swearin' somepin' terrible at me in whispers."

MOTHER: "Johnny! You go right up stairs and wash your mouth out with soap."

JOHNNY: "It's no use, mamma. I've been eatin' soap for half an hour just so I could do this."

—Boys' Outfitter.

Found Out Too Late

Albert came in from school with a swollen eye and cut cheek, and explained that he had been fighting Tommy Smith.

"You really shouldn't fight with that Smith boy," said his mother, impatiently.

"I know that, mother," he said, sadly. "I found it out a minute after I first hit him."

Pa's Pet

WILLIE: "Pa?"

FATHER: "Yes, Willie."

WILLIE: "Pa, how is it that my hair has grown longer than yours when yours has grown longer than mine?"

—The Progressive Grocer.

His "Call" to the Pulpit

Mayn't I be a preacher when I grow up?" asked the small boy.

"Of course you may, my pet, if you want to," his mother replied.

"Yes, I do. I s'pose I've got to go to church all my life, anyway, an' it's a good deal harder to sit still than to stand up an' holler."

Just Like 'Em

Mother sent John and the baby into the garden to play, but it was not long before cries disturbed her.

"John, what is the matter with baby now?" she inquired from her washtub.

"I don't know what to do with him, mother," replied John "He's dug a hole and he wants to bring it into the house."

" ——— and Stand Clear "

The wife of a certain fiery Army officer, during her husband's frequent absence from home with his regiment, was in the habit of spending much of her time with friends, being invariably accompanied on such visits by her only son, a small boy of five.

One day at tea, during one of these visits, the little fellow having already partaken of a huge meal, asked for "just one more cake," a request which was peremptorily refused by his mother, who at the same time reproved him for his gluttony.

After a short silence, he repeated his plea for something more to eat, whereupon his mother leaned over and assured him in a whisper that he would most certainly burst if he dared consume another morsel!

"All right, mother," replied the little fellow, "please pass me another jam tart, and stand clear."

Experiences in Common

TOMMY: "Is that a lion or lioness, papa?"

FATHER: "Which one, dear?"

TOMMY: "The one with its face scratched, and the hair off its head.

FATHER (*with a sigh*): "That must be the lion."

—*Da Laval Monthly.*

A Prevailing Method

"Your daughter is quite a talker, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes—she was vaccinated with a phonograph needle."

First Line Defenses Gave

Tommy had sprained his wrist and didn't want to go to school.

"But your wrist is nicely bandaged," urged his mother. "It won't prevent you from attending school."

Still the boy held back. Dad took a hand at this point.

"Now speak up, son," commanded his father. "Let's have the real reason. Why don't you want to go to school with a sprained wrist?"

"Too many boys owe me a licking."

A Silent Knock

It is always a dangerous thing to ask a child to express a personal opinion.

"Well, and what do you think of your uncle?" asked a genial visitor, referring to himself.

"The child remained obstinately silent."

"Why won't you say?" persisted the visitor.

"Because I don't want to get licked," was the prudent response.

It Should Be So

PAPA: "I hear that Charlie Green is going to be married next week."

LITTLE ROBERT (*whose ideas on the subject are somewhat confused*): "The last three days they give him everything to eat he asks for, don't they, Papa?"

—*Yorkshire Post.*

Not "For Reference Only"

Father was sitting in his study writing when little Tommy came and knocked at the door. There was a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Well, my son, what is it?" asked his father.

"May I have the big reference book for a while, please?" asked the small boy.

"Of course you can, my boy," replied father, his face glowing with pleasure. "Your thoughts are turning to higher things, I see."

"Yes, father," answered the dutiful lad as he trotted off with the book.

Tommy's mother (*to herself, two hours later*), "More of that jam gone. I can't think how the boy can reach it."

Just Look at Baby

The family had engaged a maid, and when she arrived they found she was not only disagreeable but useless.

"Well," said the lady of the house to her husband, "maybe she won't stay long—she didn't bring a trunk.

"Don't be too sure, ma," chipped in their eldest son, aged 5. "Just look at baby—he didn't bring anything—but he's still here."

LIBRARY

Johnny's Canary

When summer comes it is quite the correct thing for Britishers to go out to tea in the garden. The Larkins family were seated under a tree on their lawn partaking of the cup that cheers but not inebriates, when the youngest of the family, Johnny, aged six, came running to his mother from the bottom of the garden, where he had been playing.

"Oh, mummie," he cried, "there is such a lovely green bird at the bottom of the garden.

"Is there, dear?" replied the mother with a fond smile. "What is it?"

"I—I think," said Johnny slowly—"I think it's a canary that's not quite ripe."

Business Head

Little daughter was sitting on her father's knee. She had a new little brother whom she regarded with wonder.

"To-day," said her father, "a man offered to give me a whole lot of money for little brother. Shall I sell him?"

The child shook her head.

"But," said the father, "think how many nice things that money would buy."

"No," answered the little girl, "let's keep him till he's older. He'll be worth more then."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

In Every Family

TOPSY: "Do you know, daddy, I don't think mummy understands anything about children, really!"

DADDY: "What do you mean, Topsy?"

TOPSY: "Well, you see, she wants me to go to bed when I am wide awake, and to get up when I'm awfully sleepy."

As It Should Be Said

"My son," said the fond father as he produced his light hickory cane, "I want you to understand that this hurts you a good deal more than it does me."

"Father," replied the noble boy, "I'd sooner have a father that told the truth than take a thousand lickings."

Pointing the Moral

A prominent lawyer of Tennessee told the following story in a recent address to the graduates of a grammer school. He said that his son, a High School graduate of that season, came home one day and asked him if he were a good mathematician.

"Yes, my boy, I think I'm pretty good," the father replied.

"Well, then, I have a problem I'd like to have you work. There were three frogs sitting on a log—a bullfrog, a tree frog and a toad frog. The bullfrog decided to jump off. How many frogs were left?"

The father smiled. "Why, that's easy. Two frogs were left."

"And that's where you are wrong!" exclaimed the boy, grinning. "Three frogs were left. The bullfrog only decided to jump off. He didn't jump."

Then the lawyer impressed upon his audience that a person who would win success must act promptly to act on his decisions.

Youth's Companion.

Sour Pessimist

A little boy was a guest with his parents at a wedding. In a joking way he was asked what kind of a wedding he meant to have when he grew up.

"I'm never going to get married," he replied, with emphasis.

"Why not?" he was asked.

"Because I've lived with married people too long."

Picking On Job Again

"Father," inquired the little brain-twister of the family, "when will our little baby brother be able to talk?"

"Oh, when he's about three, Mary."

"Why can't he talk now, father?"

"He's only a baby yet, Mary. Babies can't talk."

"Oh, yes, they can, father," insisted Mary, "for Job could talk when he was a baby."

"Job? What do you mean?"

"Yes," said Mary. "Nurse was telling us today that it says in the Bible: 'Job cursed the day he was born.'"

—From Stray Stories.

Pleased The Cat, Anyway

Little Tommy, usually so full of fun and good spirits, was so depressed one day at bedtime that his father noticed it and asked him what his trouble was. Tommy answered that he had failed to perform the kind deed, at least one of which he was bound, as a Boy Scout, to do per day.

"Well, cheer up," replied his parent, "You can do two kind actions to-morrow to make up for it."

But Tommy did not quite see the thing in that light and became more low-spirited than ever. In the morning, however, he had quite recovered.

"Got over your troubles, eh?" asked his father, when he came downstairs.

"Yes," replied Tommy, "I lay tossing and worrying until 2 o'clock, and then I couldn't stand it any longer, so I came downstairs and gave the canary to the cat."

Perfect Imagination

Bobby was lying on the floor, flat on his back, singing at the top of his voice. His mother passed through the room and saw him. When she returned he was lying on his stomach singing with might and main.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" she asked.

Whereupon he gave an unexpected reply, "I'se playing talking machine muvver—and I just changed the record."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Precocious Child

Little Katherine's mother was suffering from a sore throat. Katherine herself had recently received medical care, and a bright idea struck her. "Mother," she said, "why don't you spray your throat with a ten per cent. pollution of argyrol?"

—*Colorado Medicine.*

A Profane Santa

"Georgie, who taught you to use those dreadful words?"

"Santa Claus, mamma."

"Santa Claus?"

"Yes, mamma, when he fell over a chair in my room on Christmas eve."

—*Good Hardware.*

Slow

MOTHER: "How is it that you're late home nearly every day?"

ERNEST: "Well, no wonder. We've got such a big clock in our school."

MOTHER: "Why, what has the big clock to do with it?"

ERNEST: " 'Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get round it. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker."

Method

"You and the Newcombs' little boy seem to play very nicely," said Johnny's mother. "I am glad there is one boy in the neighborhood you can get along with."

"Yes," replied Johnny, "I lick him every morning and then he's nice to me all day."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Spider Not In It

"See the spider, my son, spinning its web," said the instructive parent to his small son. "Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that no man could spin that web, no matter how hard he might try?"

"Well, what of it?" replied the up-to-date offspring. "Watch me spin this top. No spider can do that, no matter how hard he might try."

Forgiving But Unappeased

"Now, Ethel," said a placating mother, "Brother says he's sorry he broke your doll, so I hope you'll forgive him."

"All right," said Ethel, magnanimously, "but," with a return to normalcy, "I'd feel more like forgivin' him, Mother if I could swat him one first."

Temporary, Only

"You ought to be ashamed to be at the foot of your class, Willie!"

"But it ain't my fault, Ma. The feller that's usually at the foot is in bed with the measles."

—*Piccadilly News.*

Our Only Mother-In-Law Joke

Betty was milking the cow when a bad bull tore over the meadow. Betty did not stir, but calmly continued milking. Observers who had fled to safety saw to their astonishment that the bull stopped within a few yards of the maid and cow and, turning, went away.

"Weren't you afraid? Why did he run away?" they questioned Betty.

"He got scared," returned Betty. "This cow is his mother-in-law."

—*Country Gentleman.*

Lord, Keep Mother Away

During National Education Week, parents were welcomed in class-rooms and were privileged to listen to children at recitations. A Germantown matron with a small daughter decided that she would go one day to the school attended by the child—to "listen in," as it were.

At lunch time little Elizabeth was given opportunity to ask grace. She had visions of Ma at school and the prayer that Betty offered, after taking a few moments to thankful words for expected food, concluded: "And Dear Lord—don't let mother come to school before 3 o'clock, when the English recitation will be over."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

Boarding House Reach

IRATE MOTHER (*at dinner*): "Johnny, I wish you'd stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?"

JOHNNY: "Sure, mom, but my arm's longer."

—*University of Southern California Wampus.*

Man Should Be " Serviced "

A little girl seeing a one-armed man on the street said to her mother: "Mamma, will his arm ever grow again?"

"No, darling," replied her mother.

The child thought for a moment and then said, "Well, mamma, if the Lord made us, I think He ought to keep us in repair, don't you?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Strong

The young mother asked the man who supplied her with milk if he kept any calves, and seemed pleased when he said he did.

"Then" she continued brightly, "bring me a pint of calf's milk every day. I think cow's milk is too strong for the baby."

Ahtifishal

Sarah brought her three children for her former mistress to see.

"And what are their names, Sarah?" asked the mistress.

"They's all got flower names, missy," replied the negress. "I'm rathe' proud o' their names. The oldest one's Heliotrope, and the second one there is Dahlia."

"Yes, very pretty," said the mistress kindly. "And what's the baby's name?"

"Flower name again, missy. We call her Ahtifishal."

—*The Argonaut.*

Plausible Deduction

"Mother," said the little boy, "these new trousers are too tight; they're tighter'n my own skin."

"Now, my son, you know that isn't so."

"It is, too. I can sit down in my skin, but I can't sit down in these trousers."

It Happens

WILLIE: "Pop, when you'n mom got married, she took your name, didn't she?"

WILLIE'S POP: "She did. An' everything else that's been loose."

WILLIE'S MOM: "William! You go to bed."

Domestic Diplomacy

JUNIOR (*Mother listening*): "Papa, did you ever see an angel?"

FATHER: "Did I ever see an angel? Why, my boy, I've lived with one ever since I was married."

(This earns Father a night out.)

—*New York American.*

Very Simple

LITTLE GIRL (*to grandfather*): "Grandpa, why don't you grow hair on your head?"

GRANDPA: "Well, why doesn't grass grow on a busy street?"

LITTLE GIRL: "Oh, I see; it can't get up through the concrete."

—*Contributed.*

Extinguished

At church yesterday morning little Joyce listened to a sermon on "Let your light so shine." The only part she remembered was the text, but she didn't understand what it meant until her mother said: "It means being good, obedient, and cheerful."

In the afternoon there was trouble in the nursery, and Joyce excused herself for being naughty by saying: "I've blowed myself out."

—*Montreal Star.*

Down at Matteawan

NURSE: "There's a man outside who wants to know if any of the patients have escaped lately.

DOCTOR: "Why does he ask?"

NURSE: "He says somebody has run off with his wife."

—*Cornell Widow.*

All Wool and a Yard Wide

She had hardly spoken a word to him all through the evening.

"I say," he remonstrated, "you might talk. You've been knitting away like mad for a full half hour."

"Sorry, dear," she replied, "but I'm in a hurry to get this sweater finished before the wool runs out!"

Hello, Brother?

SON: "Pop, 'Reds' O'Rourke insulted you. He said you weren't fit to associate with pigs."

FATHER: "He did! And did you stick up for me?"

SON: "Sure! I told him you were."

—*Off the Hoof.*

Wanted a Complete Vocabulary

Three-year-old Billy had been on the street with some boys that were not over-careful of their language, and afterward used an oath of two words in the presence of his mother. His mother talked to him about the Deity, showing him that he should not use the name of the Lord in vain.

"Billy seemed impressed, then said: "Now, mother, tell me about durn."

—*Indianapolis News.*

How Sad!

During the siege of Paris in the Franco-German war, when everybody was starving, one aristocratic family had their pet dog served for dinner. The master of the house, when the meal was ended, surveyed the platter through tear-dimmed eyes, and spoke sadly, "How Fido would have enjoyed these bones!"

—*Off the Hoof.*

Perfect Agreement!

MOTHER: "Hush! You two children are always quarreling. Why can't you agree once in a while?"

GEORGIA: "We do agree, mamma. Edith wants the largest apple and so do I."

—*Off the Hoof.*

True Consideration

In the middle of the night father heard in the next room—Roger's room—a little murmur, very, very soft, "Papa, Papa! Mama!"

"That's Roger dreaming," said father to himself.

But the murmur continued, still soft and still muffled.

"Papa! Mama! I fell out of bed!"

Father got up, went into Roger's room and found him actually on the floor.

"Why didn't you cry louder, sonny? I might have been asleep and would not have heard you. You should have shouted and not whispered for papa."

"But I didn't want to wake you up," said Roger.

—*L'Echo de Paris.*

A Fraud

WILLIE HARDCASE: "Maw, the dentist you sent me to that was advertised as painless wasn't."

MOTHER: "He wasn't?"

SON: "No—I bit his finger, and he yelled just like any other dentist."

Insulted the Cat

JENNY: "What is the matter with your cat? She looks disconsolate these days."

MARJORY: "Father hurt her feelings dreadfully. He brought home a mouse-trap last week. Cats have their feelings the same as anybody else."

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Must Have Been Wrong

MRS.: "Almost everything came home all right from the laundry this week."

MR.: "How did that happen?"

MRS.: "They brought us the wrong bundle."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Mother Rebuked

Peggy had been to the circus and mother thought to impress a lesson.

"When dogs and ponies and monkeys obey so well, don't you think a little girl ought to obey even more quickly?" she said.

"So I should, mummy," was the instant reply, "if I'd been as well trained as they have."

Be a Sport, Daddy

A little boy said to his father one day, "Daddy, when I grow up to be a big man, may I marry grandma?"

The father gazed at the child in open-eyed astonishment, and said, "No! I could never allow you to marry my mother!"

The little boy shrugged his shoulders in disappointment, and then sidling up to his parent, clambered on to his knee, and whispered: "Oh, daddy, do be a sport! You married mine, you know."

Father Was " Fierce " That Day

A Topeka lawyer has a seven-year-old daughter. The other day she left some playthings on the floor. Dad told her to pick them up. She demurred a bit and finally dad issued an order to pick up.

"Gee, pop," she said, "you speak to me as if I was a servant."

There was further delay and finally it became necessary to exercise parental authority and the young lady was spanked. As she finished picking up the playthings and wiping the tears from her eyes father heard her talking to herself.

"He speaks to me like a servant and beats me like a slave," was the tenor of her remarks.

—*Kansas City Star.*

Slow movie—Modern child jumping at Father's command.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Alibi Possible

LITTLE HELEN (*four years old*): "Papa, wasn't it a funny dream I had last night?"

FATHER: "I don't know anything about your dream, child."

LITTLE HELEN (*in surprise*): "Why, papa, and you there!"

—*The Cotton States Merchant.*

A Revelation

MOTHER: "Yes, dear, your father and I first met at a dance."

BOY: "Oh, that's why he's always telling me to keep away from dance halls."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

Not a " Solomon "

"Hello, Joe, who're you workin' for now?"

"Same bunch—wife an' five kids!"

Catastrophe Expected

MOTHER: "I don't believe you said your prayers tonight."

WILLIE (*in bed*): "W-w-why? H-h-has something happened already?"

Had It in for Dad

Mother was entertaining a few friends and young hopeful was being duly shown off, and resented it, as all young hopefuls do.

"Whom do you like best?" asked one friend.

"Mother," was the reply.

"Who next?" asked another.

"Little sister."

"Who next?"

"Aunt."

Father, who was seated at the back, opened his mouth and said, "And when do I come in?"

"At two o'clock in the morning," was the reply.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

Complexion Not Edible

NURSE (*to housemaid*): "Baby's got her mamma's complexion."

FATHER (*from next room*): "Nurse are you letting that child play with those paints?"

—*Answers* (*London*).

Useful for Odd Jobs

"Michael's mother had married again and though Michael did not object to his new father, he was somewhat puzzled as to their relationship.

"Mother," he said, "is this man my stepfather?"

"Yes, dear; he's your stepfather."

"Well, mother," continued the child, "you call me your little lad."

"Yes, dearie, you are mamma's little lad."

"Then, mother," continued Michael, "I suppose I must be my stepfather's little stepladder."

Junior's Account

PROUD FATHER (*to bank manager*): "Ah, Mr. Clark, I want to see you about opening an account for the new arrival at our house. How shall we describe it, to distinguish it from mine?"

CLERK: "Suppose we call it 'the fresh heir fund?'"

—*Montreal Star.*

How Did He Get By?

A little girl who had been besieging her grandfather with an endless succession of questions during the evening had still one more question to ask before she went to bed.

"Grand-dad," she said, "were you in the Ark?"

"Why, no!" he exclaimed smilingly.

"Then," she said, regarding him with innocent wonder, "why weren't you drowned?"

—*Selected.*

Time Out

LITTLE WILLIE: "Uncle, does father like to watch you play football?"

RICH UNCLE: "What an idea! I don't play football."

LITTLE WILLIE: "Well, I heard father say that whenever you kicked off he'd quit working."

—*Washington Columns.*

As Far as Bread

Little Frances had been struggling to learn the Lord's Prayer and her grandmother asked her how she was getting on.

"Pretty well, grandma," said she. "I can say down to the eating part already."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Not the Wise Ones

Mother had been reading a Bible story to Marjory every night before bedtime. One night she asked: "Well, Marjory, what story shall I read tonight?"

"Oh, mother," Marjory answered, "I want you to read me that one about the 10 girls who went out to meet the bridegroom and ran out of gasoline."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Experience Gave the Answer

"How provoking that the baby should be asleep just when we want to take his picture. What shall we do?"

HUSBAND: "Put him in the dark room a few minutes. He'll think it's bedtime and there's no danger of his sleeping then."

How It Is Done

A little girl from Dixie had been visiting some relatives on the farm and was being questioned as to what kind of time she had. Finally some one said: "I bet you don't even know how to milk a cow."

"Bet I do," she replied.

She was pressed for particulars, and explained: "You take the cow into the farm and give her some breakfast food and water and then you drain her crank case."

—*The Milk Dealer.*

Not as Bad as His Wife

An old farmer and his wife visited the zoo. When they halted before the hippopotamus cage he remarked, admiringly, "Darned curious fish, ain't it, ma?"

"That ain't a fish; that's a reptile."

So the argument began. It progressed to a point of such violence that the old lady began belaboring the husband with her umbrella. The old man dodged and ran, with his wife in pursuit.

The trainer had just opened the door of the lion's cage, and the farmer popped in. He crowded in behind the largest lion and peered over its shoulder fearfully at his wife, who, on the other side of the bars, shook her umbrella furiously. "Coward," she shouted. "Coward!"

In and Out

A father took his son of four years to the incubator in the cellar to see the eggs hatch.

Said dad, impressively: "Isn't it queer how the little chicks get out of the shell?"

"Huh," replied the youngster, "what gets me is how they get in there."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

One Kind of Farming

"I hear, Si, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"

"Wall, tol'able. It's a leetle harder than hoein' corn an' leetle easier than diggin' potatoes."

—*De Laval Monthly.*

Not Wanted in Heaven

Johnnie was gazing at his one-day-old brother, who lay squealing and yelling in his cot.

"Has he come from Heaven?" inquired Johnnie.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

—*Weekly Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Then What Happened

"Is this hair oil in this bottle, mummy?"

"No, darling, that's glue."

"Perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off!"

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

We Wonder What Mummy Said

SUE: "I can't help it if I'm not perfect. There's only been one perfect little girl."

MOTHER: "Oh, and who was that?"

SUE: "You, mummy, when you was little."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Just About Time

DOROTHY: "How long is it to my birthday?"

MOTHER: "Not very long, dear."

DOROTHY: "Well, is it time for me to begin to be a good girl?"

—*Life.*

Dad was Backsliding

FATHER: "My son, I'm afraid I'll never see you in heaven."

SON: "Whatcha been doing now, pop?"

—*Exchange.*

The Farm

He Did Not Caddy Again

On a certain golf course there was a shortage of caddies. A farm laborer, who had never seen golf played, was pressed into service.

After two rounds the player for whom he had caddied presented him with payment far beyond a laborer's daily wage.

The improvised caddy was naturally anxious for further employment. So, as he handed over the clubs, he asked, politely: "Say, will you all be diggin' around here again to-morrow?"

Burial Too Deep

"Couldn't you find any eggs, dear?" a woman asked her little city niece who was visiting her on the farm.

"No, auntie," said the child, "the hens were scratching all around as hard as they could but they hadn't found a single egg."

Counting the Chicks

In the early settlement of this country money was not used much as a medium of exchange. The farmer traded his produce for the merchant's goods, and hence the expression trading."

"A north side grocer, tells this story of an incident which he witnessed in Wade's store in Brown County several years ago. A little girl came into the store, carrying an egg, and said, "Mr. Wade, I want an egg's worth of 'lasses. I may trade some more to-day, 'cause there's another hen on."

—*Indianapolis News.*

Agin the Law!

"I see," remarked Farmer Jessup to his neighbor, "that they've jest passed a law agin Canady thistles."

"Wal, now, ain't that lucky?" said the latter. "I was wonderin' yesterday how I was goin' to get rid of that patch of mine."

—*Everybody's.*

Hogs First

The doctor was examining school children. One youngster was under weight.

"You don't drink milk?"

"Nope."

"Live on a farm and don't drink milk at all?"

"Nope, we ain't got hardly enough milk for the hogs."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A Good Actor

NEIGHBOR: "I hear that you had an actor employed on your farm."

FARMER: "Yes, and he's a fairly good actor, too. Why, I thought he was working the last week he was here."

Off the Hoof.

Reckless Indeed

A couple of old Yankees were discussing the doings in New York of a youth that had gone thither to make his fortune.

"Do you," asked Uncle Eph, "think the money young Silas made down in New York will last him long?"

"You bet it won't!" exclaimed the other old fellow. "He's goin' at an awful pace, I'm told. I was down in the general store the other night, and young Silas was reported to me to be writing hundred-dollar checks and lighting his cigars with 'em."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Sized Up!

In a letter to a farmer, a fat man stated that he would be glad to spend another summer on his place if he would promise to move the pig sty farther from the house.

"Be sure to come," replied the farmer, "we ain't had no hogs on the place since you was here."

Curiosity Satisfied

CITY COUSIN: "Why do you paint the inside of your chicken coop?"

FARMER: "To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."

—*Selected.*

Fancy Work

"Sam, what's a farmerette?"

"Well, Bill a farmerette's a farm woman, but not a regular, honest-to-goodness farm woman—the ette part of it means something kind o' fancy, you know."

"I see—like a kitchenette, hey? Supposed to be a kitchen, but just a fancy kind o' clothes closet with a little gas stove in it. . . . But what good's a farmerette?"

"Why, Bill, I reckon the place for the farmerette is in the kitchenette."

—*Farm and Fireside.*

His Limit

"Is your son-in-law industrious?" asked an acquaintance.

"Well, sorter," replied the old farmer. "He'll do 'most anything but work."

—*Kansas City Star.*

A Pound's a Pound

GROCER: "No, sir, you can't cheat me, there are only 15 ounces to the pound in that butter."

FARMER: "Weel, Mr. McGregor, it's yer ain blame."

GROCER: "How's that?"

FARMER: "Weel, you see, I lost my one pound wecht, so Oi jist weighed it wi' that one pound o' tea I got frae ye yesterday."

—*Montreal Star.*

John D. Rockefeller's favorite story is of a farmer who met another driving in a narrow country road in the deep snow of winter. "If you don't turn out for me," said the first farmer, "I'll do to you what I did to the last man who wouldn't turn out for me."

Not caring to have trouble the other man pulled out into the deep snow and let his neighbor pass. When he got back in the road again he turned and shouted back to the first farmer, "Tell me, neighbor, what did you do to the man who wouldn't turn out for you?"

"I turned out for him," said the belligerent farmer.

—*Boys' Comrade.*

Then He Turned In

One day a farmer went to the county fair and his wife re-ained at home to see that the farm suffered no loss during his bsence. He returned about dark and, coming out on the orch, inquired:

"I'm about tired out, Mary. Is the cows in the barn?"

"Yes, long since," replied the wife.

"Is the hosses unharnessed and fed?"

"Yes."

"Fowls locked up?"

"Yes."

"Wood chopped for mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Be them ducks plucked and dressed for market?"

"Yes."

"Wagon wheel mended an' ready to start in hauling wood omorrow morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," he concluded, with a sigh of relief, "let me ave my supper, Mary, and I'll turn in. Farmin' is beginnin' o tell on me."

Dilemma of the Horn

"How old is your cow?"

"Two years."

"How can you tell?"

"By her horns."

"Oh, yes, I see. She only has two."

—*Good Hardware.*

His Plunder

"I've brung home a couple of almanacs for you," said Gap ohnson of Rumpus Ridge upon returning from the county eat, flinging them into his wife's lap.

"Aw, shucks!" returned Mrs. Johnson. "Almanacs are all like, these days, and none of 'em much account."

"Well, I read consid'able in 'em as I came rotating along, nd both of 'em are all right. The green one has got the best veather in it, but the folks in the yeller one were cured of the nost horrible diseases."

—*Kansas City Star.*

The Poor Girls

Old Uncle Tobias came down from the country to Kansas City and stopped with his son-in-law, the doctor. He went out for a little walk, and when he returned the doctor asked him how he liked the town.

"Pretty well, thank ye," said Uncle Tobias. "But I was right sorry to see that you must have had a turrible epidemic of typhoid fever. Looks like mighty nigh all the wimmin folks has had to have their hair cut off."

Fair Exchange

Passing a farm orchard, the motorists stopped the car, climbed the wall, and gathered a peck of apples.

As they passed the farmhouse, they slowed down and called to the owner: "We helped ourselves to your apples."

"Oh, that's all right," the farmer yelled back. "I helped myself to your tools while you were in the orchard."

Ready to Make Good

CY HAYFORK: "Jim, I've fetched my new wife up fer to have her pictur' took.

VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHER: "Full length or bust?"

CY HAYFORK: "The hull full length. If the machine busts I'll pay for it."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

The old farmer was carrying a pitcher of milk down to the cellar, when he slipped and fell to the bottom, jarring himself from head to foot.

His wife called anxiously: "John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No," replied John, earnestly and profanely, "but darned if I don't."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

How to Make a Hen Lay

Strike her twice with a hammer. Hen becomes much provoked and exclaims:

"Dawgonnit! I'll lay for you!"

—*American Builder.*

Flapper Corn

A farmer had a friend out to look the place over. They came to a small inclosed corn field.

"What is this variety you have sown?" asked the visitor.

"Flapper corn," was the reply.

"Flapper corn? I never heard of that. Is it something new?"

"No, I had it last year. That is when I gave it the name."

"And why do you call it flapper corn?"

"I can't see the ears."

Turned to Butter

The dairymaid pensively milked the goat,
And, pouting, she paused to mutter:
"I wish, you brute, you'd turn to milk!"
And the animal turned to butter.

Son Makes a Profit

A group of farmers were talking at the village store and one of them asked: "Do you think it pays to keep poultry?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I do," was the answer, "but I'm sure it pays my son Jim."

"How's that?" asked another man.

"Well, you see, I bought him the fowls; I have to furnish their food; I buy the eggs from him, and he eats them."

Horse Stopped to Listen

A man on a walking tour, passing through a country village, came across a farmer who appeared to be in difficulties with his horse.

The latter would start, go slowly for a few yards, and then stop again. Thereupon the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it to start once more.

Finally the traveler approached and asked solicitously:

"Is your horse sick, farmer?"

"No, not as I know of," replied that worthy.

"Is he nervous, then?"

"No, but he's so frightened that I'll say 'Whoa!' and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."

Boy, Page Washington, D. C.

A Swedish farmer came into town recently to apply for naturalization papers and the Judge asked him if he was satisfied with the general conditions of the country, to which he replied that he was.

"Does the form of government suit you?" queried the Judge.

"Yah, it bane all right," answered the Swede, "only ay vould like for to see more rain."

—*P. R. R. Mutual Magazine.*

No Local Influence

"How did you feel," inquired the tourist, "when the cyclone wrecked your home and you found yourself sailing through the air on the wings of the wild wind, as it were, with the debris of your domicile whirling about you?"

"Like a fly in a glass of soda water, thank you," replied the Kansas farmer. "I was present, but didn't seem to have enough influence to quiet the fuss."

Could Not Reciprocate

A Yorkshire farmer was asked to the funeral of his neighbor's third wife, and, as he had attended the funerals of the first two, his own wife was surprised when he informed her that he had declined the invitation.

On being pressed for a reason he said, with hesitation: "Well, you see, lass, it makes a chap feel a bit awkward to be allus accepting other folk's civilities when he never has anything of the sort to ask 'em back to."

Something to Beat the Egg

A farmer entered a hardware store and exhibited an enormous egg, about six inches long, which he declared had been laid by one of his own hens.

The dealer examined it with the rest, and then said: "Pshaw!" I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

"I'll bet you a dollar you haven't," said the farmer.

"Right!" replied the dealer; and going behind the counter he brought out a wire egg-beater."

—*Good Hardware.*

Right Back at Him

SCIENTIFIC YOUNG CITY MAN: "Yes, sir-e-e! The time will come when you'll carry all the fertilizer necessary for an acre of ground in one vest pocket."

OLD FARMER: "Yep—and the crop in the other."

—Oilpull Magazine.

Not Likely to Find Out

"My wife," observed Henry Kleeven, "is one in a million. She gits up in the mornin', milks seven cows, and gits breakfast fer ten hard-working hungry men before 6 o'clock."

"She must be a very robust woman," said the stranger from the city.

"That's the funny part. She's sickly and delicate-like. If that woman was only strong I don't know the work she couldn't do."

—Holstein Breeder and Dairyman.

Not a Bad Plan

"What's the idea of all those hammocks, victrolas, radios and things you ordered, Eli? Are you goin' to take summer boarders?"

"No," replied Farmer Brown. "I wouldn't go to all that expense for summer boarders. I'm tryin' to make the place attractive enough to induce a few farm hands to linger around an' help me out with the harvesting."

—Boston Transcript.

Stir Until Done

"What makes the butter so white?" asked one city maid, accustomed to the yellow creamery kind.

"Don't you know?" said the other city girl wisely. "They left the egg out."

—Holstein Breeder and Dairyman.

Not Public Information

One farmer approached another and said tersely: "That horse I bought from you is blind! You never told me. Why?"

"Well," replied the other, "the man, who sold it to me didn't tell me either, so I supposed he didn't want it generally known."

Not So Loud, Please

Mary Ellen, a country girl, on her first visit to the city boarded a street car.

Presently the conductor came up to her and said: "Your fare, miss."

The girl blushed. The conductor repeated, "Your fare, miss," and the girl blushed more deeply.

By this time the conductor began to look foolish. After a pause he tried again: "Miss, your fare!"

"Well," said the girl, "they do say I'm good looking at home, but I don't see why you want to say it out loud before all these people."

—*B. and B.*

Four Legged Speedometer

The city motorist was indignant. "How do you know I was exceeding the speed limit when you haven't a watch or anything?" he demanded.

"Wal, ye seen that yaller dog a-chasin ye, didn't ye?" inquired the rural constable. "When that dog can't keep up with a feller I know that feller's goin' more'n 30 miles an hour, b'gosh!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

All Milked Out

Six-year-old Freddie, from the city, was on his first visit to his uncle's farm. At breakfast he heard that the uncle's Jersey cow had been stolen during the night. "That's a good joke on the man who stole her," was Freddie's comment.

"Why?" asked his uncle.

"'Cause, just before supper, last night, the hired man took all the milk out of her."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Not Sure of His Ground

"Why don't you speak to our boy Josh about his conduct?" asked mother.

"I'd like to," replied the farmer, "only Josh is gettin' so kind o' high and haughty, I'm not sure we're on speakin' terms."

—*Washington Star.*

Fashion

She Was Maddica

Jessie was sent to a fashionable boarding school and after she had been there a few weeks her friends suggested that she should alter her name to Jessica.

When writing to her brother she signed herself by her new name. Soon she received the following reply:

"Dear Jessica: I received your welcome letter. Mamaica and Papaica are quite well. And Maryica and Uncle Georgeica have gone to New York. I have got a new chum. His name is Sammica Jonesica. Your affectionate brother.

Tommica."

A certain woman wanted to join the Colonial Dames Society, which is most particular that its members can trace their descent from the original settlers.

She set inquiries on foot and meeting a friend some time afterwards, said gleefully: "I am all right for the Colonial Dames. That genealogist discovered that I am descended from the first man ever hanged in Massachusetts!"

Next Time He Did Better

SHE: "Is my hat on straight, Henry?"

HENRY: "Quite straight, my dear. Now do hurry; we're late already."

SHE: "Well, I shall have to go back, then; this isn't the sort of hat that is worn straight!"

—*Passing Show.*

Shingled in Back

STRANGER: "Could you tell me where Joe Hicks lives?"

RUSTIC: "Yes, sir. He lives in one o' them new flapper houses across the street."

STRANGER: "Flapper houses?"

RUSTIC: "Yes, sir. One o' them places wot's shingled in back and painted in front."

—*Boston American.*

Had Climbed Socially

"Does your wife go to church to see what other women wear?" asked Mr. Nosey.

"No," replied Mr. Newrich, "we are now sufficiently prosperous for her to go in order to let other women see what she wears."

—Boston Transcript.

Seems To Be Fashionable

"John, your wife looks cold in that thin coat."

"Can't help it. She's saving up for some summer furs."

—The Clothier and Furnisher.

These Children

"Your children are grown up now?"

"Yes, I have a son who is about to open a fashionable millinery store and a daughter who is becoming a doctor!"

—Vikingen, Christiana.

Fashionable Audience

FRIEND: "You had a very fashionable audience, didn't you?"

PIANIST: "Very. At one time there was not a single person in the room who was listening."

—Boston Transcript.

Bluebeard Foiled

Bluebeard smiled as he opened the closet door and saw the bodies of his former wives hanging by their gory tresses. Then he snarled as he took a look at his next prospective victim.

"Curses!" he screamed. "She's got her hair bobbed!"

The Right Background

WIFE: "Now, John, we've got to move into a more up-to-date house. I wouldn't think of remaining here in this old-fashioned place, now that we have such a lot of lovely antique furniture."

—Life.

Parody Brings A Comeback

In the February News, Policyholders Annual, was published a parody of Longfellows "Barefoot Boy." This elicited contributions from two young ladies. The original parody and the two contributions are printed below.

Blessings on thee, little dame,
Bareback dame with knees the same;
With thy rolled-down silken hose,
And thy short, transparent clothes;
With thy red lips, reddened more,
Smeared with lip-stick from the store;
With thy make-up on thy face,
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace;
From my heart I wish thee joy—
I'm glad that I was born a boy.

Blessings on thee, small town sheik,
With thy socks that loudly shriek;
With thy trousers flaring wide
And thy hat cocked on one side;
With thy shoes of yellow sheen,
And thy shirt of pink or green;
With thy "how I love me" air,
And the "slick-em" on thy hair;
Though you think yourself so grand,
Thank the Lord I'm not a man.
—Earl Felix.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Shod in shoes of brightest tan,
With thy patent leather hair,
Slicked back with grease from some big bear,
With thy blue shirt, bluer still,
Than the sky up o'er the hill,
With thy bell-shaped pantaloons
And in thy pockets no doubloons.
Blessings on thee, little pearl,
I'm glad that I was born a girl.
—M. McSweeney.
—*Pacific Mutual News.*

The Girls

No Chance to Change

"He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"

"No, dear; let him keep on thinking so."

Running No Risks

SADIE: "I'm 'avin' a tooth out tomorrow!"

MAGGIE: "Goin' to 'ave gas?"

SADIE: "I should think so! You don't get me sittin' in the dark wiv no dentist!"

Doubt Dispelled

The two girls were strolling in a garden at twilight.

"I wonder," said the first, "I wonder if Rollo really loves me."

"Of course he does, dear," said the second. "Why should he make you an exception?"

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

When a Girl Receives Candy

"How should a girl act when receiving a box of candy? —Little Chatter."

"Well, it would hardly be polite to burst into tears or to say that you never eat the horrid stuff, would it? Seriously, though, the box should be opened at once and some of the contents offered to the donor. He ought to be a good enough sport to eat his own candy.

Satisfactory

CELIA: "How did Dave take it when you told him you didn't love him?"

MINERVA: "Simply wonderfully! He carried on like a wild man."

—*Honey Comb Briefs.*

A Bright Idea

He was waiting at the corner of the street. More, he was waiting with extreme impatience. Ever and anon he looked at the clock, his brow furrowed with an angry frown.

"Why doesn't she come?" he muttered. "She's already hours late for our appointment."

At last the lady appeared.

"You should carry a watch," he told her in an annoyed tone.

"But I always break them," she explained soothingly.

"Well," he replied sarcastically, "you might at least carry a calendar."

Paint and Shingles

"Why so depressed, Brown?"

"The horrible cost of living, old chap: constant bills for materials, paint and shingling."

"What—for your house?"

"No. My daughters."

—*Oral Hygiene.*

What I Gather

Mother uses cold cream,
Father uses lather,
My girl uses powder—
At least, that's what I gather.

—*Medley.*

On the Warpath Young

TEACHER: "And what is the lesson taught us in the parable of the seven wise virgins?"

RUTH: "That we should always be on the lookout for a bridegroom."

—*Answers* (*London*).

The Flattering Clerk

MARGARET: "The hotel clerk was so flattering."

RUTH: "Why?"

MARGARET: "Think of it—he wrote suite 16 after my name on the register."

Both Safe

"Both Herbert and Harold proposed to me yesterday," said Cora.

"And you refused them both," declared Cynthia.

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"I saw them shaking hands over something in the street this morning."

The Awful Truth

GRACE (*showing friend her photograph*): "Awful, isn't it?"
BESSIE: "It's a splendid likeness, though."

—*Answers, London.*

Not Guilty

HE: "Mamie, your petticoat is showing."
SHE: "It's a lie! I never even put one on."

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

She Can't, Very Well

TESSIE: "Are you letting your hair grow out?"
JESSIE: "Well, I don't see how I can stop it."

—*Washington Columns.*

Among the Anglers

MAUD: "The dictionary says that a "bob" is something used in angling."

MARIE: "Is that why you got yours, dear?"

Better Submit

HE: "They say she has decided to marry a struggling young author."

SHE: "Well, if she has decided, he may as well stop struggling."

—*Judge.*

Home Sweet Home

Family Doing Well

The clergyman's daughter was a good, sweet soul. She was so interested in all the parishioners and loved to know that they were comfortable and had all they wanted. More than one ill-natured person had been heard to call it nosiness, but no matter.

One morning she met little Tommy Gunter on his way home with a basket of groceries.

"Well, Tommy," she said, stopping and smiling at the little fellow, "and how are you all getting on?"

"Nicely, thank you, miss," answered Tommy, touching his cap respectfully; "mother, she's got rheumatism, I've got a boil, and father's got a month in jail."

Seized His Opportinuty

"How dare you kiss the maid while I'm out?"

"Why, my dear! That's the only chance I have."

—*Selected.*

Honest Confession

THE HOUSE AGENT: "You say you have no children, phonograph or radio, and you don't keep a dog. You seem just the quiet tenant the owner insists on."

THE HOUSE HUNTER: "I don't want to hide anything about my behavior, so you might tell the owner that my fountain pen squeaks a bit."

—*The Bystander.*

Have To Let Himself In

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Hallagan, "it was 2 o'clock the following morning when you came home the other night, and it was 2:30 the next morning when you came home last night. But I'm telling you, if it's 2 o'clock in the morning when you come home to-night or any other night, the next morning you'll have to get up and let yourself in!"

The Modifier

HEAD OF THE HOUSE (*in angry tones*): "Who told you to put that paper on the wall?"

DECORATOR: "Your wife, sir."

"Pretty, isn't it?"

—*The Congregationalist.*

Too Late! Too Late!

HUBBY (*coming in very late*): "Darling, how often have I asked you not to sit up for me?"

WIFEY: "You've slipped a cog, Charley. I'm not going to bed. I'm getting up."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

More Cross-Words

JUDGE: "Why did you throw the dictionary at your husband?"

WOMAN: "Oh, well, I was trying to work a cross-word puzzle and asked him several times to tell me a word of five letters, meaning domestic happiness, and he wouldn't do it."

—*Florida Times-Union.*

Harmonious Household

JUDGE: "Your only complaint against this woman is that she threw a teapot at her husband."

COMPLAINANT: "Well, yes."

JUDGE: "Then what business is it of yours? She didn't throw it at you."

COMPLAINANT: "I know, your Honor, but if she had she might have hit her husband and I wouldn't have this big lump on my head."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Good Ruler Wanted

"Remember, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Don't forget that, dear," said the husband.

"Then you come right in and rule the world awhile. I'm tired," said his wife.

—*Good Hardware.*

This Sounds Familiar

Harry, nine years old and very much of a boy, wanted a dog. His mother, nine years old no longer and never a boy, couldn't understand a boy's yearning for a dog, and promptly rejected the sample dogs of varied pedigrees which Harry hopefully brought home at brief intervals. Harry, however, being made of good stuff, retired in good order after each rebuff, repulsed but not defeated.

Finally came a Thursday when Harry failed to return at the usual hour from school. Mother, with awful visions of automobile tragedies and other grim possibilities before her mind's eye, paced the floor nervously.

Presently, from a considerable distance, came sounds of canine protests, then appeared small Harry, dragging a nondescript, bedraggled, protesting dog by a rope around its neck.

Triumphantly he yanked it across the threshold, stopped before his mother and in a tone permitting of no refusal, exclaimed, "Mother, I know you'll let me keep this dog. See how much he thinks of me! He followed me home!"

She Held The Burglar

Thompson was coming home from a dance when all of a sudden he collided with someone who was running wildly in the opposite direction. When the two had sorted themselves out he saw that the other was his friend Wilks.

"Why, Wilks!" he exclaimed. "Where are you going to in all this hurry?"

"I am going for the police," panted his friend.

"For the police! What is the matter?"

"We have got burglars in our house."

"But surely you haven't left your wife alone?"

"Oh, no! She's holding the burglar!"

—*Montreal Star.*

Not a Social Call

"Do come and have tea, Mrs. DeMille. You are looking quite tired. Surely you have finished your social calls for the day."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. DeJones," was the reply, "but I must pop home and call on my husband."

Brought Her in Young

The health authorities of a certain city, receiving word concerning a house in the foreign quarter sent two inspectors to investigate.

Led on by a puzzling medley of noises, they climbed a narrow, precipitate stairway to a large attic, where they found a family of seven, a flock of chickens, two pigs and—a full-grown cow. They stared in amazement at the cow and at the two-foot-wide stairs.

"How—how did you get it up here?" one of them asked.

The answer seemed perfectly obvious. Said the man of the house, with a shrug, "We brung her up when she was a calf."

—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

The Silver Lining

MR.: "I'm sick of walking the floor all night with this kid."

MRS: "Ought to be glad, you don't live in Alaska, where you'd have to do it six months at a stretch."

She Was One in Ten Million

"Mrs. Lush was awakened one morning just before dawn by Mr. Lush's noisy return.

"What's the matter, dear?" she called down to him.

"Matter ish," Mr. Lush answered, "there'sh two hat racks down here, and I dunno which of the durn things to—hic—hang my hat on."

Mrs. Lush laughed and said in soothing tones, "But, dear, you've got two hats, haven't you? Hang one on each rack and come up to bed. I know you're tired."

Two Good Meals Each Month

"My husband has no bad habits whatever," boasted a wife. "He never drinks, and he spends all his evenings at home. Why, he doesn't even belong to a club."

"Does he smoke?" inquired a friend.

"Only in moderation. He likes a cigar after he has had a good dinner, but I don't suppose he smokes two cigars a month."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

Her Wonderful Aim

A certain dear old lady always made it her business to visit the poor patients in the hospital. On one occasion she approached a much damaged individual, who was sitting up in bed, and, after a little preliminary talk, she said to him, very sympathetically, "I suppose your wife must miss you a good deal!"

"No, mum," came the prompt reply; "she's got a wonderful aim for a woman."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Parental Authority Asserted

"For Heaven's sake, John, why are you spanking the boy? What has he done?"

"Nothing as far as I know, Mary, but I have to do something to keep him reminded of who I am around here."

A Pointed Question

A well-known author was vainly endeavoring to write, the other morning, when he was repeatedly interrupted by his six-year-old son. "If you ask me one more question," the harassed writer declared at last, "I will go out and drown myself."

"Father," came the small voice, "may I come out and see you do it?"

—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

Admitted Her Cleverness

"Do you think your judgment is as good as mine?" asked the angry wife.

"Oh, no, my dear," replied her cynical husband. "Our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours!"

Extravagant Husband

HUSBAND: "You charge me with reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

WIFE: "Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago; we've never used it once."

—*News from Home.*

Her Great Error

The policeman, hearing the shot, burst into the fashionable apartment. Cringing before him on the floor was the crumppled figure of a woman, weeping hysterically, a smoking pistol clutched in her trembling fingers.

"My husband! Oh, my husband!" she moaned.

"Control yourself, lady," urged the officer. "Where is the corpse?"

"Gone," sobbed the woman. "He went out through the window. I—I missed him."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

She Satisfied Herself

"I am satisfied on one thing at last; I found where my husband spends his evenings," remarked Mrs. Gadabout.

"You don't say so, dear; how did you find out?" questioned the excited Mrs. Gossip.

"I stayed at home one evening last week, and found him there," answered the satisfied lady.

—*Arkansas Utility News.*

An Expensive Smack

He kissed the parlor maid and the girl screamed. The wife came in and looked around suspiciously.

"Fifi, why did you scream?"

"Through joy, madam. The master has just doubled my wages."

—*U. G. I. Circle.*

Neckties, Socks, and Shirts

"I spent a lot of money to-day," announced Mrs. Gelatine Travers last night.

"Christmas gifts for whom?" her husband inquired in alarm.

"For you."

"Oh," he replied, immensely relieved.

—*Kansas City Star.*

The Hotels and Restaurants

Only When It Rained

The traveler seated himself at a table in a wayside inn. Suddenly he felt drops of rain falling on his head.

"What's the matter with the roof, waiter?" he asked. "Is it always like this?"

"No, sir," replied the waiter; "only when it rains."

Did He Catch the Train?

A traveler, staying at a small hotel, wished to catch an early morning train, and asked the proprietress for the loan of an alarm clock.

She produced the clock and remarked: "We don't often use it, sir, and sometimes it sticks a bit, but if it doesn't go off just touch that little hammer and it'll ring all right."

None in Her House

A widow who prided herself on her housekeeping recently moved to the city and started a boarding-house. She mopped and dusted and swept from cellar to attic and the house was spotless.

As one of her new boarders came down to breakfast she greeted him cheerfully:

"I hope you slept well last night?"

"No," replied the man, "I didn't rest so very well. I was troubled with insomnia."

The landlady bristled with righteous wrath.

"Never!" she exclaimed. "I'll give you ten dollars for every one of those pesky things you find in my house."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Not Eaten The First Time

PATRON: "I bought a steak here yesterday, I believe."

WAITER: "Yes, sir; will you have the same today?"

PATRON: "I might as well, if no one else is using it."

—*Oil Pull Magazine.*

At a Summer Hotel

"I tell you that I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy who was conducting her. "I ain't goin' to pay my good money for a pig-sty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the countr—"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short. "Get in, mum. Get in. This ain't your room. This is the elevator."

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Should Have Tried Wrigley's

DINER: "Waiter, what kind of meat is this?"

WAITER: "Spring lamb, sir."

"I thought so! I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour!"

—*Answers, London.*

Entangling Appliances

GUEST (*in Southern hotel, to waiter*): "Have you such a thing as an oyster fork?"

WAITER: "one 'em l'il fo'ks? Naw, suh, boss—dis am a American plan hotel."

—*Life.*

And It Was, Wan't It Be?

A customer had started for the door when he remembered that he hadn't paid his check. Going back, he said to the cashier, "I don't pay you yet, ain't it?"

"Yes, not yet," answered the cashier.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Pure Gold

WAITER: "Want soup?"

DINER: "Is it good soup?"

WAITER: "Sure, fourteen carrot."

Had No Chance To Grow

"Pretty small egg, waiter—what's the matter?"

"Well, sir—it was laid only yesterday."

—*Brown Jug.*

Waiting for the Third Strike

GUEST (*at country hotel*): "Where's that chicken I ordered an hour ago?"

WAITRESS: "It'll be here soon, sir. The cook hasn't killed it yet, but she's gotten in a couple of nasty blows."

—*Exchange Spark.*

The Difference

Mother was very careful indeed about the upbringing of her little son, Tommy. Particularly careful was she to make him say grace before each meal.

Recently in a restaurant, after the waitress had served the tea, Mother said to Tommy, "Now, say grace, please, Tommy."

Tommy looked up in surprise.

"But, Mamma," objected the small boy, "we're paying for this, aren't we?"

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Boarding House Fare

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jones," apologized the boarding-house keeper, "but I have no cheese in the house."

"Pray do not mention it, Mrs. Smith, he said, "I'm sure—"

His compliment was cut short by Mrs. Smith's small son, carrying a piece of cheese on a plate.

"Now that is very kind of you, little man," he said as the child stood, watching him swallow it.

"You knew more than mother that time. Where did you find the cheese?"

"I found it in the rat trap."

Not Up-to-Date

A man was spending a night at a hotel in a small Southern town, and when going to his room for the night he told the porter that he wanted to be called early in the morning.

"Say, boss," replied the porter, "I reckon yo' ain't familiar wid dese heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin' all yo' has to do is to press de button at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up an' calls yo'."

—*Everybody's.*

For Safety's Sake

LANDLADY: "You always sing while you're taking your morning shower, Mr. Gay. Why do you do that?"

BOARDER: "The bathroom door won't stay locked."

—Amer. Mutual Magazine.

Pumpkin pie was on the bill of fare. "Let's have some," Jack suggested. The other lads thought the suggestion good and each of the group shouted "Pumpkin!" at the waiter.

"Is it fresh pumpkin?" Jack asked.

"Sure thing," responded the waiter.

The pie was served. Jack had taken his second forkful. Something hard was in his mouth. He took out the object—it was a piece of solder, undoubtedly from a can. Yes, he was certain—canned pumpkin. "Hey, waiter!" he said, "I thought you said the pumpkin was fresh."

"That's right," was the response.

"Well, what's this?" showing the bit of lead.

"Looks like a bullet," he asserted.

"Well, then, what's it doing in the pumpkin?"

"That's easy—we kill the pumpkins every day. That pumpkin is so fresh that we hadn't time to get the bullet out."

—Philadelphia Record.

We Won't Wait Again

PATIENT DINER: "Everything comes to him who waits, I suppose."

WAITER: "Yessuh, but de gemmam what won't wait done gets his first."

—Boston Transcript.

Menu Reform

"I propose," exclaimed the politician, "to lend my influence to any movement to end this pernicious practice of printing menus in French!"

"What for?"

"My daughter is the only one in the family who had studied French, and I can't get anything to eat except what she happens to know the name of. And the way it sounds always makes me feel as if I'm not going to be able to eat it."

Food for Thought

A man from the tall timber, visiting the city for the first time, entered a restaurant. Not being able to read the bill of fare, and not desiring to display his ignorance, he told the waiter to bring him a little of everything good.

He was served with soup, celery, crabs, and grape-nuts.

When the waiter brought in a plate of shrimp, the customer strenuously objected.

"Lookie here, man! I done drunk your dishwater, chawed up your boquet, ate your bugs, made the sawdust disappear, but I'll be dawgone if I'm gonna eat them dern grasshoppers!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Pie-Plate and All

Lone Wolf casually dropped into Smoky Pete's quick-lunch emporium and demanded lemon pie. One slice was not enough. The Indian purchased a whole pie, into which he dived with such evidence of enjoyment that the proprietor, as he tickled the cash register, could not resist inquiring:

"Well, chief, how was the pie?"

"Filling heap good, but crust lots tough."

It was not until then that Smoky Pete discovered his paper pie-plate had disappeared.

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Don't Tell The Landlady

"We were slowly starving to death," said a member of a famous explorer's expedition, in relating his experiences at a boarding-house table, "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them, and thus sustained life."

"S-h-h-h! Not so loud!" exclaimed a dyspeptic boarder. "The landlady might hear you!"

—*Northern Daily Telegraph.*

Shampoo, Sir?

PATRON: "I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup."

WAITER: "Well, sir; it would be still worse, I think, to have the situation reversed."

—*Paris Pele Mele.*

Not Forgetting the Gravy

The late Senator Brandegee was a good French scholar, and at a reunion of the Yale Class of '85 he told this story:

"A working knowledge of French is very useful. A rich Westerner entered a smart Washington restaurant the other day with two pretty girls.

"Will you have table d'hote or the a la carte, sir?" the waiter asked him.

"Both," said the rich man huskily. "Both, with plenty of gravy."

Boiled Down

A fussy diner called the waiter and said: "Now, waiter, I want a nice little chop; please give my compliments to the chef, and ask him to do his best for me. Tell him to put a little piece of fat on the top when he grills it, so that it will melt and make it juicy. I don't want the chop underdone—nor do I want it burnt up—just nicely done, with plenty of gravy."

"Yes, sir, certainly," replied the waiter. Then he blew down the speaking-tube, and shouted, "one chop, Joe!"

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Took His Precautions

For four consecutive nights the hotel manager in a small town watched a woman fill her pitcher at the water-cooler.

On the fifth night he said to her, "Madam, if you would ring, that would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the manager.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why, the boy told me it was the fire-alarm, and that I was not to touch it on any account?"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Coffee Entirely Exhausted

"Would you mind, sir, having tea this morning?" asked the landlady. "I'm sorry to say the coffee is quite exhausted."

"Quite exhausted, is it?" said the boarder. "I'm not at all surprised. You know, it's been in a very weak condition for a long time."

A Natural Born Trader

Cohen ordered a slice of chocolate cake at a lunch stand, but sent it back, cancelling the order, and ordered a piece of applie pie instead. He ate it, got up and was about to leave when the waiter accosted him:

"Say, you haven't paid for that pie yet."

"Vot?" replied Cohen indignantly. "Didn't I gif you the chawclate cake for it?"

"But you didn't pay for that, either."

"And vy should I? Did I eat it?"

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Not an Altogether Bad Hotel

HOTEL BURNS. TWO HUNDRED GUESTS ESCAPE HALF GLAD.

—*Headline in Boston Transcript.*

Settled Out of Court

"Judge," said Mrs. Staven to the magistrate who had recently come to board with her. "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."

—*Montreal Star.*

He Told a New Version

The boys were sitting round the fire in the smoking-room of the hotel telling "tall" stories. "I remember when I was in lodgings once," said one funny man, "my landlady made a cake. Well, I tried this cake, and then I threw it on the fire. The fire went out. The landlady had some ducks, so I thought I would revenge myself by giving it to——."

"Yes," came the chorus, "we all know that story. The ducks died."

"Oh, no, they didn't!" was the quiet reply.

"That's where you are all wrong. The ducks went for a swim, and they sank!"

Then there was a painful silence.

Probably Would, Too

"Tips, tips, nozzing but tips!" cried the Frenchman, on his first visit to New York. "Firs ze vater, zen ze maid, zen ze portair!"

He was about fed up. In one place, where he went to wash his hands, he saw the sign:

"Please tip the basin."

"I vill not do eet," he fumed, angrily. "I vill go dirtee first, yes."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

A Droll Toll

WAITER (*after guest had rung for ten minutes*): "Did you ring, sir?"

GUEST: "No; I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

The Irish

'Ray For St. Patrick

A homesick Irishman had got a job as a crossing guard for a railroad. The foreman handed him a red flag and a green flag, and told him, "Whenever you see a train coming, get out and wave this red flag."

"Git away wid yer job!" exclaimed Pat. "Me wave a red flag when Oi got a grane one handy? I'll starve first."

—*The Inland Merchant.*

Babinsky Was Not Welcome

Mike lay on the examining table, apparently comatose, after an accident. The family physician stood at the head of the table, and the neurologist, as is his custom, announced the findings as he went along. The patient hardly moved a muscle until the neurologist said, "Babinsky appears to be present!"

Mike opened his eyes, and as he dropped one leg over the side of the table remarked, "If he is present he'll be sorry for it."

—*J. A. M. A.*

Turning The Tables

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked.

"No, sorr; I only heard it," was the evasive reply.

"The evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate sternly. "Stand down!"

The witness turned round to leave the box and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively.

The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat. And this time everybody laughed.

—*The Hudsonian.*

Secretive, in a Way

A Hibernian lady, being brought to court charged with assault upon a neighbor, pleaded not guilty. The prosecutor leaned forward, shook his finger in her face, and shouted, "If we prove you guilty, which we will do, will you tell us why you committed this offense?"

"I will not!" retorted the defendant hotly. "I had me own reasons."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Begorra, 'Tis So!

"Did yez see this, Mike? It says here that whin a mon loses wan av his sinses, his other sinses git more developed. F'r instance, a blind mon gits more sinse av hearin', an' touch an'—."

"Sure, an' 'tis quite true, Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other leg's longer."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

A Cold Hand

Mike was working diligently in his potato patch when he saw the postman coming up the road, bringing a black-edged envelope.

Mike became uneasy, and showed it.

"Hope it's not bad news," said the postman.

"It is that," said Mike, looking at the address. "It's upset I am entoirely. My brother Pat's dead. I can tell by his handwriting!"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Score One For Ireland

An English tourist who was telling an Irish peasant about the immense size of the British Empire, said, "Well, Pat, and do you know that the sun never sets on the King's dominions?"

"No, your honor," replied Pat.

"Well, such is the case," went on the tourist. "But do you know the reason why?"

Pat immediately answered, "I suppose it is because Heaven is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark."

—*Selected.*

Some Job

As illustrating an Irishman's ready wit in countering what he regarded as a would-be employer's too exacting requirements, a well-known Labor leader tells this story:

A retired colonel advertised for a manservant, and an Irishman came after the job.

"What I want," explained the colonel, "is a useful man—one who can cook, drive a motor, look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed poultry, milk the cow, and do a little painting and paperhanging."

"Excuse me, sor," said the applicant, "but what kind of soil have ye here?"

"Soil?" snapped the colonel. "What's that to do with it?"

"Well, I thought if it was clay I might make bricks in me spare time."

—*Montreal Star.*

The Fight

Pat and Mike were having a fist fight. Pat was landing every blow he aimed upon Mike's anatomy. Mike's friend Bill stood by, an interested onlooker. Finally he shouted, "Mike! For the love of Pete, and can't yez stop iny of thim?"

Mike blurted back, "An do yes say iny of thim goin' by?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Not An Ornithologist

One day an Irishman was taking home a goose, but on the way called for a drink at a public house, placing the bird on a seat near by. When he was ready to go he was surprised to find the bird had disappeared. On going outside he saw a man with it, and said, "What have you got my goose for?"

"Oh, I took it for a lark," was the reply.

"Took it for a lark!" said Pat. "You wouldn't be much of a judge at a bird show."

Wrong Tribe

The foreman looked him up and down. "Are you a mechanic?" he asked.

"No, sorr," was the answer. "Oi'm a McCarthy."

—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Days of Independence

A number of gentlemen in a hotel were discussing as to which country was the oldest, when the waiter, a genial old Irishman, entered the room. One of the gentlemen spoke to him of their discussion, and asked his opinion. The waiter, of course, said old Ireland was the oldest.

"How is it, then, there is no record of any of you being in the ark with Noah?"

"Oh, sure, Ireland was always an independent nation," said the Irishman, "she had boats of her own then."

—Wall Street Journal.

Ready And Willing

MAGISTRATE: "Can't this case be settled out of court?"

MULLIGAN: "Sure, sure; that's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interfered.

—Off the Hoof.

Mike is in Our Class.

Pat and Mike stood before a store window, wherein were placed trunks on sale.

Said Pat, "Moike, why dontcha buy a troonk?"

"What for? and pray tell me."

"To put your clothes in, you blitherin' ijit."

"What! and me go naked."

—R. J. Gee.

Two Irishmen were working on a church steeple. Mike's foot slipped and he started to fall. Pat hollered down "Hey, Mike, how do you like it?"

"I like it, but I hate like the devil to stop," was the reply.

—American Mutual Magazine.

Forgotten Memories

PAT: "That was a foine sintiment Casey got off at the banquet last night."

MIKE: "What was it?"

"He said the sweetest mimories in loife are the ricollections of things forgotten.

—Kreolite News.

No Wonder Mike Died

"And how's Mike to-day, Mrs. Flanagan?" enquired the doctor.

"Faix, an' he's dead, sorr."

"Dead," said the horrified medico. "Never. Did you give him that powder?"

"I did, sorr; yer told me to give him what 'ud go on a dime, an' as Oi didn't have a dime, Oi giv' him what wint on ten pennies—and-and the funeral's tomorrow."

Needed His Cranium

An Irishman visiting a friend in hospital began to take an interest in the other patients.

"What are you in here for?" he asked one.

"I've got tonsilitis, and I've got to have my tonsils removed," was the answer.

"And you?" he asked another.

"I've got blood-poisoning in the arm, and they're going to cut it off," was the reply.

"Holy Moses," said Pat in horror. "This is no place for me. I've got a cold in me head!"

—*The Ingleside.*

Earth Moving

O'FLANAGAN: "And are ye going to leave this pile o' dirt here all night?"

O'FLAHERTY: "Begorra, phwat else will Oi do wi' it, man?"

O'FLANAGAN: "Dig a hole and shovel it in."

—*The Borrow Pit.*

Knocked Speechless

"An Irish laborer had been warned to be careful of a quarry pit in the neighborhood. His foreman saw him suddenly stagger and disappear over the crest of the opening. At once he ran to the edge.

"Are you dead, Padraic?"

"Sure, an' I'm kilt entirely."

"Man, you don't sound dead."

"Well, if I'm not dead, I'm knocked speechless."

Reason Enough

PAT: "Oi say, Mike!"
MIKE: "Yis, Pat."
PAT: "Don't toike yer hod down the ladder in back of the buildin'."
MIKE: "Why not?"
PAT: "Because, Oi took the ladder away."

—*Selected.*

Page Henry

IRISH IMMIGRANT (*who was knocked down by a Ford and got up just in time to see it disappear in the distance*): "Begorra! But ain't they got a funny kind of fleas in this country!"

—*Holmes Store News.*

The Jokers

It is to Laugh!

Young Richleigh's father allowed him to take a trip to Europe this Summer. Before starting, the youth made up a cable code of his own for possible use while aboard, and handed a copy to his father, who locked it up in his desk without looking at it. A month later the elder Richleigh received a cable consisting of one word: "Laugh." He laughed. It seemed to be something quite pleasant; clever boy, that; always ready for a jest; proud of that boy; sure to get along in the world; nice of him to send such a cheery message to his old father. But, come to think of it, the cable message must have been a code word. Wonder what's the rest of the joke? The code was at the house. Father went up there in the best of humor. He got the code and read: "Laugh—Send me $500."

—*American Carpet & Upholstery Journal.*

Omitting R. S. V. P.

A representative from California, who had never been East, came to Washington with a trunkful of heavy underwear in preparation for a cold winter. Finding the weather unexpectedly mild, he sent the following telegram to his wife: S. O. S. B. V. D. P. D. Q. C. O. D.

—*Selected.*

His Peculiarity

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Biggs?"

"Oh, n-no; everybody has his peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine. What is yours?"

"Well really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir your tea with your right hand?"

"Why yes, of course."

"W-well, that is your p-peculiarity; most p-people u-use a teaspoon."

From Friend Wife

A lawyer, who is also an enthusiastic chicken fancier, spends much money coddling hens that are too "high class" to work. One year he had several hens guaranteed to be the best sort of layers, yet morning after morning he returned empty-handed from his search for eggs.

He had almost given up hope, but on the morning of his birthday he was surprised to find four beautiful eggs in the nest. He gathered them up, planning how he would show them to his skeptical wife. Not until he reached the door of the house did he notice that each one bore the neatly penciled words, "Birthday greetings from the old hen."

—*Chicago News.*

Page the Bell Hop

'Tis hard to part with those we love,
When our hearts are full of hope;
But 'tis harder still to find a towel
When our eyes are full of soap.

Crazy Bird

WIFE: "A little bird told me you were going to buy me a diamond brooch for my birthday."

HUBBY: "It must have been a little cuckoo."

—*Toronto Globe.*

What Those Behind Be For

A mule has two legs on behind,
And two he has before,
You stand behind before you find
What the two behind be for!

—*Moslic Topics.*

Also Pigs Kin

"Say, Lawrence," asked Gallegly, as he walked into the Women's Shoe Section with the morning paper in his hand, "Can a cowhide in a shoe shop?"

Lawrence, who isn't at all slow, replied: "No, but calfskin."

—*Holmes Store News.*

The Kids

More Than Likely, Not

As a certain young man was ambling o'er the city he came upon little Frederick sitting on the curb, crying. Billy asked him what the matter was.

"Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice old collie," sobbed Frederick.

"Shucks," said Billy. "My grandmother's been dead a week, and you don't catch me crying."

Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand, and looking up at Billy sobbed despairingly.

"Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup, did you?"

—*Selected.*

Ananias Again

YOUNG BRAGGER: "My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains."

UNSYMPATHETIC LISTENER: "Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it.

—*Colorado Dodo.*

Sundays Only

One of those Kindly Old Parties who are always making the life of a Reg'lar Feller a misery paused in horror before a rough-and-tumble street fight.

"Boys! Boys!" she remonstrated. "Don't you know that you shouldn't fight on the Sabbath?"

"But," retorted an urchin bystander, "that's the only day they ever get to see each other."

Finding 'em, Too!

Two small boys, staring in a barber shop window of Londonr earnestly looked on as the barber went over his customer's hai- with a singing torch. "Blimmey, Bill!" one of them ejacu, lated, "he's lookin' for 'em wiv o light!'

—*Milestones.*

A Candy Kid

"My sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?"

"She came home with 13 boxes of chocolates."

—*Good Hardware.*

Had His Things Off

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family and rushed out to tell a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs!"

"What is it?" the neighbor asked.

"A new baby brother," said Doris, and she watched very closely the effect of her announcement.

"You don't say so!" the neighbor exclaimed. "Is he going to stay?"

"I think so" said Doris. "He's got his things off."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Curiosity

"And now," said the minister, concluding a talk before the Sunday school, "are there any questions you wish to ask?"

"Yes, sir," piped an urchin who had watched him intently, "do you wear a shirt under that thing?"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The One and Only

"What's the matter, little boy? Are you lost?"

"Yes, I a-a-am; and they can't afford to l-lose me either; 'cos I'm the o-only one they've got."

Could See a Sheik at Home

He (*in front of her parents*): "Here, son, take this quarter and go see the Sheik."

Buttermilk: "If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon stay here and watch you and sister, after mamma and papa go to bed."

—*Holmes Store News.*

Insect Walked Out—$1.

Two boys visited a doctor's office. They had no sooner closed the door than one of them placed his hand over his ear and jumped around, first on one foot and then the other, exclaiming, "There he goes; there he goes!"

When asked what was the matter he said he had an insect in his ear.

The doctor placed the boy before a window and with a concave mirror threw a bright light through the ear speculum. The insect saw the light, crawled out to the edge of the speculum, and the doctor picked it off with his fingers.

"Thank Heaven! How much is it?" asked the boy.

He was told $1.

The other boy, who had been watching the proceedings, exclaimed, "One dollar! Why, that's a bit stiff. You never took out that insect. It walked out."

High Priced Wallopings

"I get a nickel every time I cry."

"I've got you beat. I get a spanking from my father every time I cry, and his time is worth $10 an hour."

Insinuation Resented

VISITOR (*to baby boy*): "And how old are you, my little man?"

THE BABY (*indignantly*): "I'm not old at all. I'm nearly new."

—*Answers, London.*

Quite Sure

A boy of our acquaintance asked another youngster if he knew what a niche in a church meant.

"Well," answered his companion, "An itch in a church is just the same as any other itch, only it is harder to scratch."

Merry-go-round

"What are you crying for, little boy?"

"C-cause mamma whipped me!"

"What did she whip you for?"

"C-cause I was c-cryin'."

—*Chicago News.*

The Ladies

A Bit Too Absent Minded

"Your husband is simply wild about you, isn't he?" asked Phyllis.

"Yes," replied Doris. "He raves about me in his sleep, but the poor absent-minded fellow nearly always calls me by the wrong name."

Not a Modern Girl

"I want some cigarettes for my husband," she said.

"Cork?" ask the clerk.

"Is that better than tobacco?"

—*Progressive Grocer.*

Poor Hippo

Two women, mother and daughter, were at the circus for the first time. They came to the hippopotamus, and stood for several minutes transfixed in silent wonder. Then the mother turned to her daughter and said, slowly and solemnly, "My! Ain't —he—plain?"

—*Good Hardware.*

Overlooked One Point

An old lady was having an electric cooker demonstrated to her very thoroughly. One wondered, in fact, that so many things could be said about an electric cooker. At the end of if she turned to the clerk and asked, "Now tell me, young man, where do you turn the gas on?"

—*Good Hardware.*

Husbands Aren't So Scarce

"Yes, it's dreadful for the poor thing. You know, her husband ran away with the cook."

"How shocking, my dear! And cooks are so scarce, too."

Mysterious, Either Way

"Rather sudden, isn't it? I don't see how a girl can marry a man she's known only a fortnight."

"I don't know how she can marry one she's known longer."

—*London Mail.*

Double Blessing

An old maid was approached by a welfare worker.

"Will you subscribe for the Homeless Men fund?" asked the solicitor.

"No, snapped the old maid. "But I might consider taking one of the men."

—*Good Hardware.*

Forty-odd Next Time

Miss Thirty-odd (*wrathfully*): "That Jack Gayboy is too mean to live."

Her Friend: "What's he done now?"

Miss Thirty-odd: "He proposed to me last night, and when I blushed and stammered that it was so sudden, the wretch burst out laughing, and I was obliged to haughtily reject his proposal to save my self-respect."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Not As Bad As That

A woman was discussing a week-end party she had given. "You know," she said, "Mrs. H. came, but she was a great nuisance. She has such a passion for souvenirs. She's mad on collecting."

"My dear," said her friend, "no need to tell me that; she stayed with me once, to my cost."

"I suppose you missed your china, or something, when she left?"

"No, I missed my husband."

Bet He Did

Phyl: "What did your husband think about this expensive new hat you bought last week?"

Flo: "Oh, he just raved about it!"

—*Answers, London.*

How About It, Dad?

MOTHER: "No, Bobbie, absolutely no. For the third time I tell you that you can't have another chocolate."

BOBBIE (*in despair*): "Oh, gee, I don't know where Dad gets the idea that you're always changing your mind."

—*The American Legion Weekly.*

She Never Will, Then

"Mother," said the fair young thing with a simper, "Mr. Giggub has proposed."

"I'm not surprised at that."

"Would you accept him?"

"Why not?"

"But, mother, I've only known him two weeks."

"We must all take a chance, dearie. I've been married to your father for thirty years and I don't half know him."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

And That Ain't All

Shakespeare said: "Who steals my purse steals trash."

He might have said: "Who steals my wife's purse steals—

"Two ticket stubs for last Wednesday's matinee;
"A piece of blue taffeta to match with a spool of blue silk;
"Half a dozen hair pins of assorted shapes and lengths;
"A powder puff and some loose powder;
"A pencil off a dance program without any point;
"Three street car tickets and an unused transfer;
"A long shopping list;
"A shirt-waist pattern;
"A pocket mirror;
"Some bonbons;
"Two and a half sticks of chewing gum;
"Four calling cards;
"And $1.69."

—*Holmes Store News.*

If It's Patentable

The fellow who can invent a machine to take a permanent wave out of fat ladies' chins can make a million.

Wanted To Be Sure

A woman stopped a bus and told the conductor not to start until she got on top. When she reached the last step he called out, "Are you all right, madam?"

"No," came the reply. "I am coming down again."

She came down and stepped off on to the pavement.

"Where did you want to go, madam?" asked the conductor.

"Well," was the reply, "I'm not going anywhere today, but if it's fine I might go for a ride to-morrow, and I wanted to see if I could get up the steps to the top."

Proper Sequence

Her latest craze was visiting sick children, and it was while she was doing the round of a hospital ward that she came upon a golden-haired, blue-eyed child. The visitor smiled and ruffled the child's curls.

"And what is your name, dear?" inquired the good soul.

The child told her, and her next question was how old she was.

"Seven," replied the child.

"And what are you going to be?"

"Eight," was the short, but all-sufficient answer.

Why Not? She Was No "Chicken"

At a garden party the other day several women turned up in fashionable ostrich-feather cloaks and capes. One in parricular had a garment so voluminous as to suggest that it had absorbed the whole annual produce of a good-sized ostrich farm. The wearer was neither so young nor so fair as she had been.

"What do you think of that?" asked one woman of another.

"Lovely," was the reply. "But—why doesn't she bury her head?"

Hard Luck Story

Mrs. A.: "Does your husband confide his busines troubles to you?"

Mrs. B.: "Yes, indeed—every time I buy anything."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Severe

The two ladies had not met for some time and, as they were the sort of ladies who are always vitally interested in each other's welfare, they had a good deal to talk about, you may be sure.

After discussing numerous domestic details, the first woman remarked, "I hope your health is better than when I saw you last."

"No, I grow worse every day," was the doleful response.

"Too bad—too bad! What seems to be the matter?"

"Nobody knows," said the long-suffering one. "And the doctors say they can't tell until after a post-mortem."

"Why, how awful! You poor, dear thing! In your state of health, you can never live through that," said the other woman.

Ma Knew The Symptoms

It was Sunday evening. A young man with a promising career was at the piano and by his side stood the eligible daughter of the house. The man was obviously nervous, and allowed his fingers merely to run over the keys.

"What is he trying to play?" inquired a friend of the young lady's mother.

"I really don't know," replied the latter glancing in the direction of the couple, "but by his 'action' I should say it's a prelude to 'Abide With Me in A Flat.'"

Ungrateful Beast

The old lady had gone away for a country holiday and she was taking her morning walk, which consisted in strolling leisurely across several fields in which some cows were grazing. She was not a bit frightened of cows; in fact, she thought them the sweetest creatures in the world. But on this particular morning there happened to be a bull feeding there as well, and he did not like the old lady's red bonnet.

Suddenly the dear old thing became aware that the bull, with lowered head, was charging straight at her. She just managed to reach the gate in time. Then she turned round with indignation writ large on every line of her face and exclaimed, "You ungrateful creature! Here I've been a vegetarian all my life and this is what I get for it."

Diplomatic Refusal

"A good diplomat can couch the truth, even the most unpleasant truth, in diplomatic language. He is like the young beauty."

" 'I told Gobsa Golde,' said the young beauty, 'that despite his great wealth he was too old for me, and so I wouldn't marry him.' "

" 'What,' said her mother. 'You told him to his face he was too old? My, but he must have been mad.' "

" 'Oh, no,' said the young beauty, 'he wasn't mad. You see, I used diplomatic language. He said he'd love and cherish me till death, and I told him he was too young.' "

Might Have Used a Coal Shovel

Mrs. Huggins was in court.

She was charged with assault and battery, and the recipient of her unkind attentions was none other than the husband whom she had promised to love, honor and obey until death did him from her part.

"So you broke an umbrella over your husband's head?" said the magistrate. "What have you to say?"

"It was an accident, sir," replied the accused.

"How could it be an accident?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, sir," explained the guilty party. "I didn't mean to break the umbrella."

More Overhead

Mrs. Spriggs: Do you need any shoes?"

Mrs. Briggs: "No."

Mrs. Spriggs: "Neither do I. Let's go into this store and rest while they try some on us."

—*Life.*

Said Dog to Dog

Collie: "Why didn't you nip that guy who was teasing you?"

Terrier: "The law allows me only one bite and I'm saving it for the dame who talks baby talk to me."

—*K. C. Star.*

The Law

Changed Her Attitude

Among the jurors summoned was a woman who wished to be excused.

"Well, madam, why don't you want to serve on this jury?" asked the Judge.

"I'm opposed to capital punishment."

"But this is merely a case in which a wife is suing her husband for an accounting. It seems she gave him a thousand dollars to pay down on a handsome fur coat and he is alleged to have lost the money at poker."

The woman juror spoke up promptly.

"I'll serve. Maybe I'm wrong about capital punishment."

—*Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"Yes, My Dear"

"Did you give the man the third degree?" asked the police officer.

"Yes. We browbeat and badgered him with every question we could think of."

"What did he do?"

"He dozed off and merely said now and then, 'Yes my dear, you are perfectly right.'"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Tried To Be Impartial

The court was occupying its learned mind with a case involving the ownership of a clock of the eight-day variety.

Evidence was heard for and against both sides. Counsel argued to the best of their ability and at the end of the day no really definite conclusion had been come to.

"Too much time has been wasted on this case already," said the judge at last, impatiently, and then, turning to the plaintiff, he added: "You get the clock."

"And what do I get?" asked the defendant, complainingly.

"You get the eight days," was the stern judicial reply.

Just a Minor Error

The secretary of the bar association was very busy and very cross one afternoon, when his telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped.

"Is this the City Gas Works?" asked a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," roared the secretary. "This is the Bar Association of the City of Louisville."

"Ah," came from the lady's end in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"

—*Dry Goods Economist.*

Wanted a Rebate

"How many times have you been to prison before?" asked the judge.

"Five," replied the accused.

"Then I shall give you the maximum sentence," said his honor.

Accused, "Maximum? Don't regular customers get a rebate?"

We Knew It

MRS.: "As the law now stands the woman is the slave of man."

MR.: "Rotten law enforcement."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Percy, You Brute

"It was the old, old story," sighed the pretty wife on the witness stand in divorce court, "a horse and a jackass can never agree."

"Don't you call me a horse!" roared the husband as he shook off his attorney's restraining hand.

—*Selected.*

An Unusual Phenomenon

JUDGE: "You are 40 years of age, you say?"

FEMALE WITNESS: "Yes alas! One gets older every day. And yet I was young once (*heaving a sigh*). Ah, your lordship, you would hardly believe how young I was."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Truth

A man was charged with stealing a case of canned goods from the storeroom of a grocery store.

"Now," said his lawyer, "if I take your case you must tell me honestly. Did you or did you not steal those canned peaches?"

"Well, yes, sir, I did," the man admitted.

"That's all right," replied the lawyer. "You give me half of them."

When the case came into court the lawyer addressed the jury thus: "This man did not get any more of those peaches than I did."

The verdict was "Not Guilty."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Sounds Familiar

One of the jury was a Kentuckian, and besides his title of "colonel" he had a red face, square jaw and blustering manner.

Eleven of the jurors were for conviction; the colonel was convinced of the prisoner's innocence. For 36 hours singly, in pairs and all together the 11 jurors pleaded, stormed and remonstrated. The colonel was adamant. At last the foreman had to report that the jury could not agree.

"Why didn't you reach a verdict?" a friend asked the colonel after court had adjourned.

"Verdict?" the colonel cried. "Verdict? Why, I did my best, suh, but 11 such stubborn men you never saw, suh."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Better Than Lawyers

"Where's your lawyer?" demanded Judge Collins recently of a colored man who came up before him for trial. When the colored man replied that he did not have a lawyer the judge assigned one of the assistant prosecutors to defend him.

The man looked at the judge for a moment and leaned over the bar and "whispered" in a voice that could be heard throughout the courtroom: "Judge, if you would give me a couple of good witnesses I think they would do me more good than the lawyer."

—*Indianapolis News.*

New One for the Judge

OFFICER: "I found them clutching one another and wrestling all over the road."

ONE OF THE PRISONERS: "It ain't true, yer honor. We weren't fighting when the cop nabbed us—we was a-tryin' to separate each other."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Genuine Christian

"At least I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am making life's highway smoother for someone," thought No. 999 to himself as he industriously pounded rocks on the state road.

—*Selected.*

Court Report

The name of the prisoner was Gunn.

"And what is the charge?" inquired the judge.

"That Gunn was loaded with drink, your worship," answered the policeman.

"I wish to be let off, sir," pleaded the wrteched man.

"Gunn, you're discharged," the judge told him.

And the report was in the newspapers the next day.

—*Good Hardware.*

How's Your Bread Factory?

"My, but it is hot in your office," said a client to his lawyer.

"It ought to be, replied the attorney, "I make my bread here."

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

He Could Not Cry

When a minor Philadelphia County Court was about to open its session recently, the discovery was made that the court crier was absent. A substitute was provided and the court had barely taken up a case when a breathless messenger boy dashed in with a telegram signed by the absent crier. The missive was handed to the judge, who read:

"Wife's mother died last night. Will not be able to cry to-day."

—*Brooklyn Life.*

The Polite Witness

"You've heard what the last witness said," persisted the counsel, "and yet your evidence is to the contrary. Am I to infer that you doubt her veracity?"

The polite young man waved a deprecating hand.

"Not at all," he replied. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she's speaking the truth."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A Free Temperance Lecture

"A judge in Louisiana," he said, "once made an impressive temperance speech to a convicted prisoner.

"'Mr. Kettles, stand up,' the judge began. 'Now, Mr. Kettles, this Court has no doubt you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquors. When this Court was a young man it was considerably inclined to drink, and if this Court had not stopped short off, I have no doubt, Mr. Kettles, this Court now, sir, would have been in the penitentiary or in its grave.'"

Two Pessimists

PESSIMIST: "Oh, the many, many trials in this world."

SHE: "Yes, and if it weren't for the occasional lynchings there would be more of them."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

Seized His Opportunity

"Why did you steal the pearl necklace from the jeweler's shop window?"

"Because it had on it 'Avail yourself of this splendid opportunity,' and I couldn't resist it!"

—*Buen Humor.*

When the Law is Superfluous

A Nebraskan Court hands down this decision: "The wife is boss in the house." Which merely confirms that Virginia gentleman's declaration: "The Court? Why, suh, the Court is superfluous!"

—*Buffalo Times.*

Just a Matter of Time

The cross-examination of the witnesses had been concluded and the court had adjourned for lunch. The arguments were to begin immediately after lunch. The young lawyer, who was a friend of the presiding judge, approached the judge and said, "Judge Brown, do you think that I should use as much as an hour in my argument? Do you think if I talked that long I would annoy or worry the jury?"

The judge replied, "Why no, that isn't too long. If I were you I would use three or four hours."

The lawyer asked, "Isn't that pretty long? I don't know that I could last that long. What's the idea of such a long speech?"

"Why," replied the judge, "the longer you speak, the longer your client stays out of jail."

Innocence Proved

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER: "Wot am I supposed to 'ave stolen?"

POLICE: "A 'orse and van."

"All right; search me!"

—*London Mail.*

Lost Opportunity

LADY VISITOR (*to prisoner*): "I should think you'd go insane behind those bars!

PRISONER: "Too late fer that now, lady. I should have done it before the trial."

—*Pennac News.*

The Dog Expired, Too

The defendant who was held in court on the charge of keeping a dog without a license, repeatedly tried to interrupt the evidence but was hushed each time by the court.

Finally the clerk turned to him and said, "Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yes, but—"

"We want no buts. You must renew your license or be fined. You know it expired on January 1."

"Yes," said the defendant, "and so did the dog."

Already Educated

The Swedish maid was sobbing as if her heart would break, and the mistress coming upon her, asked what was the matter.

"My husband bane get put in yail," wailed Hilda.

"In jail. Oh, isn't that too bad. But there's a cheerful side to everything. I understand they give prisoners splendid educations there, nowadays."

"He bane got all the eddication he needs," said Hilda. "He bane there ten years before."

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

Diplomacy Won

THE JUDGE: "This lady says you tried to speak to her at the station."

STUDENT: "It was a mistake. I was looking for my roommate's girl, whom I had never seen before, but who'd been described to me as a handsome blond with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed, and—"

THE WITNESS: "I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Anyone might have made the same mistake."

—*Selected.*

It Was Just Oatmeal

A lawyer, examining a Lanarkshire farmer, said: "You'll affirm that when this happened you were going home to a meal. Let me be quite certain on this point, because it is a very important one, and be good enough to tell me, sir, with as little prevarication as possible, what meal it was you were going home to."

"You would like to know what meal it was?" said the Scotsman.

"Yes, sir, I should like to know," replied the counsel, sternly and impressively, "and be sure you tell the truth."

"Well, then," said the Scotsman, "it was just oatmeal."

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Ten Days

JUDGE: "Ten days or ten dollars. Choose quick."

PRISONER: "I'll take my time."

—*N. Y. Medley.*

Unfortunate Combination

JUDGE: "What's your name?"
PRISONER: "Smith."
JUDGE: "Your occupation?"
PRISONER: "Locksmith."
JUDGE: "What were you doing in that house?"
PRISONER: "I was making a lock for the door."
JUDGE (*to officer*): "Locksmith up."

—*A. & S. Link.*

Next Case!

"What is your occupation?" asked the judge, sternly.

"I haven't any," replied the man. "I just circulate around, so to speak."

"Please note," said the judge turning to the clerk, "that this gentleman is retired from circulation for thirty days."

—*Moonbeams.*

Not a Chance in the World

"Judge," cried the prisoner in the dock, "have I got to be tried by a woman jury?"

"Be quiet," whispered his counsel.

"I won't be quiet! Judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women. I'm guilty."

—*Houston Post.*

Judicial Correction

Unfortunately we've mislaid the judge's name, but his court room is in New Bedford, Mass. Before him appeared a defendant who, hoping for leniency, pleaded, "Judge, I'm down and out."

Whereupon said the wise Judge: "You're down, but you're not out. Six months."

Literature

Appropriate

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author; "after Charles Lamb, you know. He is such a dear little lamb."

"Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend. "He Howells so much."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Statistically Speaking

A man went into Cohen's bookstore and asked:

"Have you a copy of 'Who's Who and What's What,' by Jerome K. Jerome?"

Cohen replied, "No, sir, but ve got 'Who's He and Vat's He Got,' by Bradstreet."

—*Portsmouth (O.) Times.*

The Villain Won

Mr. Henry Peck (*telling bedtime story*): "And so the lovely heroine and the brave hero were married and Desperate Rudolph lived happily ever after."

—*Washington Columns.*

Correct

Tommy's Sister: "Tommy, what is a synonym?"

"A synonym," said Tommy wisely, "is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

—*Answers, London.*

Editorial Prerogative

The girl reporter accepted the editor's invitation to dinner, and when asked how she enjoyed it, said, "Oh, fine; but I'll never go to dinner with an editor again. The dinner was fine, but he blue-penciled about three-quarters of my order."

—*London Opinion.*

He Saw It Through

Edwark Bok, in "Twice Thirty," tells the story of an American in London during the war who had been crying aloud for an opportunity to meet H. G. Wells. At a luncheon he was purposely placed next to Mr. Wells and all through the luncheon he had a wonderful time talking to the source of his enthusiasm.

After the luncheon a friend said to him, "Well, you had your opportunity at last to meet your patron saint, H. G. Wells, didn't you?"

"H. G. Wells?" he echoed in surprise. "I haven't met Wells. I wish I could."

"Well," was the reply, "you certainly were talking to him all during the luncheon," insisted the friend. "I saw you. He was at your right."

"What?" he gasped, in sheer amazement. "You don't mean to say that was H. G. Wells, the author?"

"Why, of course; you were purposely placed next to him. Who did you think it was?" he was asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "I was introduced to no one and I didn't see the card at his plate."

And then slowly he seemed to turn ashy white.

"Aren't you joking?" he pleaded.

"Not at all," he was assured.

"Good heavens, man!" came his thick reply. "I told that man the whole plot in detail of 'Mr. Britling Sees It Through,' and when I asked him if he had read the book he said he had not."

Proof Positive

Two negro teamsters were arguing as to how long crap-shooting had been a popular pastime in certain circles. "Ah tell yuh hit was invented in the Spanish-American War," insisted Moses.

"Niggah, yoh ig-rance am shocking," declared Rastus. "A man wrote a book called 'Pair o' Dice Lost' befo' Gawge Washin'ton was bawn!"

Lyrics in the Wash

LAUNDRESS (*to literary man*): "Please don't write your poems on your cuffs, sir—my husband is getting jealous."

—*Humoristicke Listy* (*Prague*).

Flattered

The young author had just completed his first story. He took it to the post office sealed, and asked how much postage would be necessary.

"Two cents an ounce," replied the postmaster, "that's first-class matter."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gushed the author.

—*Washington Evening Journal.*

His Dying Gasp

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted: "You're a liar! We have the biggest circulation in the county!"

—*Ivy Leaf.*

Decidedly Epidemic

HIBBS: "What are you reading?"
REED: "The Last Days of Pompeii."
HIBBS: "What did he die of?"
REED: "Some sort of an eruption, I guess."

The World Grows Better

Mrs. Pridgeworth was reading a paper on "Manners and Morals" before the woman's club, and with enthusiasm she declared that manners were steadily improving all over the world.

"We see it illustrated in literature," she continued. "Here, for instance, from a late novel I read: 'He kissed her, removing his cigarette from his lips first.' Such things are certainly significant."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Damning Dash

Queries, quotes and exclamation marks have been freely used to inject sarcasm into the written word; but a wicked use of the dash was this, "Dear sir, I am sorry, but I shall not be able to use your—story."

—*Toronto Star Weekly.*

You Could Hardly Blame Him

An American woman met James Stephens, the author of "The Crock of Gold," at a reception in Dublin, the London Sphere says. She could not remember the title of his book, but its association suggested "Money" to her, and that brought "Hard Cash" to mind, though she had forgotten that Charles Reade was its author. So she remarked, "Oh, Mr. Stephens, I'm delighted to meet you. I did so enjoy your book 'Hard Cash.'" "Thank you, ma'm," he answered through the merest shadow of a grin; "and how did you like my 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

A Russian Author

A gentleman whose life is given to the study of books has a wife who never reads at all. She does, however, take down a volume, from time to time, in order to show some sympathetic interest in her husband's pursuits. This is what happened the other day. Said the lady to her husband, "I took down a book this morning by an author named Voliv. Is he considered a good writer?"

"Voliv, my dear?" repeated her husband, in perplexity. "Voliv?"

But while he was puzzling over the name, his wife thought of something else and went away to attend to it. Then he stole into her room to see what book she had on hand, and found a volume of Browning's poetry. It had been bound with no name on the back, and simply bore the legend "Vol. IV."

—*Youth's Companion.*

All At Sea

A girl at a public library inquired if "The Red Boat" was in.

"I don't think we have the book," she was told.

"Oh, excuse me," said the girl. "I made a mistake. The title is 'The Scarlet Launch.'"

After a search the library assistant reported that no book with that title was listed in the card catalog.

"But I am sure you have the book," the girl insisted. Suddenly she opened her handbag and produced a slip of paper on which something was written. Then she blushed. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said. "It's 'The Ruby Yacht,' by a man named Omar, I want."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Why Editors Go Crazy

This recently appeared in a weekly publication, after which the "make-up" man was shot at sunrise: "The Red Cross concert given last night by 16 of our beautiful young ladies was highly appreciated. They sang in a charming manner, winning the plaudits of the audience, who pronounced them the finest group of Holsteins in the country. A few of them were all black, but the majority were spotted black and white. Several of the heifers are fine bodied, tight-limbed animals and promise to prove good property."

"There is one man who can't afford to see a pretty girl. That's the editor. He might buy one worthless poem, but she will be back tomorrow with another."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

All To Vanity

HOSTESS (*to budding literary man*): "I sometimes wonder if there is anything vainer than you authors about the things you write."

AUTHOR: "There is, madam—our efforts to sell them."

—*Northern Telegraph.*

Easy of Access

POET: "Is there a literary club in this vicinity?"

EDITOR (*reaching behind the desk*): "There is. Are you literary?"

—*Cleveland Leader.*

He Called It "Patronage"

When Mark Twain once visited a bookshop he chose a book and said to the assistant, "Now, as a publisher I am entitled to a discount of 50 per cent. As an author I am also entitled to 50 per cent, and as a friend of the proprietor I should get 25 per cent. Now, what's the price of the book and what do I have to pay for it?"

The assistant did some rapid figuring and, handing over the book, said, "I guess we owe you 75 cents. Here you are. I hope we may have your further patronage!"

Quite Out of Place

Proud young poet exhibiting masterpiece to father: "Just see what was born in my fountain pen last night!"

FATHER: "No wonder people are advocating birth control!"

Something To Chew On

"Have you 'The Literary Digest'?"

"No. Nothing but Wrigley's and Beeman's."

—*Hudson Observer.*

What a Little "Comma" Can Do

This is a concrete instance of what confusion misplaced commas can produce.

"Lord Palmerston then entered upon his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a dark, menacing glare saying nothing."

—*Hardware World.*

There Are Others

"As nearly as I can make out," said the Supercilious Person, "you are what they call a literary hack."

"No," replied Mr. Penwiggle, wearily, "I'm not even a hack, I'm a jitney."

—*Washington Star.*

Something Left Anyway

ADMIRER: "Was that your story I read in this month's 'Skyrocket'?"

AUTHOR (*whose manuscript had been butchered by the editor*): "Well, the italics are mine."

—*Life.*

Literary Doctor Needed

FIRST POET: "Don't you think that literature is in a state of decline?"

SECOND POET: "Unquestionably. I find it in a state of chronic decline—with thanks."

—*New York Herald.*

Only One Criticism

AUTHOR: "Have you read my new book?"
FRIEND: "Yes."
AUTHOR: "What do you think of it?"
FRIEND: "Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart."

—*Calgary Daily Herald.*

The Colyumist's View

Never despair. Something will always turn up. Just when I thought I had no little verse for to-day a friend showed me the shortest poem in the English language. It is on the subject of microbes, and reads:—

Adam
Had 'em.

—*Halifax Evening Mail.*

Doubtful Want

AUTHOR: "I want to see the editor."
RECEPTION CLERK: "I think not this morning, sir.
AUTHOR: "Why mayn't I?"
CLERK: "Oh, you may. I mean you probably don't want to. That ambulance you met was called for the last gentleman before you who thought he wanted to see the editor this morning."

—*B. P. A.*

Effective Compression

FIRST AUTHOR: "What did you do with that funny serial you said would run to about 45,000 words?"
SECOND AUTHOR: "The editors advised me to cut it down, one after the other, till finally I sold it as a humorous anecdote."

—*Judge.*

Ping! Pong!

CUSTOMER: "Good-morning! Have you Dickens' 'Cricket on the Hearth'?"
SHOPMAN: "No, madam; but I can show you a very good table tennis set."

—*Answers* (*London*).

We Did

Editors generally have some kind of a howl. Most of the time the objective is a serious wail that "Art for Art's Sake" doesn't put new shirts on the editorial backs.

Here is our idea of getting out a magazine:

It is not a picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, some say the magazine ought not to be used for that purpose.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from some magazine.

We did.

A Literary Fact

The only difference between the dime novel of yesterday and the novel of today is about one dollar and ninety cents.

—*Annapolis Log.*

That's Going Some

"How's the engine in your flivver working?"

"Not so well. It knocks like a dramatic critic and puffs like a press-agent."

—*Portland Evening Express.*

Our Question Answered

"Where do you suppose those scenario writers get their ideas?"

"Well, judging from the product, I should say they get them from each other."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Maid Servant

Evidently She Tried

Jones had a bottle of prewar Scotch of which he was very proud, with that peculiar delight which grown-up boys always take in the possession of forbidden fruit. So proud was he of being the owner of this unlawful bottle that he would have died before he would have opened it and subjected his friends or even himself to the temptation of diminishing the contents. One day to his horror he discovered that the bottle had been tampered with, and at once sought out Mary, the cook.

"Hove you touched this bottle?" he asked sternly.

"O, no, sir."

"Are you very sure?"

"O, positive, sir; I simply couldn't budge the cork."

'e rose 'is 'at!

MISTRESS: "What kind of person was it who called, Mrs. Higgs?"

COOK: "'E were a perfick gentleman, 'm; 'e rose 'is 'at at me."

—*Punch.*

Just a Week End

Mrs. Blosswell was visiting the employment bureau.

"I want a good cook for my country house," she informed the manager.

The manager turned to her secretary.

"Have we any one here who would like to spend a day or so in the country?" she inquired.

No Chance to be Dirty

"Mary," inquired the mistress, suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Heavens, ma'am," replied Mary, "what's the use of washin' a fish that's lived all his life in the water?"

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Settled That

The new guest at the not too exclusive house was being shown to his room.

"I presume—ah—every one heah dresses for dinner?" he inquired of the maid who was taking him up.

"O, yes, sir," replied the little woman, seriously. "Any meals in bed are extra!"

Going! Going! Gone!

The tired-looking commuter shook his head sadly.

"Yes," he added to his but half-interested fellow-travelers, 'she was good, as cooks go—and as cooks go, she went!"

No News Value

HOUSEWIFE: "We're going to get an electric washer, and so we won't need you any more."

LAUNDRESS: "All right, lady, but an electric washer don't give out no gossip."

—*Country Gentleman.*

Public Service

"I'm teaching our cook to save."

"But, my dear, is it worth while? She'll be gone in a day or two."

"I know, but just think, if I teach economy to all the cooks we have what an effect it will have upon the country."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Good Queen Bess

Mandy, the colored laundress, picked up a magazine and began to turn over the pages aimlessly. Then she seemed to be fascinated by one of the pictures.

"Who dat woman, Miss Blank?" she inquired.

"That's Queen Elizabeth, Mandy," said Miss Blank.

"Mandy seemed to be stricken dumb. Finally she burst forth breathlessly, "Am dat de Queen, Miss Blank? My land, what a homely woman! My land, what a ugly woman! Why, Miss Blank, that Queen ain't no better looking than you is!"

—*New York Sun.*

It Needed Consideration

An invalid lady once had a cook. This cook did the mark eting, and the lady felt pretty sure that she knocked dow a considerable sum on her purchases every day. So, to sto the crookedness, the lady said one morning:

"Look here, Jane, I'll give you ten dollars a month extra you'll agree to be strictly honest. What do you say?"

The cook hesitated, then she said:

"I'll think it over carefully, mum and let you know my d cision this evenin'."

Self-Evident

"Why, is it only one o'clock? I thought it was two," sai the mistress as the clock gave a single stroke.

"No, mum," said Bridget, "it's niver later than wan at th toime av the day."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Inquisition

MISTRESS (*engaging new maid*): "And above all, I expec you to be discreet."

MAID: "Yes, ma'am: and what is there to be discree about."

Thought It Was News

Miss Annie Croft, the well-known actress, is very fond c telling the following amusing story.

One day she was being entertained at a friend's house. I was pouring with rain at the time and she happened to remar to the maid that it was almost as bad as the Flood.

"The Flood?" the maid inquired.

"Yes," said Miss Croft, "the Flood. Noah, you know, an Mount Ararat."

Imagine her surprise when the maid answered apologeti ally: "You see, miss, I haven't had time to look at the paper yet."

Admitted

MISTRESS: "Do you ever sweep under the carpet?"

MAID: "Yes, mum, everything."

—*Answers, London.*

Too Strenuous

The housewife was showing her new maid through the upstairs apartments. Finally, they came to a staircase leading down into the backyard.

"Now, Mary," said the housewife, stepping out on the landing, "when ever you wish to pass down to the backyard, go down this way."

At that moment she slipped, and with a great bumping noise she was precipitated to the bottom.

"Goodness gracious, mum!" gasped the affrighted maid, staring down from above. "Are ye hurt?"

"No; it's nothing," came the reply, as the dishevelled mistress rose to her feet in proof.

"Then ye've got down it foine, mum!" declared the domestic. "But, if that's the way I've got to go down the job's too sthrenuous for me!"

Hen Fruit No Exception

MISTRESS: "If you want eggs to keep they must be laid in a cool place."

BRIDGET: "Oi'll mention it to the hens at wanst, mum."

Had To Have It

"What, Jane, you want to leave tonight!" exclaimed the mistress. "Why, you only came this morning.

"Yes, you see, mum," explained the girl, you're the thirteenth place I've had, and you're unlucky."

"Well, why did you come here?" demanded the other.

"Oh, mum, I had to have a thirteenth place."

The Deceitful Maid

"It's a gossipy, deceitful town," she said. "Even the servants!"

"A girl friend of mine hired a Los Angeles maid. A gentleman called and asked if my friend was at home.

"Yes, sir; come right in," said the maid.

"But," said the gentleman, "perhaps she's engaged."

"Yes, she is, but come right in, anyhow." Here the maid winked. "He'll never know. He's off to San Francisco."

Tastes Differ

'Yes, Mary," said Mrs. Newwed to her maid, "I do hate to have my husband kiss me after he comes from the barber's. I do so detest the odor of brilliantine on his moustache."

"Do you, really, ma'am?" replied the maid. "I rather like it."

—*Montreal Star.*

Just Going to be Hanged

The big, fat, colored maid approached her mistress Sunday and said, "I wanna git off Fridee week to go to a funeral."

"But," said the mistress, "Friday is not your day off, and besides the day you ask is nearly two weeks away; no one would want to keep a dead person nearly two weeks!"

"Wal, ye see, mistriss," replied the maid, "mah friend, he's gwine to git hanged Toosdee week, and I don't wanna miss the fun'ral dat Fridee."

Searching For a Wart

"Is Mrs. Rise at home?" inquired Mrs. Chatters, standing in the shadow of the doorway.

"I don't know, ma'am," the new maid replied. "I can't tell till I get a better look at you. If you've got a wart on the side of your nose, she's out."

Keep On Worrying

MISTRESS: "Mary, you are impossible! I worry so much over your blunders that my dresses no longer fit me."

MAID: "Then, perhaps, mum, ye wouldn't mind giving me one or two."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Complete Understanding

MISTRESS: "I am a woman of few words. If I beckon with my hands, that means come."

NEW MAID: "That suits me, mum; I'm also a woman of few words. If I shake my head it means I'm not coming."

The Married

A Minor Position

HOBBS: "What position do you occupy in your household."
DOBBS: "Oh, I'm simply treasurer to my wife's social secretary."

—*Boston Transcript.*

When The Windows Are Open

"How do you find marriage?"
"During courtship I talked and she listened. After marriage she talked and I listened. Now we both talk and the neighbors listen."

—*Berlin Dorfbarbler.*

And They Love Each Other

CHAP. I: "You are the dearest darlingest, best husband in the world!"
CHAP. II: "I wonder what she wants?"
CHAP. III: "He gave it to me without a word. I wonder what he's been up to."

—*Shrine Magazine.*

Silent Y

CLOTHIER: "Tell me, vat makes you look so vexed?"
OTHER JEW: "I vas just tinking how true is dat old saying, that 'Before marriage a man yearns for a woman and after marriage the "y" is silent.'"

—*Voo Doo.*

Hope She Caught Cold

"It says in this paper the ancient Romans advised kissing a mule three times to cure a cold," remarked Mr. Grouch.
"Hm!" snapped his wife, "I believe I would rather have the cold than have to kiss you three times."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Subtler Gallantry

"Before we were married, you used to send around a dozen roses every week," said she.

"Roses are easy," replied he. "This week I'm going to send around two tons of coal and a rib-roast."

—*Washington Star.*

SHE: "John, I found mice in the pantry this afternoon."

HE: "Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

She: "Couldn't you bring home that kitty from the club I heard you talking about in your sleep?"

Wasn't Carrying That

LADY AT BARGAIN COUNTER: "Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?"

HENPECKED BUNDLE CARRIER: "I don't know about your imagination, but your face is clean!"

—*West Point Pointer.*

Safe for a Time

"I'm very sorry to hear your wife is so ill, Benjamin. Not dangerous, I hope."

"Thank'ee, Miss, but she be too weak now to be dangerous."

—*The Humorist (London).*

Literally, This Time

"I've just heered that Lop Lathers picked up a hammer last night and smashed his wife's thumb with it," stated Mrs. Johnson.

"That's funny!" replied her spouse. "How do you reckon he ever got from under her thumb long enough to smash it?"

—*The Country Gentleman.*

Unbecoming Style

MR. GLUMMER: "If I should die before you I hope you won't wear mournin'.

HIS WIFE: "I won't. I tried on some last winter when you were so ill and it made me look ten years older.

—*Kansas City Star.*

Pity the Pessimist's Wife

An optimist and a pessimist sat side by side on a street car yesterday morning. As the car stopped at the union station, a cattle-looking man wearing a fine fur overcoat boarded the car.

Said the optimist: "That's a whizzbang of a coat that old boy is wearing. I wonder if his wife is provided for as well?"

Said the pessimist: "Of course, she is. She probably had hers before he could get his."

—*Kansas City Star.*

The "My Wife" Alibi

"Another important wifely duty is that of scapegoat."

The brilliant satirical essayist, Inez A. Innes, was addressing a women's club.

"Two Pittsburg bankers," she went on, "were talking the other day about a financier who had failed.

"'And did poor Bill accept his failure like a man?' asked the first banker.'"

"'Exactly like a man,' the second answered. 'He blamed it on his extravagant wife.'"

You Know It

The wife had neglected to sew a button on one of the most dependent portions of the husband's lower garments, and the husband was raising bear about it.

"Well, I wasn't feeling well enough to do any sewing. Which is most important—your wife or your pants?"

"There's many a place I can go without a wife," was the grumbled reply.

Ignorance is Bliss

A married couple were touring in Sicily. At a distance from one of the large towns, the wife said, "Think, Albert, if the brigands should come now and take me from you!"

"Impossible, my dear."

"But supposing they did come and carry me away, what would you say?"

"I should say that the brigands were new to the business—that's all."

Before—Not After

Two clubmen were discussing the relative merits of their wives, when one of them remarked, "My wife looks after me, I can assure you. Why, she takes off my boots for me in the evening."

"Ah! When you come home from the club?" suggested the other.

"No; when I want to go there."

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Quite Reasonable, Madam

APPLICANT (*to Magistrate*): "I want some advice about my husband, sir. He left me 25 years ago and I ain't seen him since."

MAGISTRATE: "Well?"

APPLICANT: "What about me 'aving a separation?"

—*London Opinion.*

Next

HUSBAND: "Where is my hat?"

WIFE: "On the oven."

HUSBAND: "On the oven? I wonder what ridiculous thing I shall find it on next?"

WIFE (*sweetly*): "On your head, dear."

—*The Corrector.*

It's Like This

CHASE: "My wife is an angel in three ways."

RACE: "How remarkable. How's that?"

CHASE: "Well, first, she is always up in the air; second, she is always harping; third, she never has an earthly thing to wear."

—*Borrow Pit.*

Prolonging the Agony

WIFE (*to husband, after a short quarrel*): "Yes, my dear, you will miss every hair on my head when I've gone."

HUSBAND: "Well, my dear, you had better have your hair bobbed first, then I shall be able to miss three parts before you do go."

That Trousers Pocket Again

DAISY: "I mended the hole in your trousers pocket last night after you had gone to bed, Walter, dear. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife?"

WALTER: "Well—er—yes, you are thoughtful enough. But how did you discover there was a hole in my pocket?"

Patching Things Up

Mandy and her husband had been separated for three weeks.

"Hasn't your husband tried to get you to patch things up and be friendly again?" asked a neighbor one day.

"Man," replied Mandy, "account of havin' to patch things up all de time was de main reason I left."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Weaker Sex

"They tell me Simpson had quite a scrap with his wife last night."

"What was wrong with him?"

"I didn't hear."

"Liquor, do you suppose?"

"No, she licked him."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Call an Alienist

"Any insanity in the family?" asked the insurance doctor of Mrs. Suffragist.

"Well, no—only my husband imagines he is the head of the house."

—*The Crescent.*

Mighty Clever Method

Arthur hated having his photograph taken, but one day a thought struck him and he agreed to the long-dreaded ordeal.

The proofs came back. When his wife saw them she exclaimed, "Oh, Arthur, you have only got one button on your coat!"

"Thank heaven," he replied, "you've noticed it at last. That's why I had the photo taken."

Disarming Fate

"I notice Mrs. Simmons is having a new porch put on to her house," said Deacon Wood, polishing his glasses.

"Yes," said his wife, "she always wanted one clear across the house, but Silas never would build one, so the first thing she did with some of the insurance money was to have one."

The deacon looked at his paper thoughtfully for a moment, then remarked, "The Widder Davis is setting out a good many flowers, isn't she? She keeps getting seed catalogs at the post-office."

"Yes," replied his wife, "her heart's been set on a posy garden a good many years but I should almost think 'twould make Jed Davis turn over in his grave. He always thought flowers was such a foolish waste of time and money."

For a time the deacon was silent; then he said, "Wasn't that a new rubber-tired buggy I saw Prunella White in yesterday?"

"Yes," said his wife with animation, "and I'm glad she's got it at last. She rode round for years in an old farm wagon, though Leander could well afford a decent buggy for her and the girls, but if he'd lived they'd never have had one."

For a time the deacon remained sunk in thought; then he asked: "If you had a considerable sum of money to do just what you wanted with, Mandy, what would you get?"

"I'd have me a hardwood floor in that kitchen," his wife said firmly. "I never scrub that old floor but what I run my fingers full of slivers."

"Mandy," said her husband with fervor "you'll see the carpenters at work on that new floor to-morrow morning." And the deacon resumed his paper with a sigh of relief.

—*Onward.*

Then They Swapped

She could keep her secret no longer.

"Dearest," she exclaimed to her husband, "I can't wait until your birthday to tell you what I've bought you for a present.

"I've got you a new rug to put in front of my dressing table, and a bronze statuette for the drawing room mantlepiece!" And then she added, "Now, what are you going to get me?"

"Well," he replied contemplatively, "I think I shall get you a new razor and some ties."

His Doormat Love

It was one of those rare but not altogether extinct times when a man and his wife were holding a love-making conversation reminiscent of the good old days before the war.

As is usual with women when in a tender mood the deficiencies were forgotten for the moment and she was actually speaking well of him, strange and improbable as it may seem.

"Go on," he remarked teasingly, "if I were to die tomorrow you'd marry again in no time."

She wheeled from the gas range and said in a voice trembling with emotion, "I wouldn't wipe my feet on the best man who ever lived, except you."

And he went back to his work feeling real happy.

Real Danger

"I feel awfully anxious about my wife," said Jones to his friend; "she's out in this down-pour of rain."

"Oh, she'll be all right, old man," answered Brown, "she'll find shelter in some store."

"Yes," sighed Black, "that's what makes me anxious. She's got $10 of mine."

—*Good Hardware.*

Shake, Mister!

A crowd of loungers had assembled at the corner of the street when an excited little man suddenly rushed up, and, waving his arms wildly, exclaimed, "Who was it that I heard call my wife an ugly old hag?"

There was silence for a moment. Then a large, muscular, hefty man stepped to the front.

"I did," he said defiantly. "Wot about it, mister?"

The little man held out his hand and exclaimed meekly. "I admire your pluck. Shake. I have had the same opinion for years, but I have never dared to tell her."

No Likee To Washee

BLAKE: "Since my wife learned Mah Jong she's developed a craze for doing everything Chinese."

DRAKE: "I wish my wife would learn that game. Then maybe she'd wash my shirts."

Not Married Long

"What is a good cure for absent-mindedness?" asked a man of his doctor friend.

"Why, are you absent minded?" the physician retorted, laughing at the question.

"No," said his friend, "it's my wife. The poor dear makes the strangest mistakes. I gave her a $20 bill the other day with which to buy me some shirts and she came home with some shoes for herself."

Another Version

"What's the piece of cord tied around your finger for?" asked Ashe.

"My wife put it there to remind me to post her letter," replied Beech.

"And did you do it?"

"No, she forgot to give it to me."

Not a Spiteful Nature

White Wash, a negro, asked for a day off to bury his wife, and then a fortnight later he asked for another day off.

"What's up this time, Washington?"

"Ah's gettin' married, sah."

"Already? Why it's only two weeks since you buried your wife."

"Yes, sah, but Ah don't hold spite long."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

The Better Half

"Do I understand you to say," asked the magistrate, "that when you heard a noise you quickly got out of bed, turned on the light, and went to the head of the stairs—that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs and you did not see him? Are you blind?"

"Must I tell the exact truth?" asked the witness, as he mopped his perspiring face and blushed furiously.

"Yes, sir, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Well," replied the man, slowly, "my wife was in front of me."

—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

The Merchant

Picked the Wrong One

SHORT-SIGHTED LADY (*in grocery*): "Is that the head cheese over there?"

SALESMAN: "No, ma'am, that's one of his assistants."

—*Exchange.*

Sort of Vigilance Committee

MRS. TINDLE: "How do you always manage to have such delicious beef?"

MRS. SANDS: "I select a good, honest butcher, then I stand by him."

MRS. TINDLE: "You mean that you give him all your trade?"

MRS. SANDS: "No—I stand by him while he's cutting the meat."

—*The Inland Merchant.*

Getting Even

BARBER (*in hardware store*): "Gimme a box of carpet tacks."

HARDWARE DEALER: "How about a nice hammer—"

B.: "No, just tacks today—"

H. D.: "Got some fine saws—nice chisels, too. How about some bolts and nuts—"

B.: "No! No! Gimme my tacks, will ya?"

H. D.: "All right, but remember when I come to get a shave, don't try to talk me into a haircut, shampoo, massage and all the other trimmings."

Too Bad it Wasn't Twins

The little boy, sent to the butcher shop, delivered himself of his message in these words:

"Ma says to send her another ox-tail, please, an' ma says the last one was very nice, an' ma says she wants another off the same ox!"

What He Forgot

He had charged a customer for a cheese, and the customer disputed the charge.

"But it's down here," said the trader, pointing to a circle by which the article was symbolized.

"I don't care," retorted the customer. "I ain't had no cheese and I ain't going to pay for none."

"Well, what did you have anyway?"

"I had a grindstone you ain't charged me for."

"Oh, sure! It's a grindstone right enough. I forgot to put the hole in the middle."

—*Montreal Star.*

Customer Always Right

GENTLEMAN (*taking out pocketbook*): "Did you say the suit was fifty dollars?"

CLERK: "No, sir; forty-five."

THE BOSS: "Vy, James, I'm surprised at you! You know our slogan is 'De customer is always right.'"

—*Life.*

Wrong Again

CUSTOMER: "Where is the Corset Department?"

FLOORMAN: "Straight back."

CUSTOMER: "No. Straight front."

—*Tips & Taps.*

Barber Needed

DISGUSTED CUSTOMER: "I purchased, a short time ago, a bottle of your famous hair-restorer and I thought I would let you see the wonderful result.

ASSISTANT: "Dear me, sir! But whatever made you rub it on your chin?"

—*Passing Show, London.*

A Bit of Freshman Humor

"What a sad looking store."

"Why, because it has panes in the windows?"

"No, the books are in tiers."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Send No Flowers

A butcher had read considerable about "Milk from Contented Cows," and, wanting to keep up with the times, he placed this sign in his window: "Sausages from Pigs That Died Happy."

—*Holstein Breeder and Dairyman.*

One Account Settled

"I know every one of the tricks of your trade!" cried the angry credit customer to her grocer. "Do you think I have bought groceries fifteen years for nothing?"

"Well," said the grocer, "I shouldn't be at all surprised."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Quick Traveling

MERCHANT: "Did you tell that salesman I had gone to South America?"

BOY: "Yes; I told him you started this morning."

"Good! What did he say?"

"He wanted to know when you'd be back, and I told him not till after lunch."

—*The Boys' Outfitter.*

One Way to Advertise

A young matron, shopping, asked a butcher the price of hamburger steak.

"Twenty-five cents a pound," he replied.

"But at the corner store it is only twelve cents," said the customer.

"Well, why didn't you buy it there?"

"Because they haven't any."

"Oh, I see," said the butcher. "Ven I don't have it I sell it for 10 cents a pound."

Business Looking Up

DEALER: "What! You say Mrs. DeWitt bought a gallon of gasoline to kindle her kitchen fire! Didn't you tell her not to?"

CLERK: "No. I thought we might be able to sell her a new cook-stove."

—*Good Hardware.*

Substitute For Pink Pills

LITTLE GIRL: "Package of pink dye, please."

GROCER: "What do you want it for, woolen or cotton goods?"

LITTLE GIRL: "It's for ma's stomach. Doctor said she'd have to diet and she wants it a pretty color."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

He Kept His Job

"What's the dispute about?" demanded the proprietor. "Remember in this store the customer is always right."

"He says you are an old shark," explained the clerk.

—*Hi Tide.*

Heard In a Drugstore

"Gimme a tablet."

"What kinda tablet?"

"A yellow one."

"But what's the matter with you?"

"I want to write a letter."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Politeness Pays

Probably one of the most polite men in London is a certain butcher in a South Western suburb. Not long ago a lady customer in his shop laid her hand upon a joint of veal and said:

"I don't think your veal is quite so white as usual."

"Ah, madam," replied the butcher, "that is because you have your glove off. Put it on, and you will think differently."

It is, perhaps, needless to explain that the lady ordered the veal without any further objection.

He Had No Reply Ready

Minneapolis will never have anything on St. Paul. A man from Minneapolis came to St. Paul the other day just to look around and find fault. He approached a fruit-stand, picked up a large melon, and asked with a sneer:

"Is this the largest apple you have in St. Paul?"

"Hey," bellowed the owner of the fruit stand, "put that grape down."

Just Keep on Jumping

A weak but ambitious young man ventured to approach a reat merchant and inquire, "May I ask you the secret of uccess?"

"There is no easy secret," replied the merchant. "You ust jump at your opportunity."

"But how can I tell when my opportunity comes?"

"You can't," snapped the merchant. "You have to keep n jumping."

—Wall Street Journal.

Asked of a Storekeeper

"Why don't you advertise?"

"No, siree. I did once and it pretty near ruined me."

"How was that?"

"Why, people came in and bought durn near all the stuff I ad."

No Cause for Worry

HARDWARE DEALER: "When are you going to pay for that lectric washing-machine I sold you?"

MRS. BILLS: "Pay for it? Why, you said that in a short ime it would pay for itself!"

—Good Hardware.

For Mice Only

The customer, having coughed loudly and done all that customers usually do to signify their impatience, at last attracted the shop-keeper's attention.

"I want a mousetrap," he said, rather sharply; "a good one, and please be quick, for I want to catch a train."

The shopkeeper, who was an Englishman, looked at him coldly.

"I regret, sir," he said, "that my mousetraps are not guaranteed to catch trains."

We Are Looking for Him

A shoemaker had considerable trouble in getting his customers to claim and pay for their boots and shoes. In order to hurry up matters he put the following sign in his window:

"All boots and shoes left at this shop, and not claimed within 30 days, will be soled."

Not Fair

"I'm not surprised that you make such a splendid profit in your business," remarked the grocer to the coal dealer. "But it's hardly fair, you know."

"Hardly fair!" rejoined the other. "What do you mean?"

"Well," was the reply, "if I sell a pound of butter it goes to the purchaser, while if you sell a ton of coal it goes to the cellar!" —*The Progressive Grocer.*

Satisfaction Guaranteed

"Are you sure," asked the old woman, "that this century plant will bloom in a hundred years?"

"Positive, ma'am," answered the florist. "If it doesn't bring it right back."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

The Anxious Customer

"You are a chemist and druggist?"

"Yes,"

"You have been in business for several years?"

"Yes."

"Is that your diploma hanging there?"

"Yes."

"Then give me some tooth powder!"

—*Nagel's Lustige Welt, Berlin.*

So That's Explained

"Don't hang around here wasting time, now you've finished sweeping the shop," said the head of the store to the new boy. "You can be catching flies and shoving them into the new patent flytrap, so that it will be ready to put in the window."

Seeking Business

A Boston wholesale firm recently received the following letter from the British West Indies:

"These few lineas is to inform you that I will like to do some kind of business with you as soon as possabale Dear for I will like to have your sampale of kid and your other leather and also your prist list and let me know what is your smollest ordear for a first tame I hope to hear from you as soon as possabale."

Money Troubles

Tune to the Right

The following is an order mailed to a prominent piano company:

"Dear Sir:

"Please send me by mail a string for my piano. Have the string tuned to G, before you send it, as my husband can put it in, but he can't tune it. Mrs. X.

"P. S.—It's the G on the right side of the piano."

—*Science and Invention.*

A Study in High Finance

"But your father must have some profession or business,' said the kindly teacher to the youngster who had just started in the high school's first grade.

"I think he is a retired bankrupt," bleated the budding George Washington.

—*Jeweler's Circular.*

It Angered the Highlander

A Scot whose name was MacIntosh, and who was proud of the fact that he was directly descended from the chief of the clan, was having a dispute over the fare he owed a taxi driver. The man with the meter talked loud and harshly, and it angered the Highlander.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, proudly drawing himself up to his full height. "I'm a MacIntosh."

The taxi driver snorted. "I don't care if you're an umbrella," he said. "I'll have my rights."

Wouldn't Disappoint Him

JONES: "Whenever I have to borrow money I try to get it from a pessimist."

BROWN: "Why?"

JONES: "A pessimist never expects to get it back."

—*Pitt Panther.*

Not Ready—Yet

"Look, here, sir," said the landlord, "I'm sorry to press the point, but your bill is getting big. My motto is 'Pay as you go.'"

"Quite, quite," said the lodger, "but I've no intention of going yet."

Fair Exchange

"Hubby, this package has come C. O. D."
"Have you any money?"
"No."
"Well, give the man an I. O. U."

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Objective

"Wish I had enough money to get married."
"What would you want to do that for?"
"I wouldn't. I'd buy a car."

American Legion Weekly.

Pretense

TEACHER: "The sentence, 'My father had money,' is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be speaking in if you said, 'My father has money'?"

MARY: "Pretense."

—*Equitable Items.*

The Efficacy of Prayer

A western farmer was astonished to receive the following letter from his son in college:

"Dear Father—I am in a deuce of a hole. Kindly send me $100, and oblige. Your loving son, Pat.

"P. S.—After writing this letter I was so stricken with remorse that I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I can only pray that it will not reach you."

But who could be more astonished than the son to receive this reply:

"Dear Son—Your prayers are answered. The letter did not reach me.—Dad."

—*Earth Mover.*

Desperate

In his announcement on a Sunday morning the vicar regretted that money was not coming in fast enough, but he was no pessimist.

"We have tried," he said, "to raise the necessary money in the usual manner. We have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar can do."

—*Savannah News.*

Foresight

"At last Jim has been able to put a stop to his wife's extravagance."

"How did he manage it?"

"He warned her that if she didn't let up there'd be nothing left for alimony."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Below Par

"But, John, dear, before we were married you told me you were worth fifty dollars a week."

"I am, but the boss just gives me twenty."

—*Oregon Lemon Punch.*

Not Forgetting the Dr.

I am at a loss for a name for our baby boy, born on the first of the month.

Call him Bill, promptly suggested J. Fuller Gloom.

—*Kansas City Star.*

The Neighbors

Mrs. Murphy Fled

In a certain suburb there is a cottage the door of which must be raised a little to be opened and for this purpose a hatchet is generally used. One night a knock came to the door and a youngster was sent to see who was there.

"Who is it?" inquired the boy.

"It's me," said a voice outside.

The youngster, recognizing the voice, shouted back: "It's Mrs. Murphy; get the hatchet."

Mrs. Murphy didn't wait.

He Blindfolded The Hens

"How did you manage to get the weeds down so well in your garden?"

"I blindfolded the neighbor's hens, and they scratched out as many weeds as they did vegetables."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Hatching a Conspiracy

LITTLE GIRL: "Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she can borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen."

MRS. BROWN: "So you've got a hen sitting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens."

LITTLE GIRL: "No, ma'am, we don't. But Mrs. Smith is going to lend us a hen that's going to sit, and ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.

—*Progressive Grocer.*

Truly Remarkable

"Do you know that that wretched puppy of yours has broken through the fence and destroyed my dahlias?"

"Well, there's nothing very remarkable about that. If your dahlias had broken through the fence and destroyed my puppy the matter would be worth discussing."

What's th' Use?

The neighbor of a man noted for his extreme thrift saw him going down the road on a week day dressed in his Sunday clothes.

"What's up, Jim?" he called out. "Why the glad rags?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"News! What news?"

"Triplets!"

"Oh, so that accounts for—" began the neighbor, when the frugal one interrupted him:

"Yes, that accounts for my wearing these clothes. What in thunder's the use of trying to be economical!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Always Borrowing

It was the day of the school concert, and the audience consisted mainly of mothers, proud or envious, according to the parts that their children were playing. One small boy came on to the platform. Striking a bold attitude, he began:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!"

Whereupon one of the mothers turned to her companion.

"There, that's the Joneses' boy," she said tartly. "He wouldn't be his mother's son if he weren't trying to borrow something."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

She Sang The Birds Away

"I hope," said a lady to her neighbor over the suburban garden wall, "I hope my daughter's singing does not annoy you."

"On the contrary," came the sweet reply, "my husband and I appreciate it very much. It keeps the birds away from our berry bushes."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Preference

"Here comes Mrs. Gabbins. I think I'll have Nora tell her I'm out."

"Won't the still, small voice of conscience reproach you?"

"Yes, but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers."

LIBRARY

Both Closed

"So your neighbor Meek and his wife had a row over what kind of car they should get, he wanting an open car and she a sedan."

"Oh, yes, but the incident is closed."

"So is the car. I saw her out in it this morning."

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Seeds Were Inside

Over in a certain college city one morning, Perkins looked over his fence and said to his neighbor: "What are you burying there?"

"I'm just replanting some of my seeds, that's all," was the response.

"Seeds!" exclaimed Perkins angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."

"That's all right," came from the man on the other side of the fence. "The seeds are inside."

—*Hamilton* (*Ont.*) *Herald.*

The neighbors had been hearing a persistent man every evening practice on a cornet. He didn't get any better, and there was no thought that he ever would. Once in a while he strolled about, and as he was walking in leisurely fashion near Northeast Boulevard he met two women. One of them was known to him, but the other, a talented pianiste, had never met him, although she had frequently been obliged to endure his irritating practice.

"Mr. Allen Lane," said one woman, "I want you to meet Miss Tabor Road. You two ought to know each other—Miss Road is a fine pianiste."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Lane, apparently surprised. "You aren't the type I would think would play the piano."

"Oh," said the other woman, "Mr. Lane plays the cornet—you must have heard him."

"Yes," responded Miss Road, "I've heard him, and I don't think he looks like a cornet player, either."

Since that evening, Mr. Lane must have muffled his cornet, for the neighbors hear it not.

The Newspapers

Just Died—That's All

A cub reporter was hurried off to write up the murder of a rich manufacturer. He described the details graphically and concluded with the sentence, "Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all his loose money in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."

—*Boston Globe.*

The Old, Old Story

At the police hospital, Dr. Hodgdon administered an anecdote after which Officers Calvan and Hayden took the youth to the Los Angeleral General hospital.

—*Pasadena Post.*

No News at All

"What was there to it?" asked the city editor of the new reporter, who had been sent out to report a sudden death. "Nothing to write about," said the reporter. "The fellow was walking along when suddenly he threw up his hands and said, 'I am going to die.' Then he leaned up against the fence and made good."

—*Boston Globe.*

A Good Situation

A woman came to the advertisement office of a local newspaper a few days ago to insert an advertisement for a cook.

"It's three lines, isn't it?" she asked, having some experience in advertising for domestics.

"No," said the clerk, counting carefully, "it's just over three lines. We'll have to charge you for four. But you can put in four more words if you wish."

The seeker after "help" paused a moment in deep thought. "Four more words," she replied. "Oh, I have it. Put in 'policeman stationed opposite corner.'"

Recipe Was Perfect

"Are you the recipe editor?. Well, your paper said that if I left a stained tablecloth out on the line all night the stains would have disappeared by morning.

"Well, and haven't the stains gone?"

"Oh, yes; they've gone all right."

"Then what's your complaint, madam?"

"They've gone all right—and taken my tablecloth with them."

A Languid Reporter

Lincoln Stillwell, a London newspaper man, tells the story in his reminiscences of a reporter named Jewell who was gifted with a brilliant pen, but who was sadly lacking in ability to compute news values.

"I sent him down to report the launching of a steamship and he brought back the nearest thing to a Turner sunset that you could get in words. I was glowing with satisfaction over my judgment in having selected Jewell for the job when word was received that a staging, where masses of people were assembled, had fallen, throwing hundreds of spectators into the water. Many of them could not be rescued. There had been no hint of disaster in Jewell's masterpiece, and I demanded an explanation. 'Well,' said the languid reporter, 'I did see some people bobbing about in the water as I came away, but—'"

One automobile now in America to 6.6 persons.—*Headline.* There are too many of these sixth-tenths persons driving.

Fond du Lac Commonwealth.

Wanted a Different Coat

When the printer's messenger boy brought up the last issue of "Our Navy" for final correction it was found that one of the illustrations at the end of a certain article was too large to fit the space allowed it. So the editor, instructed the messenger to take the page back to the printer and ask him to insert a "smaller tailcut." Shortly after the messenger's arrival at the print shop the printer 'phoned and asked: "What did you tell that boy? He says I should run a 'swallow tail coat.'"

—Our Navy.

The Passing Throng

Didn't Recall Sitting Down

The gentleman farmer's fruit had been stolen and his only clew to the culprit was a fingerprint left on an unripe plum. He had a photographic enlargement made.

"Jake,' said the farmer on meeting the employe he suspected, "some one robbed my garden the other night."

"Did they, sir?" replied Jake, innocently.

"Yes," the farmer continued sternly, "but the thief left his mark behind him."

"You don't say so?" said Jake, nervously.

"Yes, I do. You see this?"—and the farmer produced the enlarged reproduction.

Jake paled visibly.

"I see 'tain't no good denying it," he said. "I pinched the fruit all right enough, but how you got that impression of the seat of my corduroys I'm hanged if I know."

—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Cuss Noah, Anyway

We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn to dark,
Cause Noah didn't swat the two,
That roosted in the ark.

—*The Travelers' Beacon.*

Should Have Tried Canada Dry

The boss recently received a letter from one of his clerks who was on a wedding trip: "I am sitting by Niagara Falls drinking it all in."

—*Good Hardware.*

On a Railroad Train

An optimist is a man who does a crossword puzzle with a fountain pen.

—*Moslic Topics.*

Another Ananias Yarn

"Carter is the most absent-minded chap I ever saw," remarked a clubman to a fellow-member.

"What's he been doing now?" inquired the other.

"Why, this morning he thought he'd left his watch at home, and then he took it out to see if he had time to go back and get it."

"That isn't as bad," said the second man reminiscently, "as the time when he left his office and put out a card saying he'd be back at 3 o'clock, and then finding he'd forgotten something, went back to his office, read the notice on the door and sat down on the stairs to wait until 3 o'clock."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Casey's More Illuminating

The track supervisor of a street railway company received the following note from one of its foremen, "I'm sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"

Only The Inventor

An engineer while explaining the operation of a machine in a factory got so annoyed at the interruptions of a certain man that he refused to continue, and walked away.

"Who is the fellow who pretends to know more than I do about that instrument?" he asked another man.

"Oh, he's the man who invented it!" was the answer.

Very Well Described

"Say, what kind of a fellow is Smith?"

"He's one of those fellows who always grabs the stool when there is a piano to be moved."

—*Aggie Squib.*

"Sy" or "Ys"

"There is something mysterious about the word 'psychic.'"

"Yes; but to me the most mysterious thing about it is the way they spell it."

—*Passing Show.*

Skilled, But Not Labor

"Just think! Three thousand seals were used to make fur coats last year."

"Isn't it wonderful they that can train animals to do such work."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

The Dutiful Cow

In an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston graveyard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

—*Sheridan (Wyo.) Post-Enterprise.*

Not A Solar Sundial

Mrs. Gilter had recently taken possession of her country house and was superintending the alterations herself.

"This sundial," she said, "is completely wasted here."

"Yes, mum," said the workman. "Where would you like me to put it?"

"Place it under the electric light in the hall," instructed Mrs. Gilter. "Then we can see what time it is at night."

New Book Agent Gag

"So Gayleigh's decided to quit flirting? Whatever made him make such a decision?"

"Oh, he was carrying on with a comely jane who turned out to be a book agent. Had to subscribe for a de luxe edition before he got through."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

C'est Tres Petite

"But, my dear madam, it's beginning to get very dark for taking that child's picture."

"Oh, surely there's enough light to take the picture of such a small baby!"

—*Journal Amusant.*

Safety First

A country minister was driving a spirited horse through a village when he overtook the local doctor and offered him a lift.

Ten minutes later the horse bolted, upset the carriage and spilled both men. The doctor rose to his feet and turned angrily toward the clergyman.

"What do you mean by inviting me to ride behind such an animal?" he demanded.

"Well," replied the minister, mildly, "it was lucky that this time there were no bones broken, but I always like to have a doctor with me when I drive that horse."

Only Ten Cents Worth

"Hello, old boy. How do you feel?"

"I swallowed a dime. Can you see any change in me?"

Then The Man Bit The Lady

"Madame," said the dignified gentleman, "your dog bit me on the ankle."

"He did?" cried the lady. "Oh, I must send for a doctor."

"Oh, I assure you it isn't as bad as—"

"You're the third person he's bitten today," broke in the lady. "I just know he isn't feeling well."

Inebriate Sympathy

Sam had been spending the evening with some friends, and he was very happy as he ambled home in the moonlight at 1 a.m.

Pausing to look in a shop window, he saw a dummy figure labelled, "Reduced to 30 cents."

"Poor old chap," said Sam, sympathetically, "I've been reduced to that myself before now."

We've Sometimes Thought So

"Accomplishments may be dangerous," said Uncle Eben. "If an owl could talk he wouldn't have any mo' reputation fo' wisdom dan a parrot."

—*Washington Star.*

He Knew From Experience

Down in Kentucky lives the Ogle family, unterrified moonshiners. One day along came a couple of "revenooers," who stopped at their mountain farmhouse.

"What's your name, boy?" one of the revenue agents demanded of George Ogle.

"What's your father's name?"

"Sam Ogle."

"Where is he?"

"Up there in the hollow."

"What's your father doing up there in the hollow?"

"Makin' moonshine."

"Well, son, we'll give you a dollar apiece if you take us where your dad is making moonshine," one of the revenue agents went on.

"You're on," the boy replied. "But I want the money before we start."

"Aw, that's all right," the revenue agent replied, "I'll give you the two dollars when we come back here."

"Naw, you don't!" the boy retorted. "I want my money before we start."

"Why?" the revenue agent wanted to know.

"Because," the son of the house of Ogle replied, "you all ain't goin' to come back!"

A Valuable Course

PROFESSOR: "Too bad! One of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is, I can't think of his name."

—*The Exponent.*

Not Quite As Bad As That

At a recent Union Agricultural Show in Worcester, it was explained to the ignorant that a nectarine is a freak peach, which is all peach inside, but for some reason has a thin smooth skin instead of the usual furry one outside. For this reason, one session at this show broke up in disorder when one facetious fruit grower defined a nectarine as a "flapper fruit—a peach without any clothes on."

—*Boston Globe.*

Only Lazy

A kind-hearted gentleman, hearing a dog howling mournfully, decided to investigate the animal's ailment. He found the dog sitting calmly upon his haunches but still emitting agonized yelps.

"What ails your dog?" he asked the hound's owner.

"Oh, he's just lazy," returned the owner unconcernedly.

"But laziness won't make a dog howl."

"Yes, but that dog is sitting on a sand-burr."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Harold Spender of the Manchester Guardian tells of his first meeting with the late president of the American Federation of Labor, as follows: "I met Sam Gompers in New York. The introduction occurred in a strange way. It was at one of those very public luncheons in which the Americans delight so much. I was talking rather freely about American foreign trade when my right-hand neighbor, whom I had not closely observed, suddenly remarked, "You have not mastered your facts!"

"I turned to find myself flanked by a short plain man with shrewd, tired eyes and an untidy head of scrubby hair.

"'My facts,' I said, 'were taken from the publications of your Government!'"

"So much the worse for the facts!" he said.

—*Boston Globe.*

Carnivorous Tendency Cured

She was visiting a certain zoo and gathering as much information about the animals as was possible in one short afternoon.

"Are these bears carnivorous?" she inquired of a keeper who happened to be standing near.

"Well," replied the keeper, slowly, "they was when they arrived, mum, but they've been all right since we cleaned 'em down with carbolic."

Might Reduce The Negative

CUSTOMER: "I look too stout in this photograph."

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Perhaps I developed that one too much."

Involuntary Philanthropy

A Holyoke man in Worcester found that he had spent all his money, and began looking about for a chance to earn some. Seeing a lot of men digging for the foundation of a new building, he asked the foreman if he could go to work.

"Sure," said the foreman, "help yourself to a shovel."

Picking up an idle shovel the newcomer worked away for a couple of hours. Finally, when he paused for a rest, one of the men who was working beside him said:

"I don't seem to know you—where do you live?"

"I live in Holyoke," replied the newcomer.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" asked the other. "All us Worcester men are giving a day's work free to help build the new Presbyterian Church."

Modern Vocabulary

"Take 'I'll say' and 'I'll tell the world' away from some people and you cut their conversation just about fifty per cent."

"I hope to tell you. Ain't it the truth?"

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

By Deduction

SHE: "Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it?"

HE: "I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were males and the other half females."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Cook's Language

"Does your new Chinese cook speak good English?"

"No, he speaks broken china."

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

Sure Death

THE POLICEMAN: "What do you think caused his death?"

THE WIFE: "He was a very absent-minded man; perhaps he forgot to breathe."

—*Le Pele-Mele (Paris).*

He Certainly Would

POET: "Just hear those trees in the orchard sighing in the breeze!"

PLUMBER: "Huh! I guess maybe you'd be sighin' too if you was as full of green apples as them trees is."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Latest in Foot Wear

SHE: "But you can't go out in the rain, John, dear—your rubbers leak."

HE: "Oh! That's all right. I've pumps inside of them."

—*Tips.*

Honor Among Thieves

FIRST STICK-UP: "Bill, I gotta confession to make. That last job we did, when we bumped that bank messenger off, I cheated you on the split. Here's the fifty bucks I done you out of."

SECOND STICK-UP: "That's right, kid. Allus be on the level. Money you get that way never does you no good."

—*Toronto Goblin.*

Plenty More Chances

"Officer, catch that man running away there! He tried to kiss me!"

"It's all right, miss," said the policeman. "There's sure to be another along in a minute."

Getting Down to Earth

HAPPY: "I've lived on vegetables for two weeks."

HARRY: "That's nothing. I've lived on earth for twenty years."

—*Washington Columns.*

All Cattle Please Read

The following sign appears on a bridge near a Pacific coast city:

"Cattle unaccompanied by driver are forbidden to cross this bridge."

Not Very Inviting

The French aristocrats were not always conspicuously careful in their personal habits. A visitor to a Parisian grande dame remarked to her hostess, "But how dirty your hands are." The great lady regarded her hands doubtfully, as she replied, "Oh, do you think so? Why, you ought to see my feet!"

—*Off the Hoof.*

At the Beach

Maria was not beautiful,
  In spite of paints and salves;
But yet this bachelor girl possessed
Two very handsome calves.
These two would always follow her
  And cater to her whims.
Oh, no, they were not cattle, and
  I'm not discussing limbs.
The calves that ever walked with her
  Learned wisdom from her lips,
And they were simple college lads
  Off on pleasure trips.

Haughty and Evasive

Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, sat in the lounge of a New York hotel one evening with a New York banker.

"Yes," he was saying, "It's a powerful fertile country down round Carter Hall. Why I know woods down there where the trees grow so close that you can't shove your hand between the trunks. And game. Why, I've seen deer in those woods with a ten-foot spread of antlers."

"But, colonel," said the banker, "how can the deer get those antlers between those trunks?"

Colonel Carter drew himself up, "That, sah," he said, "is their business."

Ennui

WILLIE: "Gee, I'm tired."
WEARY: "Whatcha been doin'?"
WILLIE: "Watchin' some fellers workin'."

Couldn't Miss It

"Is Mr. Perkins at home?" inquired the caller.

"Which one, sir?—there are brothers living here," said the maid.

For a moment the caller looked puzzled, then he had an idea.

"The one who has a sister living in St. Louis," he explained.

—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

Optimistic

Young Mr. Bean was interviewing his sweetheart's father on the subject of marrying the young woman.

"Where are you employed?" asked the old gentleman suspiciously. "Have you any chance for promotion?"

"Oh, the best in the world," replied young Bean with enthusiasm. "Except for the office boy, I now hold the lowest position in the firm."

—*Poly Press.*

Made the Wires Hot

"I gave it to that fellow straight, I can tell you," boasted Smith. "He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct, and I called him all the names in the dictionary and a lot of others as well."

"And didn't he try to hit you?" asked Jones.

"No, he didn't; and when he tried to answer me back, I just hung up the telephone receiver and walked away."

Eleven Over and Seven Down

CROSS: "A rent is the same as a tear, isn't it?"

WORD: "Not by a jugful. I can't pay my rent because I spent all my money on a tear."

A Real Pumper

"Hello, Sam! Glad to see you. What are you doing now? Still pumping the church organ?"

"Yes, sir, I'm still pumping the organ. An' I'm getting to be a pretty fine pumper. The other day they had a big organist over from New Haven, and I pumped a piece he couldn't play."

He Did, No Doubt

There was an old man who never took any pride in his personal appearance. His wife was eternally after him to clean up and dress up. One day as he was going to town, he thought to himself, "I'll get me a new suit of clothes and surprise the old lady." So he stopped at the bridge and making a bundle of his old clothing cast them down stream.

After having a good swim he came back to the buggy for his new outfit. The buggy was still there, but the clothes were gone. The old fellow stood in deep perplexity for some time. Then he jumped into the buggy and said, "Get up. We'll go home and surprise the old lady, anyhow!"

Shaming Ananias

Two men were boasting about their brothers. The first one said, "My brother once went to a billiard match, picked up a ball in his right hand and another in his left, squeezed them, and the result was powder.

"That's nothing," said the other. "My brother once went to a farm and he took a bull in the left hand, and one in the right, he squeezed them; result—bottle of meat extract."

Why He Limped

A notoriously absent-minded man was observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A friend meeting him said, "Good evening. How are you?"

"Well," replied the absent-minded one. "I thought I was very well when I left home, but now I don't know what's the matter with me. I've been limping for the last half-hour."

Just So

COUNSEL: "You say that the fence is eight feet high and that you were standing on the ground—not mounted on a ladder or anything?"

WITNESS: "I do."

COUNSEL (*triumphantly*): "Then perhaps you will kindly explain how you, a man little over five feet, could see over a fence eight feet high and watch the prisoner's action."

WITNESS (*calmly*): "There's a hole in the fence."

Blood Tells

Young Benson was calling on the village belle one evening. Her father, a crusty old curmudgeon, stumped into the parlour just as things were getting pleasant and sat down in a rocker by the stove.

"Looks like snow, sir," said young Benson, trying to be sociable.

"Nuthin' of the kind," grunted the old man.

Benson was squelched. A terrible silence reigned. Then the old man by the stove awoke out of a kind of reverie. He looked at Benson hard and said, "What's your name, young man?"

"Livermore Benson, sir," said the visitor.

"What? Old Reuben Benson's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said the old man. "It may snow—it may snow."

No Foreigner

A certain Back Bay bootblack is a sociable chap and his customers often chat with him. "You're a foreigner, aren't you?" one man asked. "No; no foreigner," was the reply. "American from de other side."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Couldn't Prove it by Him

SHE: "I wonder if you remember me? Years ago you asked me to marry you."

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROF: "Ah, yes, and did you?"

—*The Hudsonian.*

Who Would Do Less

Two young women boarded a crowded street car and were obliged to stand. One of them, to steady herself, took hold of what she supposed was her friend's hand. They had stood thus for some time, when, on looking down, she discovered that she was holding a young man's hand. Greatly embarrassed, she exclaimed, "Oh, I've got the wrong hand!"

Whereupon the man, with a smile, stretched forth his other hand, saying, "Here is the other one, miss."

Soothing Amendment

The fortune-teller was sending cold streams of horror down her victim's back as she predicted the bad things in store for him in the future. "You will die in a year!" she hissed. "This line in your palm tells me so."

"Help!" gasped the victim. "It surely cannot be as bad as that?"

"As I said," continued the seer, "you will die in a year—but in what year I cannot say."

Elements In Commotion

The recent earthquakes revived the story in a small town of a quake some 50 years ago which was even severer than the last one. A well-known citizen, "Jock" Stoddard, was in the barber's chair in the second story of a wooden block and the barber was just getting ready to use the razor.

At the first tremor the patron rushed downstairs into the street, his face white with lather and his manly form inclosed in a big checked apron. As some of the street gamins began to laugh at his predicament the man sternly reproved them by shouting, "Boys, less hilarity. The elements are in commotion."

Elysium

The young performers were having a debate, and when they had all agreed that England was just about as bad as it could be, a grim-faced man arose.

"What you seem to want, friends, is a place where every one has got to be good by law."

"That's it," agreed the reformers. "Where smoking is not allowed and such a thing as drink is unknown. Where no one need worry about food and clothes. Where every one has to go to church and every one keeps regular hours."

"Oh, to find such a place," said a soulful fellow.

"Easily found," replied the grim man. "I've just come out from doing twelve months in one."

Condensed, But Clear

A message from the railroad section foreman to the road master said, "No. 6 did not whistle. Send me a new hand car."

"Three Shots for Five"

A man who claimed to be an expert in regard to Oriental pottery was invited by a friend to inspect his collection.

Many really fine specimens were produced for the self-styled expert's inspection, but he did not seem particularly impressed.

Finally his attention was attracted by a vase standing on a cabinet in a far corner of the room.

"Ah!" he said, examining it closely. "Here you have something really valuable. Chinese of the Ming dynasty, I should say."

"That?" replied the collector. "Ah, I won that at an amusement park."

They Meant Business

A man slipped on a banana peel and executed a very funny fall, not being hurt, as it turned out, but having his dignity somewhat ruffled.

When he recovered a moment later a friend was holding his hat and a number of people had formed a circle.

"What do these idlers want?" he snarled.

"They are not idlers," explained his friend soothingly. "Here's a doctor who wants to look you over, a lawyer ready to bring suit for you and a producer of comic films who would like to sign you up."

—*Seacoast News.*

A Necking Party

CHIEF OF POLICE: "What! You mean to say this fellow choked a woman to death in a well-lighted cabaret in front of over a hundred and fifty people? Didn't anybody interfere?"

OFFICER: "No, cap, everybody thought they were dancing."

Good Reason

A new suburbanite was asked why he did not make a garden.

"I prefer," he replied, "to depend on the grocer for my vegetables. When I ask him for beans, he doesn't give me jimsonweed instead."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

No Law Agin' Undressin'

County Constable to young lady just ready to dive into a lake—"Pardon me, Miss, but swimming is not allowed here."

YOUNG LADY: "Why didn't you tell me before I got undressed?"

CONSTABLE: "Well, there ain't no law agin' undressin'."

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

As Good As Many

A group of angry and impatient men were inquiring why the 8:47 was not at the platform at 9:55.

A bystander supplied an adequate explanation.

"Bill can't remember where he put the engine last night," he said.

Easy Mark

A man in a mental hospital sat dangling a stick, with a piece of string attached, over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and, wishing to be affable, remarked, "How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

Going Prepared

YOUNG MAN: "I want half-a-dozen engagement rings, assorted sizes."

JEWELLER: "One is usually enough at a time, sir."

YOUNG MAN: "I know; but I'm going down to the seaside for a couple of weeks."

Movie Rights Too

PUGILIST (*in street car*): "Yer on my foot!"

TEAMSTER: "Well, wat abaht it?"

"Fer $50,000 and the movie rights I'd show ye what abaht it!"

—*Judge.*

Qualified

"I would consider only a marriage which offered me security and protection."

"That's all right; I'm an insurance agent and my father is a policeman."

—*London Opinion.*

Platform and Stage

He Was Doubtful

STAGE MANAGER: "Go forward man; can't you hear them crying "Author! author!"

TIMID PLAYWRIGHT: "I—Just so. B-but what are their ah—intentions?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Love's Labor Lost

A young playwright brought to Whitford Kane, the character actor, his latest effort.

"I want you to read this for me," he requested. "I have been writing this play the last two years."

Mr. Kane read it.

"Too bad," he muttered, "too bad. All work and no play."

Afraid of His Curiosity

A Hollywood motion-picture director was trying to persuade a super to wrestle with a lion. "You needn't be afraid," he said; "the beast is perfectly tame. He never tasted raw meat."

"No, perhaps not," replied the perspiring actor. "But that doesn't mean that he may not have curiosity."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A Poor Choice of Words

"I'll see you after the show," said a theatrical manager to Richard Mansfield.

"After the show!" repeated the great actor, all dignity. "Are we acrobats?"

"After the performance," corrected the other hastily.

"The performance? Are we trained seals, then?"

"Sorry," apologized the crushed manager; "I'll see you after the play, sir."

"I shall be pleased to see you then," answered Mansfield.

Died Too Suddenly

The Russian play was well on toward the 14th scene of the fifth act. Alexandrovna Petropavnitchka Kossikorkoovitch has been sobbing for three days. The old and imbecile man of law had told her of the death of her lover.

"Tell me, Serge," she said, "as he lay dying, did he murmur my name?"

"Part of it," he answered, groaning.

It Shone For Her

"Louise nearly broke up the show last night."

"How was that?"

"She powdered her nose and used the shiny bald head of the man in front of her for a mirror."

Joseph's Show

TEACHER: "Can any boy tell me the earliest reference in history to a theater?"

TOMMY: "Yes, teacher; we read in the Bible that Joseph was taken from the family circle and put into the pit."

—*American Boy*

A Surenuff Midget

The circus proprietor was anxious to engage a dwarf for exhibition purposes, and an agent had assured him that he could put him in touch with the very man.

"You're sure he's a real midget?" asked the showman.

"Real midget, my boy!" exclaimed the agent. "Why, he's so short that every time his feet ache, he thinks he's got neuralgia!"

Business Was Good

An actor in a stock company, playing in an inland town, sent a suit of evening clothes to the tailor with instructions to "let it out." He left the suit for some time, but, needing it in a hurry, he went after it himself. "How about my clothes?" he asked.

"Most successful," said the tailor, rubbing his hands, "I've managed to let them out several times at a dollar each time."

A Concert-ed Rush

He had been considerably delayed by a prolonged business engagement, and when he arrived at the concert hall, where he had been due over half an hour before, the doorkeeper refused to let him in.

"The concert has already begun, sir," he explained, respectfully enough.

"The singer is now giving her third song, and so I cannot possibly let you in."

The man was rather indignant, but kept his temper.

"But I'll step very quietly," he said. "I shall make no disturbance."

"It isn't that sir," answered the doorkeeper, confidentially. "You see, the trouble is that if the audience see the door open they might all rush out."

Too Realistic

"Did you enjoy the amateur dramatic show last night?"

"Well, I thought it was too realistic."

"Really?"

"Yes," it said on the program, "'One hour is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts,' and it actually did."

—*Windsor Magazine.*

Soft Pedal Preferred

A man determined to begin in business as a touring theatrical manager. He knew nothing about the stage, but bought a musical comedy, engaged a company, and started rehearsals. At the end of the first performance, the conductor turned to him and said, "Well, what do you think of it, guv'nor?"

"It's all too loud," he replied.

The conductor pointed to the score, and told him that it was marked "Forte." Whereupon the "guv'nor" replied, "Forty, is it? Well, make it thirty-five."

The Simplest Method

"What's the best way to appeal to audiences?"

"First find out what they think about something," answered the orator, "and then tell 'em they're perfectly right."

—*Washington Star.*

The Thilly Thingth!

A minor actress was given a small speaking part in a curtain-raiser. The young woman spoke with quite a pronounced lisp, apparently unaware of the fact, and the writer of the playlet worked in a lisp in the few lines that were given to her. After the first rehearsal he asked her how she liked her part.

"Fine," was the reply, "but, there'th one thing I think rather thilly about it. Why do you make me play it with a lithp?"

Our English Cousins

TEMPERANCE LECTURER: What is the curse of Britain to-day? What brings man bleary-eyed to his work? What makes women neglect their children? Yes—and what is wrecking half the happy homes in our land? What is it, gentlemen?"

VOICE FROM THE CROWD: "Crossword puzzles!"

—London Passing Show.

"Do you believe there is anything in telepathy?"

"I shouldn't like to believe anything of the kind," answered the spellbinder. "When I am making a speech, I want good listeners, but no mind-readers."

—Washington Star.

A Yawning Gap

The orchestra was practicing the composer's long and tedious piece when he arrived.

"What's this?" he demanded from the doorway. "I can hear only the violins, not the wind instruments."

"It's too hard a job for the wind instruments," replied the orchestra leader. "They can't blow and yawn at the same time."

His Zero Hour

Acting in a drama in a provincial theatre, the hero had to spring from some rocks into a river at the back of the stage.

During one performance, the mattress into which he had to fall was missing, and he fell with a crash onto the boards.

He was equal to the occasion, however, and jumping up exclaimed: "Aha! So the river has frozen."

Strategy

"Sir," said the young man with enthusiasm, as he seized the lecturer's hand and shook it warmly. "I certainly enjoyed your lecture last night very much indeed."

"I am glad to hear that," said the lecturer, "but I didn't see you there."

"No," admitted the youth, "I wasn't there."

"But," said the puzzled speaker, "how could you enjoy my lecture if you were not there?"

"Oh, I bought tickets for my girl's parents and they both went."

—*The Family Grocer.*

Coming Down Gradually

"That idiot, Stephigh, considers himself the greatest actor on earth," said Briggs.

"Is that so?" inquired Robinson. "He's getting strangely modest. He used to consider himself the greatest actor that ever lived."

Happy Thought

"I can't use your play, sir. It's too long for the stage."

AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHT: "But, I say—aw—look—here—aw—can't you lengthen the stage, you know?"

—*White Mule.*

Made Good

"The speaker who has just closed," said the president of the Health Congress, "is a striking example of the efficacy of the doctrines that he so eloquently advocates. Hale and hearty at eighty years of age, he could tire out many a man younger than himself."

A voice from the audience:

"He did."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

They Were Not

USHER: "Singles only."

LADY: "I'll take three if they're near to one another."

—*California Pelican.*

Easily Understood

After the amateur theatrical, the leading man was receiving congratulations from a friend.

"How did you enjoy the show?" he asked.

"It was simply great," was the enthusiastic reply. "Why, the way you acted Hamlet, anybody could see why Ophelia went crazy and drowned herself."

—*Santa Barbara News.*

Should Have Been Marble

STAGE HAND (*to manager, sotto voce*): "Shall I lower the curtain?"

MANAGER: "Why?"

STAGE HAND: "One of the livin' statues has the hiccups."

Invited the Gander

A traveling theatrical company was starting to parade in a small New England town when a big gander from a farmyard near at hand waddled to the middle of the street and began to hiss.

One of the double-in-brass actors turned toward the fowl and angrily exclaimed:

"Don't be so quick to jump at conclusions. Wait till you see the show."

He Was Cynical

MOVIE ATTENDANT: "Madam, take this opportunity to see 'Love Eternal.'"

LADY: "But I have only an hour to spare."

ATTENDANT: "Well, it won't last much longer than that."

—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen).*

Except in the Movies

On the screen a husky at a lumber-camp mess table had just pinched the new waitress on the cheek, and she had retorted by breaking a plate over his head.

"Why, mamma!" A child's voice penetrated the darkness of the theater. "That's no way to act at the dinner-table, is it?"

—*Country Gentleman.*

Politics

Democratic Asylum

A newly elected superintendent of an asylum was strolling around the grounds, when one of the patients came up to him and said:

"We all like you better than the last man, sir."

"Thank you," replied the new superintendent, pleasantly, "and why?"

"Well," replied the lunatic, "you seem to be more like one of us."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Dad Knows

"Pa, what does it mean here by 'Diplomatic Phraseology'?"

"My son, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy. But, if you tell her that her face would stop a clock, you're in for it."

—*N. Y. Washington Columns.*

On The Run

"I made a political speech in Carnegie Hall last night!"

"Really! How did you come out?"

"Limping, but wasting no time."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

These Changing Times

"Politicians used to cater to the plain people."

"Well?"

"But now we must consider the good-looking vote."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

We All Feel This Way

"Ain't you goin' to vote this year, Lew?"

"Not after hearin' what each candidate says will happen if t'other is elected."

—*Chaff.*

Saved By a Hair

Two men were becoming abusive in the course of a political quarrel.

"I think," cried one of them, "that there is just one thing that saves you from being a bare-faced liar."

"What's that?" asked the other.

"Your whiskers," was the reply.

—*Tit Bits* (*London*).

True To His Trust

A prominent attorney for a mammoth corporation had been bitten by the political bug and was making his first race for Congress. He had just finished a particularly effusive address before a large country audience and was receiving the usual congratulations. Among those who came up to him was an old farmer who had heard political speeches for fifty years.

"Son," said the farmer, "that was a good speech up till the last sentence, but if ye don't retract that last sentence ye'll sure get beat."

"Why, what was the matter with it?"

"Well, ye said if elected ye'd be true to yer Trust, an' that's just what a lot of us has been afraid of."

—*Judge.*

Possibly He'll Get It

"I see there's some talk of having the people vote at the next State election upon the question of abolishing capital punishment. Would you vote to abolish it?"

"No, sir; capital punishment was good enough for my ancestors, and it's good enough for me."

—*Washington Star.*

Situation Well Handled

An election candidate was addressing a crowded meeting when a heckler demanded to know if he were in favor of prohibition.

"I am," began the candidate (cheers from the temperance supporters) "not," he went on (prolonged cheers from the rest of the audience) "going to tell you," he concluded.

Then there was silence from every one.

An Exact Definition

This was actually overheard in Devon. Two workmen were discussing politics.

"I dunno what a Socialist is," said one of them.

"Then I'll tell 'ee," replied the other. "Yew've got a shilling and yew gives me 'alf; I've got 'alf-a-crown, and I keeps it."

A Political Conscience

In an election bribery trial, a witness testified that he had received $25 to vote for a Republican candidate, and also $25 to vote for the Republican candidate's Democratic rival.

The judge who was hearing the case asked with astonishment:

"And for whom did you vote?"

The witness, with injured dignity in every line of his face, answered with great earnestness:

"I voted according to my conscience!"

And the judge almost fell off the bench.

Danny Divide

DAN: "So you believe in equal ownership now, Pat?"

PAT: "Sure I do. Divide everything equal; it's the only way."

DAN: "You mean if you had two horses you would give me one?"

PAT: "Sure I would."

DAN: "And if you had two cows, would you give me one?"

PAT: "Of course I would."

DAN: "And if you had two pigs, would you give me one?"

PAT: "Go away with you. You know I got two pigs."

The Radio

Bought The Wrong Thing

A new baby had arrived in a certain household, and it was expected that the little brother would give it a hearty welcome.

Instead, he was very annoyed when the news was announced and, going into his mother's room, remarked, with a frown, "That is not right, spending money on a baby, when we've been wanting a radio so long."

His Radiography

TEACHER: "You'll have to stay in after school and work on your geography lesson. You didn't locate a single one of the cities."

WILLIE: "I can't locate them, but I know how to tune in on the whole blame lot."

—Oil Pull.

It's Getting That Way

The modern tendency is to keep the same apartment year after year. It's too much trouble to tear down the radio set."

—Penn. Register.

"Are you going to broadcast your speeches?"

"I haven't decided," answered the senator. "I don't like to divide attention. I've noticed that when a speech is put on the air instead of saying, 'Wasn't it a wonderful speech?' everybody says, 'Isn't radio a wonderful invention?'"

—Washington Star.

Young America

Little Bobby, who had been taken into the country for a day's outing, saw a spider spinning a web between two tall weeds. "Hey Pop," he yelled, "come on over here and see this bug putting up a wireless."

Not In His Geography

A bill collector edged into a New York apartment, but could get no attention from the head of the house or his wife, both being hitched up to radio sets. The following conversation was going on: "Wotcha got, Liz?"

"Walla Walla. Wotcha got?"

"Saskatchewan."

"Furriners, hey?" remarked the bill collector. "But what nationality is this?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Well Broadcasted

Here lie the remains of a radio fan,
Now mourned by his many relations;
He went to a powder mill, smoking his pipe,
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.

An Airfull

"The nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day"—
Will expand more and more while the people next door
Are making the radio play.

Al Falfa: "I've found a way to keep my hired man all summer."

Al Sike: "Buy 'im a radio?"

Al Falfa: "Nope; buyin' the parts for one. He's goin' to put it together in the evenings."

—*Science and Invention.*

Now You Tell One

One time there was a family that had a radio. They were so delighted with the way it worked that they called in all the neighbors one night to listen, and the thing worked better that night than it ever did before, so that all the guests were fully convinced that the radio was as wonderful as that family had said it was.

Now see how big a lie you can tell!

Sort of a "B Eliminator"

A chap was arrested for assault and battery and brought before the judge.

JUDGE (*to prisoner*): "What is your, name, your occupation and what are you charged with?"

PRISONER: "My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

JUDGE: "Officer, put this guy in a dry cell."

—*American Boy.*

"My mother went to the sympathy concert," boasted the first little girl. "Did yours?" "Didn't need to," responded the second little girl. "We get it all over the radiator."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Uses a Good Plug, Too

HOLCOMBE: "Why do you call Milton a radio fisherman?"

METTLER: "Why, he is charged with enthusiasm, is a very broad caster, and he designs hook-ups that will catch anything in the waves."

—*Science and Invention.*

Regenerative

CRAWFORD: "I see a burglar has been arrested for stealing a lot of radio sets."

CRABSHAW: "The chump! He should have known they would squeal on him."

—*Science and Invention.*

Volunteer Assistance

FIRST LADY: "We got a hundred dollar radio set and had the electrician come in and attach it."

SECOND LADY: "That's nothing. We had a five hundred dollar set and the sheriff came and attached it."

—*Tennessee Tar.*

Universal Knowledge

What we can't understand about the radio is how the static knows you have company that night.

—*Roanoke World News.*

Getting D X

"Doesn't it strike you that's a queer-shaped harp that new woman-angel is lugging round?" asked St. Peter, with a perplexed frown.

"That isn't a harp, that's a wireless set, answered Gabriel, with a pitying look at his superior. "She's enjoying her husband's howls from Station HLL."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Static Explained

FRIEND: "What a horrible noise comes from that radio set!"

RADIO FAN: "Well, I guess you would make just as bad a noise if you were coming out of ether."

—Weekly Scotsman.

Rising Generation

Paint Makes the Girl

A big brother was talking to his friend Bill one night, "Old thing, is that a new girl you are taking around?"

"No," said his friend, "Just my old one repainted."

In Reverse

When a woman dropped in one evening to chat with a friend, she was surprised to find the husband, enveloped in an apron, washing the dishes.

"Where's the wife?" the visitor asked cheerily.

"Over at the barber shop," came the grumpy reply.

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Family of Twelve

"You ought to be proud to be the father of such a splendid family," said the principal of the boarding school to her visitor.

"What on earth——? Large family?" gasped the father.

"Yes, indeed, your daughter has had eleven of her brothers here this term to take her out. She expects another tomorrow."

Flaming Youth's Fire Apparel

There she stood in her nightie, and the building blazed merrily. A fireman rushed in and she shrank back. "Come, come, I must save you!" he cried.

"I'm not dressed," she pleaded.

"Oh, that's all right. Here's the scissors. Cut some of that cloth out from around the neck, and whack off the sleeves, and you'll be presentable."

—*Frivol.*

This Flapper Age

BERTIE: "Do you know, you look like Helen Brown."

GERTIE: "Yep, but I look worse in white."

An Agonizing Evening

All in one evening she offered the following, while dancing with me:

"The hall is so hot I'm cooked."
"I'm crazy about dancing."
"I was petrified when I saw him."
"That light is so glaring it makes me blind."
"Can't you shut the window? I'm froze stiff."
"You make me sick."
"I nearly had a fit when he told me about that joke."
"That last partner I had drives me insane."
"I simply died laughing."
"I was perfectly dumb."
"I'm so tired, I'm just dead."

Then, when I looked at her, she seemed as alive and healthy as ever.

She Doesn't Need To

Anyhow, the flapper does not faint to attract attention, as was the custom of her grandmother.

—*Penn. Register.*

Along Broadway

Too many girls in the modern chorus. You have to see the show twice—once to pick out the girl you want to watch and the second time to watch her.

Might Try Night Hawks

The young hopeful of the family was just entering the age of late nights and notions.

One morning after late hours the night before, the youth announced, "Paw, I've a notion to raise chickens."

Paw drew his eyebrows together and gruffly commented: "Better try owls. Their hours would suit you better."

—*Indianapolis News.*

She Couldn't Wander

Modern Girl (*telephoning home at 3 a.m.*): "Don't worry about me, mother. I'm all right. I'm in jail."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

It's the Man Who Pays

ETHEL: "Did you have the porch seat painted yesterday?"
FATHER: "Yes, why?"
ETHEL: "Well, Harold and I sat on it last night and Harold got paint on his trousers."

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

Customs Change

"Young people of today never know when to come home."
"No, I'll say they don't. When I was their age I always got my breakfast after I got up, but my young folks get theirs before they go to bed."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Where Is He?

"What's become of the fellow who used to cheat himself at solitaire?"
"Still up to his old tricks. He's blacking in the crossword puzzle squares he can't fill with the right letters."

—*Judge.*

The Salesman

Well, What Change?

He was holding forth from the summit of a soapbox.

"These pills, ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "are one of the wonders of the world! They are absolutely marvelous. Why, in my own case, let me tell you that four years ago I was a miserable wreck; my face was yellow and haggard, my figure bent and I had the look of a hounded man. What I ask, and I ask it again and again—what has brought this change in me?"

The silence was broken by one of the audience, who mildly inquired:

"What change?"

Was Never Insulted

A young salesman set out for the first time to get orders in the west of England. At Plymouth he met an old commercial traveler, who asked him how he had got on.

"Badly," he replied. "I was insulted at every place I visited."

"That's strange," said the other. "I have been on the road forty years; I have had my samples flung into the street; I have been taken by the scruff of the neck and pitched downstairs; I don't deny that I have been rolled in the gutter, but insulted, never!"

—*The Hartford Agent.*

Arithmetic Correct

CUSTOMER: "I want two pounds of four-penny nails."

NEW CLERK: "We're out of four-penny nails, but I can let you have four pounds of two-penny nails."

—*Good Hardware.*

No Autoaim Wanted

CLERK: A shotgun? Yes, madam. Automatic?"

FAIR CUSTOMER: "No, I want to aim it myself."

—*Life.*

His Hope

A man was noticed wandering around the toy department of a big store. The place was crowded, of course, and he could get no attention. His air was so forlorn that a good-natured floorwalker finally took him in tow and steered him to a nearby counter at a venture.

"Indestructible toys, sir?" asked the saleslady.

"I was told to buy a horn for a boy," replied the disconsolate citizen, "but I hope it isn't going to be indestructible."

—Lousiville Courier-Journal.

The Real Test

"I want to show you, ladies and gentlemen, the famous flexible comb, an absolutely unbreakable comb, ladies and gentlemen, that will stand anything. You can bend it—so, or twist it—so, or you can—"

"Can you comb your hair with it?" interrupted a practical member of the audience.

High Finance

SALESMAN: "What is that used car worth?"
DEALER: "Whatever we can get for it."
SALESMAN: "What can we get for it?"
DEALER: "Well, I hope more than it's worth."

—Life.

Racing Car Needed

"Are these colors fast?" asked the woman at the cheap dress goods counter.

"They are the swiftest ever, madam," replied the truthful clerk. "After they once get started they run so fast you couldn't catch them with a racing automobile."

Good Salesmanship

A Hebrew salesman at one of the department stores was approached by a lady dressed in mourning and evidently in much distress. Her husband was dead, and she wanted a suit of clothes to bury him in. The salesman sold her a suit of clothes with an extra pair of pants.

—Wall Street Journal.

He "Knew His Stuff"

A certain young business man is not averse to making money and, when the opportunity presents, will sell anything that brings a profit. He burst into his Agency Manager's office a few days ago with a smile a yard wide. "I think I put one over this mornin'," he announced.

"Well, what did you do?" the manager asked and braced himself for the yarn that he knew was forthcoming.

"Do?" exclaimed the young man, "Well, I was drivin' down the road by the cimitery this mornin' and I saw two wimmin over in the grounds kneelin' by a new grave. I thought this was very sad, so I got down outta my Lizzie and wint over and knelt down beside 'em. They wuz prayin' so I started prayin' and we prayed a couple o' prayers. Then we got up—and I sold 'em a tombstone."

—*American Central Life.*

Wanted No Crowds

CUSTOMER: "I want to try that chemise on in the window."

FLUSTERED CLERK: "Whyer—thank you for your kind offer, madam, but we are very well suited with the display we already have."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Just as Good

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug shop," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the shopman, "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Quite True To Form

The salesman had just turned in his traveling expense account.

"Huh!" growled the boss, eyeing critically the new suit the salesman wore. "Is that in the expense account?"

"Yes," snapped the salesman, "but you'll have a darned hard time finding it."

—*Forbes Magazine.*

A-1 Salesman

"The shoes fit all right," the customer said, "but are they ground-treed?"

The salesman rose to the occasion and side-stepped the guarantee. "The factory don't ground-tree them to us, madam," he said, with a straight face, "so I'm sorry we can't ground-tree them to you."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Guaranteed

"You are sure that this bullet-proof vest will stand the strain?"

"Sure! If it doesn't I'll give you your money back."

—*Life.*

Thingumbobs in Dofunny Department

"Where is the dofunny department?"

"The what?"

"Where you sell the thingumbobs."

"I do not comprehend," said the floorwalker. "Perhaps if you could tell me what you wish to purchase—"

"A wedding gift."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Very Well Asked

A famous gourmet was being measured for a dinner coat by a tailor whose bills he had not paid.

"Which do you prefer, sir," said the tailor smoothly, "a coat that fits you before dinner, or after?"

—*Life.*

Forgot The Climax

The new salesman, although very enthusiastic, could not be described as altogether convincing.

"This," he said, "is one of the finest blankets produced today. In material and in construction it is far above anything at present on the market. For the price there is nothing to touch it."

"What is the price?" his customer inquired.

"Just a minute and I will inquire," was the reply.

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Pajamas Certainly Superior

The manager and proprietor of a large store was talking over a certain salesman.

"I can't do a thing with that fellow Jones," said the manager. "I have tried him in three different departments, but no matter how many customers are waiting to be served, he just sits and dozes all day long."

Then the proprietor had a bright idea.

"Put him at the pajama counter," he suggested, "and fasten a card on him, with these words: "Our night-clothes are of such superior quality that even the man who sells them can't keep awake!"

The Scotch

Canny Finance

A man from the north of Scotland was on a holiday in Glasgow. One Sunday evening he was walking along Argyll street when he came upon a contingent of the Salvation Army, and a collection bag was thrust in front of his nose. He dropped a penny into it.

Turning up Queen street, he encountered another contingent of the Salvation Army, and again a smiling "lass" held a collection bag in front of him.

"Na, na!" he said. "I gied a penny tae a squad o' your folk roon' the corner jist the noo."

"Really?" said the lass. "That was very good of you. But, then, you can't do a good thing too often. And, besides, you know, the Lord will repay you a hundredfold."

"A'weel," said the cautious Scot, "We'll jist wait till the first transaction's feenished before we start the second."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Safe

"Sandy, lad," said MacDougal to his son, "you're getting marrit th' mornin'. Here's a wee moose trap for ye. If there's anything a woman hates more than a moose, 'tis a moose trap. Tak an' auld man's advice, Sandy, an' set it every nicht when ye gang to bed. Then put the siller from yer pocket under the spring."

Justification

Two Highland farmers met on their way to church and one said: "Mon, I was wonderin' what ye will be askin' for yon bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Mon," replied the other, "I was thinkin' I wad be wantin' 50 shillings for that sheep."

"I will take it at that," said the first, "but, oh, mon, I am awfu' surprised at you doin' business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed the other. "Mon, sellin' a sheep like that for 50 shillin's is not business at all; it's just charity."

—*Edinburgh Scotman.*

Why Premiums Are Rising

AUTOIST (*laying beside wrecked car*): "Get a doctor quick!"
SCOTCHMAN: "Has the Insurance Agent been here?"
AUTOIST: "No, not yet."
SCOTCHMAN: "Move over a wee bit so I can lay down beside ye."

Slip of the Tongue

They were having a round together at St. Andrews. "Do you know," she said sweetly, "I have often wondered why you Scotsmen are so fond of golf. Now I know."

"Why," he asked.

"Because it's a game that one can scarcely learn. It's a gift." And then she wondered what she had done to offend him!

—*New York Central Lines Magazine.*

Amen

A Scotch wife nagged and nagged her husband until the poor fellow died. Then she was sorry, very sorry, so she erected a fine stone over his grave on which she had carved the following inscription:

"Rest in peace until I join you."

—*Holmes Store News.*

"Another Libel"

A certain worthy resident of Aberdeen paid a visit to London, and on his return to the Granite City he was asked by a few friends to give them some of his impressions of the metropolis.

"Weel," he said, "it's hard to say, 'cause I was there on a Sabbath.

"I went oot in the forenoon, and there was that few people aboot—indeed, it pit me in mind o' Aiberdeen on a tag day."

The Law of Gravitation

"Well, Sandy," said the laird, "you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand up straight like me, man?"

"Eh, man, do ye see that field o' corn over there?"

"I do," returned the laird.

"A' weel, ye'll notice that the full heads hang down, and empty ones stand up." —*Selected.*

Handicapped

MINISTER: "Why do you not get a wife, Donal'?"
DONALD: "I micht get a bad one."
MINISTER: "Trust to Providence, an' you'll be all right."
DONALD: "I'm no' so sure, minister, for ye ken Providence has to dispose of the bad as well as the guid."

—*The Humorist* (*London*).

Lost His Accent

The American statesman was introduced to the Scot as "one of the leading politicians of modern times and the greatest authority upon international law that the world has ever known."

The Scot looked him up and down for a moment and then asked:

"From what land d'ye come?"

"From the greatest country in the world," replied the statesman, with a smile.

The Scot shook his head.

"Puir bairn, puir bairn;" he sighed. "Ye've lost yer Scottish accent."

National Pride

A Scots boy in an English school, when his class was asked where Shakespeare was born, replied: "In Scotland, sir."

"What makes you say Shakespeare was a Scotsman?" said the schoolmaster.

"Because of his abeelity, sir!" was the answer.

—*Fairfax Evening Mail.*

"Ye Ken Noo a'richt!"

The preacher was Scotch, he believed in hell and preached to beat it. This is how he brought a particularly fiery discourse to a triumphant close:

"And on the last day there ye'll be, all ye wickut sinners, up to your necks in the sea of brimstone, and the flames 'll be roarin' around ye, and ye'll no have a drap o' water tae wet ye'r parched throats, and there'll be wailin' and gnashin' of teeth, and ye'll be cryin' out unto the Lord, 'Oh, Lor-rd, we did na' ken—we did na' ken!' And the good Lord, in the infinite maircy and compassion of his good and loving hear-rt, will say, 'Weel, ye ken noo a'richt!'"

An Animated Echo

A certain glen in Scotland had the reputation of having a splendid echo. An English gentleman visited the place, and asked his guide about the echo.

"Just shout, 'two bottles of whisky,'" said the guide.

The gentleman did as requested, and after waiting for several minutes, he turned to the Scot, and said: "But I do not hear any echo."

"Maybe no," chuckled the Scot, "but here's the lassie comin' wi' the whisky."

—*Southport Guardian.*

Making Sure of His Fare

It was a very rough night on Loch Ferand and old Magill did not relish ferrying the stranger across. However, he undertook the journey.

Halfway across the wind was blowing a tornado, and the water was lashing round them. Magill became more than a little nervous. He turned to the stranger:

"Hey, mon." he said, "I think ye had better pay up noo, instead of waitin' till we make land. Ye never ken what may happen."

He Knew Them

New Curate (*to oldest parishioner*): "Mr. Brown, I've got to find out a lot of things about this district. Being one of the oldest members, you will know all the ins and outs of the place."

Mr. Brown (*without a pause*): "Weel, sir, A ken a' the inns."

Would He Like Cheese?

Young Jock MacTavish was very shy. When he went to his first dinner party he made frantic efforts to begin a conversation with the lady at his elbow, but it wasn't until a full ten minutes had passed that he managed to utter the opening words:—

"Does your brother like cheese?"

She turned with a smile and replied:

"I haven't got a brother."

Dead silence for another spell.

Then he said:—"If ye had a brother, dy'e think he'd—he'd like cheese?"

Of Course He Was Scotch

A traveling salesman, having at last succeeded in getting an order out of one of the largest firms in the North, purchased a big box of costly cigars which he intended to present to the manager as a token of his gratitude. But the manager was highly offended.

"Naw, naw, mon," said he; "I canna tak' them. It's just bribery; that's what it is."

"But surely," persisted the salesman, "you can accept a present from me?"

"I couldna, mon; I couldna do it."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what—I'll sell the cigars to you for a purely nominal sum; say a quarter for the box."

"Weel, that's different," answered the scrupulous one. "An' you're so pressin' I'll pay ye cash for three boxes."

Suited Him Fine

Two sweethearts from Aberdeen were rambling around when they came to a movie. The young man ran his eye over the front of the building. It rested on a title in large letters—"The Woman Pays."

"Jean," he said, "I think we'll gang in there."

—*The Traveler's Beacon.*

Try This On The Cat

The invention of the harp was due to an accident, we read. On the other hand, the inventor of the bagpipes was a Highland cottager who got the idea through stepping on a cat.

—*Punch.*

O. K. in London

Born Londoner (*to London Scot*): "Well, if Aberdeenshire is all you say it is, Mr. MacGregor, why didn't you stay there?"

Mr. MacGregor: "Because in Aberdeensheer Ah wez no' conseedered tae be of ordinary eentellect. But Ah've done verra weel doon here." —*DeLaval Monthly.*

Thrift

Sandy said to his wife: "If ye hear the phone ringin' about five-thirty, ye'll know I'll be wurrkin' overtime. An' be careful ye don't lift the receiver off the hook or I'll no get ma nickel back."

School and College

She'd Have The Fun

MRS. MAGGLES (*angrily*): "Jimmy Tobbs, what made you hit my little Bobbie?"

JIMMY TOBBS: "He struck me with a brick, he did."

MRS. MAGGLES (*more angrily*): "Well, never let me hear of you hittin' 'im again. If he 'its you, you come and tell me."

JIMMY TOBBS (*sneeringly*): "Yes, an' what would you do?"

MRS. MAGGLES: "Why, I'd whip 'im."

JIMMY TOBBS (*in disgust*): "What! He hits me with a brick—an' you 'ave the fun of lickin' 'im for it? I don't fink!"

Zebraic

During his visit to a village school a diocesan inspector of religious knowledge put this question to a class of little girls, "If all the good people were white, and all the bad people were black, what color would you be?"

Some answered "White" and others "Black." But little Mary from the Glebe Farm replied: "Please, sir, I would be streaky!"

Shifting the Responsibility

Little Dora had just received a bright new dime, and was starting out to invest it in candy, when the minister, who chanced to be calling at the time, asked, "Why don't you give your money to the missionaries, Dora?"

"I thought about that," replied the child, "but I think I will buy the candy and let the candy man give the money to the missionaries."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Last Straw

YOUNG LADY: "Were you pleased with the new school, little boy?"

WILLIE: "Naw! Dey made me wash me face an' when I went home de dorg bit me 'cause he didn't know me."

—*Holmes Store News.*

His Mother Wrote It

"What is your name?" asked a teacher of a little boy on his first day at a new school.

"Matthew Giles, ma'am," he answered.

"How old are you, Matthew?"

"Six, going on seven."

"I shall have to ask you to bring me a certificate of your age. When you go home, ask your mother to write me a note telling me when and where you were born."

After lunch, when the children had reassembled in the schoolroom, Matthew presented himself at her desk, flushed with triumph. The glow soon faded from his face, however, as he felt in his pockets and failed to find the note his mother had written. He began to cry.

"What is the matter?" asked the teacher.

"I've lost my excuse for being born!" sobbed Matthew.

Not According To Catechism

TEACHER: "Harry, do you know what a dogma is?"

HARRY: "Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER: "Make up a sentence using it properly."

HARRY: "Our dog Ma has three puppies."

Thinking of Egypt

In reply to the teacher's question, "Which is the national flower of England?" the class answered in unison, "Roses, miss."

"Good, Now, what is the national flower of France?"

"Lillies, miss."

"Excellent. Now, which is Spain's national flower?"

There was a long pause, then one small boy volunteered the answer, "Bulrushes, miss!"

"When the Devil Was Sick"

TEACHER: "Jimmy, did you never at any time give any thought to being a better boy?"

JIMMY: "Sure did. Once I had the appendi-seatus."

TEACHER: "But you didn't go on and be good."

JIMMY: "Course not! Dontcha see I got well again?"

Served Her Right

DEAR OLD LADY (*with a view to a little moral teaching*): "Now, do either of you little boys say naughty words?"

ELDER BROTHER: "Well, mum, I ain't much of a hand at it myself, but young Bill here is a treat. Cuss for the lady, Bill."

—*Keeping in Touch.*

Fairly Well Defined

"Minnie, what is a peninsula?" the teacher asked.

"A rubber neck," was the quick response.

"No, no!" corrected the teacher. "It's a neck running out to sea."

"Well, isn't that a rubber neck?"

Extra Hazard

TEACHER: "Do you know what the gulf stream is?"

HERMAN: "Sure! It's a river dot runs by a gulf club."

—*Oral Hygiene.*

He Flunked

BILL: "I thought you told me you had that quiz down, cold?"

JIM: "Well, didn't I get a zero in it?"

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

More Truth Than Fiction

"What do you pay your school teacher?"

"Fifty dollars a month."

"Is that all?"

"You think that isn't enough?"

"Why, she ought to be paid more than that for taking the kids off your hands five hours a day."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

'Twas Dark at Hastings

"William the Conqueror," read the small boy from his history book, "landed in England in 1066 A. D."

"What does A. D. stand for?" inquired the teacher.

"Why, 'after dark,' of course," was the reply.

An Upstanding Example

TEACHER: "Who can give me a sentence using the word fundamental?"

IKEY: "My sister vent out horsebeck riding and vhen she come home for lunch she had to eat fundamental."

—*Oral Hygiene.*

Not So Good

VISITOR: "Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school?"

TOMMY (*aged eight*): "First rate. I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the wall. I want to do it without being near the wall at all."

Logical

At a small country school the scholars were having a lesson on animals. The teacher had asked a number of questions which were easily answered. At length she said: "Why does a dog hang out his tongue when running?"

A lad who had not answered before held up his hand.

"Yes, Tommy, what is it?" she inquired.

"To balance its tail," was the reply.

—*Dublin Telegram.*

Mrs. Moth

The teacher was about to give her class a lesson on some of the most famous myths and legends of the past. Before beginning, however, she thought she would ask the pupils a question or two to see what ideas they had, if any, about the subject. "Now, can anyone tell me what a myth is?" she asked.

A solitary hand was raised and a voice exclaimed: "Please, miss, it's a female moth."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Teacher Deceived Him

"Well, Johnny, how did you like school?"

"I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and she never gave me the present."

—*Renfrew Review.*

Sister Was In St. Louis

A Chicago boy told the teacher that his sister had measles. The teacher sent him home and told him to stay there until his sister had recovered.

After he had skipped joyfully away another boy held up his hand and said: "Teacher, Jimmy Dolan's sister what's got the measles lives in St. Louis."

Couldn't Be Otherwise

A schoolmaster picked up a penny in the playground. Later, when all the children had assembled, he asked, "Has any boy lost a penny?"

After a short pause a small boy held up his hand.

"Please, sir, I did."

"Ah, Tom Jones, and where did you lose it?"

"Please, sir, where you found it!"

$$3 \div 2 = 1\frac{1}{2}$$

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmy, "but I wonder why he did not make it four, and get back to the side where his clothes were."

—*American Builder.*

Several Shades, Too

"Do you know Theresa Green?"

"No."

"Well, they are." —*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

Thirteenth Commandment

A teacher had been telling an infants' class about the Ten Commandments. In order to test their memories she asked, "Can any little child give me a commandment containing only four words?"

A hand was raised immediately.

"Well?" said the teacher.

"Keep off the grass." —*Travelers' Beacon.*

Do They Have Wings?

From a boy's essay:

"The cammil is a sheep of the desert. It does not have to get angry to get its back up because Nature made it that way. When cammils go on a journey they drink as much water as to last many days. Such animals are called aquiducks."

Give It Up

"Billy," said the teacher, "what does c-a-t spell?"

"Don't know, sir," said Billy.

"What does your mother keep to catch mice?"

"Trap, sir."

"No, no. What animal is very fond of milk?"

"The baby, sir."

"You stupid! What was it that scratched your sister's face?"

"My nails, sir."

"I am out of patience. There, do you see that animal on the fence? Then tell me, what does c-a-t spell?"

"Kitten, sir."

That's Fine, Alfred

"Well, young man," inquired Alfred's godfather, "and how are you getting on at school?"

"Famously, thanks," replied that young hopeful. "The master told me to-day that if all the other boys were like me they might just as well close the school to-morrow."

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

Correct

"Is pants singular or plural?" asked the teacher.

"If a man wears 'em it's plural," replied the boy.

"Well, if he does not—"

"Then, it's singular." —*American Builder.*

Will the Boy Get the Point?

TEACHER: "Where is your penwiper, Peter?"

PETER: "I don't know. I never use it since Ma bought this black suit."

—*Detroit News.*

Not In Our Euclid

A learned professor once met his match when examining a student as to the classes he attended, he said: "I understand you attended the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"Indeed. What are they?"

What a laugh in the court the student's answer produced when he said promptly, "An inside and an outside."

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

Not Exactly Latin Prose

"That intelligent-looking boy," said the schoolmaster to the man he was showing over the school premises, "is Brown. I am proud of Brown. I have inculcated in him the love of learning to such an extent that he now prefers study to play. I expect at this moment he is writing Latin prose, while all the other pupils are at play. I will ascertain."

He called the lad to him. "Brown," he said, "let us see the result of your industry."

"I—I'd rather not, sir," blushed Brown.

"Note his modesty," whispered the schoolmaster. "Come, Brown, let me see what you have been writing."

Still the boy demurred. But the schoolmaster insisted. And there, in neat imitation of feminine handwriting, he read the following, "Please excuse my son James from school to-day. He is wanted at home."

Lectured At Home

PROFESSOR: "I want you children to go to my lecture to-night."

ROBERT: "Couldn't you whip us instead, just this once, papa?"

—*London Humorist.*

Sitting Bull!

TEACHER: "Write a sentence using 'Notwithstanding.'"

PUPIL: "Father wore out the seat of his pants, but not with standing."

No Argument, None 'tall

"What is it," asked the teacher, "that an elephant has which no other animal has?"

"Baby elephants," answered the child.

In the Intelligence Test

MOTHER: "How did my little son come out in the intelligence tests?"

TEACHER: "Not so badly. His real age is twelve and we find he has a mental age of ten. However, his movie age is a sophisticated forty-two."

Not the Wise Men, Son

PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY: "That star is Venus; it was named after a very beautiful woman."

SMALL VOICE IN REAR: "Was that the star the Wise Men followed?"

—*Pitt Panther.*

It All Depends

The teacher had been trying to inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule and turn-the-other-cheek.

"Now, Tommy," she asked, "what would you do, supposing a boy struck you?"

"How big a boy are you supposing?" demanded Tommy.

Where He Got It

UNCLE: "Well, you little rascal, how many times have you been punished at school today?"

TOMMY: "Dunno, uncle. I don't take any notice of what goes on behind my back."

—*Montreal Star.*

Giving Full Credit

The teacher was giving the primary class a talk on flowers. "Now, children," she said, "who can tell me what makes the flower spring from the seed?"

"God does it," answered one little girl, "but fertilizer helps."

—*Boston Transcript.*

All In the Family

SCHOOL TEACHER: "Willie, do you know what becomes of boys who use bad language when they're playing marbles?"

WILLIE: "Yes, miss. They grow up and play golf."

—Traveler's Beacon.

One Too Many

TEACHER (*to boy's mother*): "Why, what's the matter, has Johnny got the toothache?"

ANGRY MOTHER: "No, Johnny hain't got the toothache. His suffering comes from your fool teaching. You told him he was to tell you how long it would take him to eat twenty apples if it took one and a half minutes to eat one apple—and he got stuck on the fifteenth."

To Remember the Melody

"Why are you tying a knot in your handkerchief?"

"So that I'll remember this tune when I get home."

—Columbia Jester.

College Graduate

"My niece," said Mrs. Blunderby, "has a splendid college education. She speaks several languages quite flippantly."

—Boston Transcript.

Tip for Husbands

FIRST PROFESSOR: "Do you believe a rabbit's foot ever brought luck?"

SECOND PROFESSOR: "Yes, I do. My wife felt one in my pocket once and thought it was a mouse."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

It's Improving, Though

"Ethel, can't you tell us the shape of the world?" asked teacher, encouragingly.

"Yessum; it's in a pretty bad shape just at present," replied the precocious child, who had heard her daddy say a few things at home.

—Florida Union.

In a Rural School

"Now, tell me what is the opposite of misery?"
"Happiness!" said the class in unison.
"And sadness?" she asked.
"Gladness."
"And the opposite of woe?"
"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class.

—*Good Hardware.*

He Knew

GEOLOGY PROFESSOR: "Give me the name of the largest diamond."
STUDENT: "The ace."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Infirmative Answer

"Is it true you beat up a student on the campus today?" asked the college dean.
"Sir, I cannot tell a lie," answered the yell leader. "The answer is in the infirmary."

Couldn't Be Denied

PROFESSOR: "Mr. Smart, what is work?"
SLEEPY STUDENT (*stretching and opening one eye*): "Everything's work."
PROFESSOR (*not irate*): "Do you mean to tell me that this table is work?"
STUDENT (*closing eye and resuming former attitude*): "Sure, woodwork."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Why Pick On the Indians?

They were discussing the North American Indian in a rural school, when the teacher asked if any one could tell what the leaders of the tribes were called.
"Chiefs," answered one bright little girl.
"Correct. Now, can any one of you tell me what the women were called?"
"Mis-chiefs," shouted one of the boys.

Modern Version

One of Simeon Ford's latest stories is about a Pennsylvania Sunday School. A young lady with philanthropic motives was teaching a dozen or two little ones in the mining district.

"Now where did I tell you the Saviour was born?" she asked one morning.

"Allentown!" shrieked a grimy twelve-year-old.

"Why, what do you mean, Johnnie? I told you He was born at Bethlehem."

"Well," replied Johnnie, "I knowed 'twuz some place on de Lehigh Valley Railroad."

—*Earth Mover.*

Privacy Essential

"Do you know where little boys go to who bathe on Sunday!" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Yes," said one little Arab. "It's further up the canal side; but you can't go—girls ain't allowed."

Our Language

A Frenchman was relating his experiences of studying the English language "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast," he said, "and that if I was tied I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one one dollar prize,' I gave up trying to learn English!"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

"Three, Teacher, Three"

A teacher asked, "How many kinds of flowers are there?" Three pupils held up their hands. She chose one to reply.

"Well, Isidore, how many kinds of flowers are there?"

"Three, teacher."

"Indeed? And what are they?"

"Wild, tame, and collie."

The Sea

Put In His Place

An Atlantic liner was entering port, and its way was blocked by a grimy-looking barge.

"Get out of the way with that dirty old barge," shouted an officer.

"Are you the captain of that ship?" came a voice from the barge.

"No."

"Well, don't cheek your superiors. I'm captain of this."

No Difference to Pat

"Man overboard!" yelled the Captain. "Throw the buoy over quick, Pat."

Pat, seizing the cabin boy as he was passing, threw him in.

The Captain, frantic, "The cork buoy, I meant, you fool."

PAT: "I don't care if he belongs to Cork or Tipperary. He's gone now!"

—Good Hardware.

Humane Measure

An ordinary seaman was being examined for a higher rating. He was unusually stupid and had failed several times, but he was persistent. Finally he was asked to detail the equipment of a lifeboat.

Compass, fresh water breaker, biscuits, rifle were all slowly extracted from him. Then his examiner wearily asked him, just to see what his dull brain would evolve:

"What is the rifle for?"

His answer was totally unexpected, but apparently sincere.

"I suppose, sir, to shoot the man overboard, if you can't save him."

Almost Dead

SKIPPER: "Is that man Goofey Sanders a steady man?"

BOSUN'S MATE: "If he was any more steady he'd be dead."

—Our Navy.

Table d'Hote

One of the crew of a big liner chanced to pick up a menu card, and seeing on the top "Table d'hote," inquired of one of his mates "What does this mean, Joe?"

Joe scratched his head and said, "I can't make nothing of it. Let's go to old Coffin, he's a scholar, and sure to know."

Old Coffin thoughtfully stroked his chin and said, "Well, look 'ere, mates, it's like this 'ere. Them swells down in the saloon have some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this, a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and calls it 'table dottie.' We have 'table dottie,' only we mixes it all together, and calls it Irish stew."

As Plain As Day

FAIR VISITOR: "Is there some place aboard where I can get a drink of water?"

THE GOB: "Certainly, Miss. At the scuttlebutt, on the starboard side of the gun deck, 'midships, just for'rud of the dynamo hatch."

—*Judge.*

Safe in Acting

He risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave, and, of course, her father was duly grateful.

"Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter."

"None, whatever," replied the amateur life-saver; "I am already married."

—*Chicago News.*

Only Yell He Knew

STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN (*who has just fallen overboard*): "Don't stand there like a dumb-bell. Give a yell, can't you?"

COLLEGE STUDENT DECKHAND: "Certainly. Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Captain!"

—*Clarton.*

With the Mosquito Fleet

"What's that wriggling object off there?"

"Guess it must be a nervous wreck."

—*Widow.*

It's Likely She Did

FAIR PASSENGER: "Captain, mother feels sea-sick! What shall I tell her to do?"

CAPTAIN: "Needn't tell her nuthin'. She'll do it."

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

Intolerable Uncertainty

An old salt was watching a crowd of youngsters playing perilously near the edge of the pier. Suddenly he proceeded to thrash one of them.

A passer-by stopped and questioned the old man.

"Well," said the man, as he ceased his hold on the boy's collar, "'taint as if I care a hang whether they fall in or whether they don't, but it's the darned uncertainty I can't stand."

Hadn't Moved

A negro stoker was crossing the ocean for the first time. He came up on deck to get a breath of air. Looking out on the water, he said in disgruntled tones: "Why, we is right whar we wuz this time yesterday."

He was Accomodating

A clergyman chose for his text the following verse: "Which of you will go up with me to Ramoth Gilead?"

Then, pausing, he again and again repeated the words. At last a sailor started from his seat and, looking around him with eyes full of indignation, exclaimed, "Will none of you go with the gentleman? Then, hang it, I'll go myself."

No Argument Then

The second officer was upbraiding an able seaman for his bibulous habits. "Just think, Tappin," he said, "if it wasn't for your weakness for rum you might have been a second officer like me, instead of just a sailor before the mast."

"Stow that stuff!" answered Tappin, gruffly. "When I'm drunk I'm an admiral."

—Boston Transcript.

Smokers

Joke on Himself

Thomas A. Edison, accustomed to encourage the inventive turn in others, was highly impressed, Edward Bok says in "Twice Thirty," by a clever trick of his secretary's—a device for preventing Edison's friends, when they came to his office, from always helping themselves by the handful to his pure Havana cigars. The secretary had a friend in the cigar business who promised to make some entirely out of cabbage leaves and brown paper.

"I thought that was a fine scheme," said Edison. "But the cigars didn't come, so I asked him one day about it when I noticed my Havanas disappearing again. 'Why, I sent them to you,' he said; 'I left them with your manager.' I called the manager in and asked him where those cigars were. 'Why,' he said, 'I put them in your valise when you went to California last month. I didn't know what they were.' "

"Do you know," continued Edison, "I smoked every one of those doggone cigars myself!"

For Clay Pipes

A clay pipe has been found to be the handiest for all round use. One convenient feature is that when you drop it, you never have to pick it up.

—*Tips & Taps.*

A Limp Excuse

A man went to his doctor and requested treatment for his ankle.

After a careful examination the doctor inquired: "How long have you been going about like this?"

"Two weeks."

"Why, man, your ankle is broken. How you managed to get around is a marvel. Why didn't you come to me at first?"

"Well, doctor, every time I say anything is wrong with me, my wife declares I'll have to stop smoking."

Egyptian Delights

"Straw was used by the ancient Egyptians for making bricks."

"What about it?"

"Well, they could devote their entire output of straw to that purpose. They knew nothing about making cigars."

Father's Poker Face

FATHER: "I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to say that to your son when you grow up?"

WILLIE: "Not with such a straight face as you do, father. You beat me there."

—*Montreal Star.*

It Is Being Done

Here lie the bones of Ivor E. Head,
He'd youth and wealth—but yet
He took both hands off of the wheel
To light a cigarette!

Too Much For Him

They had climbed as near as they dared to the crater of the volcano. It was smoking ominously.

"Let's go down and back to the hotel," he said suddenly. "I can't stand watching that thing any more."

"We've climbed all the way up here, and now you want to go right back," she demurred. "It isn't that you're afraid, is it?"

"O, no," he replied. "It's only that I can't endure watching that crater smoke after I've found that I've left my tobacco at home." —*Boston Globe.*

Her Visions Blasted

"Miriam," he said, "I have seen the doctor. He tells me I must give up all smoking at once. It's imperative, he says; one lung is already nearly gone."

She flinched, a look of agony came over her pale young face.

"Oh, Honey, can't you hold out a bit longer until we've enough coupons for a new rug."

Suspected A Conspiracy

A man in one of our restaurants, after finishing his meal, took out a cigar and started to light it. The head waiter approached him and said: "You are not allowed to smoke, sir."

"Good Lord!" said he, "that's what my doctor told me. But how the dickens did you know?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

One Smoker To Another

"I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately."

"You certainly are if that's a sample."

Happy Zoo

"My husband certainly does enjoy smoking in his den. Has your husband a den?"

"No, he growls all over the house."

—*The Traveler's Beacon.*

Snappy Retorts

No Change

It was a very pressing problem. It concerned frankfurts. f one and a half of these appetizing dainties cost a penny and a ıalf what would two cost?"

Two young Britishers had been arguing over it for hours ıntil at last they almost came to blows about the matter.

"I tell you," said one aggressively, "that you are quite vrong."

"But I am not," replied the other.

"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" roared the other.

"Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."

She Admitted It

Mr. Martin was talking at the dinner table, in his usual nanner about the inconsistency of woman.

"These young ladies who protest that they are never going o marry!" he broke out. "Everybody knows they will belie heir own words at the very first opportunity."

He paused, and evidently hoped that Mrs. Martin would :ome to the rescue of her sex but that discreet woman held her ongue.

"Why, Mary," he continued, "you remember how it was vith yourself. I have heard you say more than once that you vouldn't marry the best man alive."

"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Martin.

—*The Youths Companion.*

She Was Forty and Single

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that as a general thing ıachelors are wealthier than married men?"

"I have," replied the lady.

"How do you account for it?" he inquired.

"The poor man marries and the rich one doesn't," was her .nswer. "A man is much more disposed to divide nothing vith a woman than he is to divide something.

Equal To The Occasion

Two young ladies entered a crowded car and found the would have to stand up. One of them whispered to her com panion "I'm going to get a seat from one of these men."

She looked down the row of men, comfortably seated alon the car, and selected a sedate-looking old gentleman as he victim.

"My dear Mr. Green!" she exclaimed cordially as she ap proached him. "How delighted I am to meet you. You ar almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do fee tired, I heartily admit. Thank you so much!"

The sedate gentleman looked, listened and then quietl rose and gave her his seat, saying, "Don't often see you but o wash day. You must be tired, I'm sure. How's your mis tress?"

Hard On The Zebra

"My boy," said a police sergeant pompously to a friend of his "you can't say I am lazy. Look at these stripes. I didn't ge these by loafing about the street."

"No," the other answered with a smile, "I know you didn' get them in that way, or you'd be a zebra by now!"

A Wasted Rebuke

A minister, while passing through a side street of Edin burgh one day came across a particularly rough-looking coa man "persuading" his horse, who had taken on a stubbor fit, to move along more quickly. The minister was appalle at the man's language, and, although he was an exceedingl small man, he rebuked the other in very bold manner, finishin up by saying, "I cannot understand what you mean by usin such harrowing expressions."

The rebuke, however, was quite lost on the coalman. Pa ting the minister on the shoulder with a very dirty hand, an with a broad grin he said, "My wee mon, neither could understand it when I was your size."

Their Own Fault

"I say, old chap, what shall I do if they ask me to sing?"

CANDID FRIEND: "Do? Why, sing of course—it'll be the own fault."

—*American Boy.*

He Was More Fortunate

SAPPLEIGH (*on street*): "Good afternoon, Miss Stanhope. ou are positively the only person I've met today worth topping to speak to."

MISS STANHOPE: "Indeed! You are more fortunate than am." —*Boston Transcript.*

Complexions Not Considered

A wealthy girl from America was attending a social function t a country house in England.

"You American girls have no such healthy complexions as e have," said an English duchess to the girl." "I always onder why our noblemen take such a fancy to your white ces."

"It isn't our white faces that attract them," responded the merican girl; "It's our greenbacks." —*Everybody's.*

Perfect Protection

Leaning over in a confiding manner Mildred whispered to er friend "Do you know Harry was wearing my picture over is heart in France and it stopped a bullet?"

"Yes?" said her friend, surveying her. "I'm not at all rprised." —*Exchange.*

He Hadn't Invested

The conceited young man had talked about himself till he girl felt she could not endure it much longer.

"It costs a great deal more than one would think to become broad-minded and intelligent man of the world," he remarked, serenely.

The girl saw her chance and took it.

"I suppose so," she said, "and I don't blame you for saving our money."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Brief

MR. SMITH: "Tell them all you know. It will not take ery long."

MR. BROWN: "I'll tell them all we both know, for it will not ake any longer." —*American Boy.*

As They See Us

An Australian visitor to the United States tells the followin story:

An American was being shown about the bush when herd of bullocks made its appearance. "What are those? the American asked.

"Bullocks, of course," was the answer.

"In America they are three times as big," the visitor re marked.

A flock of sheep passed and again there was inquiry as t what they were.

"Sheep, of course," the Australian replied.

"Guessed they were rabbits," quoth the American.

By this time the Australian had learned something, an when three kangaroos hopped along and the American inquire what they were, he replied, "Grasshoppers, of course."

Hard Problem

An American in dear old London was bragging about h automobile. He ended his eulogy by declaring, "It runs s smoothly that you can't feel it, so quietly you can't hear i has such perfect ignition you can't smell it, and as for speed- boy, you can't see it."

"But, my word, old dear," interrupted the Briton, an iously, "how do you know the bally thing is there?"

—*Blue Baboon.*

Discounted In Advance

This yarn vouched for on high authority, is said to be bon fide. A member of the newly rich made pretense to pictur collecting.

"How much do you think I gave for that one?" he asked pointing out what looked like a Romney.

"Half," said a guest.

"Half what?"

"What you were going to say."

A Bit Belligerent

"Why don't you put your feet where they belong?"

"If I did you wouldn't be able to sit down for a month."

—*Royal Gaboon.*

The Worst Singer Won

A professor of music was asked to decide on the relative powers of two vocalists whose talents existed entirely in their own imagination.

After hearing them he said to one, "You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life."

"Then," said the other, "I win!"

"No," answered the professor, "you can't sing at all."

Very Kind of Him

There was a large crowd gathered around the overturned motor car, while the excited driver was trying to right things.

"Halloa!" suddenly called the voice of a new arrival. "What's the matter, Robbins—car turned turtle?"

Robbins smiled with expressive sweetness.

"Oh, no; not at all, old chap," he replied. "These kids have wanted to see how the machinery worked, so I had the car turned upside down just to please them."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Her Name Was Kayenne

MR. SOFTLY: "Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?"

MISS KAYENNE: "Yes, I am inclined even to go farther than Darwin did and believe that some members of our species have started on the return journey."

On the Witness Stand

A famous lawyer was cross-examining a woman witness. The woman had used the word "humbug." She refused to define the word, but asked if she could give an example. Permission was given.

"Well, sir," she explained, "if I was to call you a good looking man, I should be humbugging you."

Squelched!

"Why did he leave his home?" eagerly asked the gossip who thought she was on the trail of a new scandal.

"Because," snapped the friend coldly, determined to squelch her, "he probably has all the trouble he wants looking for a place to park his car downtown without toting his home down there to park, too."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

To Self Respect $25.00

A newly rich woman, giving her first dinner party and anxious to make it a success, was engaging the services of a certain well-known singer.

"My fee," said the latter, "is $50."

"I agree to pay that," answered the hostess, "but you understand that you will not meet my guests, don't you?"

"Oh," came the quick reply, "then I will take $25."

Not Invited Again

"Really, I must be going. I must say those saddest words ever spoken—good-bye."

"You might say something sadder than that. You might say 'Au revoir,'" said the lady.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Off the Campus

ED: "I guess you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer.)

ED: "I say, I guess you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I, haven't you?"

CO-ED: "I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

—*Univ. of Oregon Lemon Punch.*

The Slowest on Record

There was a certain railway which had the reputation of being—well, to put it mildly and without offense to any one, not the fastest in the country.

A conductor on this line entered a car at a certain station and asked for tickets. To his surprise an old man with a long white beard produced a child's ticket and handed it to him.

"Look here," said the conductor "you're over 12, I know."

"Ah," replied the old man, "I am now, but I wasn't when I got in this train at the junction!"

He Named It

SHE: "Do you know why I refused you?"

HE: "I can't think."

"You guessed it."

Sports

She Had Good Reasons

"What possessed her to marry him, I wonder?"

"Well, you know how hard it is to get good caddies nowadays."

Changed His Mind

A crusty old gentleman happened to be playing over a course through which there ran a fine crystal brook. On the way out he had a glorious shot that sent the ball sailing across to land on the green opposite.

"Beautiful course," he remarked. "How wonderful it is to have such a sweet, cooling stream running through a golf course."

But on the way back the old gentleman had the misfortune to drive his ball into, instead of over the stream, whereupon he lashed out with this, "Who the deuce could play on a course with a sewer in the middle of it?"

He Came To Skate

He was irascible and obstinate and he had ventured on the ice when common sense should have warned him against it. When the ice gave way and he found himself standing in four feet of freezing cold water his language was calculated to widen the gap around him.

"Dear me!" said a sympathetic old lady, the only witness of the catastrophe, from the bank. "Whatever made you come to fall in like that, sir?"

For a moment he glared at her balefully, then:

"I didn't come to fall in, madam," he said, snappily; "I came to skate."

Thought It a Golf Term

"Have you heard about the new stadium drive?"

"No, I never play golf."

—*Ranger.*

It Would Never Do

A man with a gun under his arm walked into the village butcher shop and asked for a couple of rabbits.

"Sorry, sir," said the shopkeeper, "but I'm completely sold out of rabbits. I could let you have some nice ham, though."

"Don't be ridiculous," snapped the hunter. "How the dickens could I go home and say I'd shot a pig?"

Preferred His Own Hide

A Manchester business man paid a visit to a planter friend in Uganda, who was a keen sportsman. Not without considerable misgiving the visitor allowed himself to be prevailed upon to go lion-hunting.

His first night in the jungle was a sleepless one. Next morning the two friends started out early, and had gone but a short distance when they came upon fresh tracks which the enthusiastic sportsman identified as being those of a full-grown lion.

"Tell you what we had better do," said the Manchester man brightly. "You go ahead and see where he went, and I'll go back and see where he came from.!"

—*The Continent.*

Six Runless Innings

Much to his annoyance, they were late for the game, arriving at the sixth inning.

"What's the score, Fred?" he asked a fan.

"Nothing to nothing."

"Oh, splendid!" she exclaimed radiantly. "We haven't missed a thing."

—*Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.*

Getting Down to Essentials

A Yale player was teaching some cowboys how to play football. He explained the rules and ended as follows:

"Remember, fellows, if you can't kick the ball, kick a man on the other side. Now let's get busy. Where's the ball?"

One of the cowboys shouted: "Never mind the ball! Let's start the game!"

—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

Preparing For the Referee

The Thorndale Athletic Club was a very progressive institution, considering the fact that Thorndale was a small town. Its members never let the grass grow under their feet. Finally they decided that in order to be up to date a stadium was necessary.

A load of bricks had been dumped on the ground when an aged supporter of the club came up and knit his brows as if in deep thought. "Why didn't you get half bricks?" he asked the secretary. "They would do just as well."

"Why, man," answered the secretary, "we couldn't use half bricks for building a stadium."

"Ah, a stadium," sighed the old man. "I thought those bricks were to throw at the referee."

—*Boston Globe.*

Compression

Fishing develops reticence. Two friends had fished the same stream for many years, yet their common interest had not developed garrulousness. They met one morning and greeted each other thus:

"Going?"

"Been."

"Any?"

"Some!"

—*Free Press* (*Winnipeg*).

The Revoke

A golf novice had ploughed up the ground all around the ball at every stroke. The instructor stood it patiently for a while, but after the novice's several digs into the tee, he remarked, "You've revoked."

"We're playing golf, not whist," said the novice.

"Yes," replied the instructor, "but you have played a club where you should have played a spade."

A Miracle

THE ANGLER: "Is this a public lake, my man?"

THE INHABITANT: "Aye."

THE ANGLER: "Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?"

THE INHABITANT: "No, it'll be a miracle."

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Served the Bird Right

Two friends were out shooting. One was a good shot, but the other banged away in all directions without hitting anything. At last a bird fell, to his gun.

"Well, I hit that one, anyway!" he exclaimed.

His friend nodded. "Serves it right for getting in the way of your shot!"

A Good Bait

One day an angler was fishing in a stretch of private water, when he saw the keeper approaching.

Taking off his flies, he put a small potato on his hook.

"What are you fishing with?" queried the keeper when he came up.

The angler showed him his bait, and the keeper, thinking he was a little insane, went away.

On his way home the angler went into a public-house for a drink, and the keeper, seeing him, came up and said, "How did you get on today?"

The angler showed him his basket of fine big trout.

"Did you catch all these with yon tattie?" said the astonished keeper.

"Na, na," said the smiling angler, "It was you I caught with the tattie!"

—*Montreal Star.*

Only Unconscious

Mrs. Greener (*at her first game of football*): "Oh, isn't that awful? Horrible! Why, they will kill that poor fellow underneath."

Her Daughter (*an enthusiast*): "Don't be silly, mother. He doesn't mind it. He's unconscious by this time."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Hunting Fishing

Old Lady (*to little boy with fish-pole over his shoulder*): "Are you going fishing, my little man?"

Youngster: "Nope—going hunting."

Old Lady: "Hunting?"

Youngster: "Yep—hunting for a place to fish."

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

Wanted Him To Pose

All addicts are dangerous.

A camera addict went big game hunting in Africa last year. One of his companions was chased by a lion, and fled for camp with the lion at his heels.

As the poor fellow fled he heard a shout, and looked hopefully toward the thicket whence the sound came, for he thought salvation was at hand.

But it was the camera addict instead. The addict came bounding forth with his camera raised.

"Hold on, there," he yelled savagely. "Slower! You're too far ahead. I can't get you both in."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

One Too Many

The professor had been dining out, and as most of the guests were ardent fishermen he had had to listen all the evening to stories of the size of their catches.

He was extremely shortsighted and as he was crossing a field on his way home he came across a scarecrow with arms widespread. Memories of the "tall" stories he had heard that night flooded back to him and he halted in front of the scarecrow.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed. "I simply refuse to believe you; there never was a trout that length."

To Make An Impression

"If you had no money, why did you order $100 worth of golf sticks sent to your hotel?"

"To make an impression."

"But you needed clothes. Why not order clothes?"

"Clothes wouldn't make an impression like golf sticks."

—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

An Odd Species

It happened in the Adirondacks.

"What," demanded the amateur hunter of his guide, "what is the name of the species I just shot?"

"Well, sir," returned the guide suavely, "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."

Found His Alibi

There was a golfer on the links above Monte Carlo, who would never blame himself for his bad strokes. Somebody had coughed—somebody had laughed—somebody had moved—and he had been distracted.

This golfer, bunkered one day, made a very careful stroke, only to dig up about a square yard of turf. He looked round at his companions furiously, but they all had been very quiet, and it was impossible to complain about them. So then he waved his hand towards the blue Mediterranean, dotted with a few tiny sails, 2,000 feet below.

"How can a man play golf," he growled, "with all those ships rushin' back and forth?"

She Speaks the Language

Golf is nearly the sole topic of dinner conversation in the family of Ruth, a Hartford girl who is 9. Reproved gently by her mother for eating a slice of watermelon too near to the rind, Ruth replied: "But mother, I was 'sperimenting. I found out it was just six bites to the green."

—*Indianapolis News.*

Didn't Get the Point

A golfer was on the course with his caddie, who would persist in sniffling. At last the golfer could not bear it any longer, so he turned around and said to the caddie: "I say, my lad, have you a handkerchief?"

The lad, feeling in his pockets, suddenly called to another caddie and said: "Hi, Bill, have you got a handkerchief to lend my gentleman?"

Admittedly Evil Practice

The Judge was giving his regulation lecture on the evils of gambling. "So you see," he concluded, "what a wicked thing it is to shoot craps, especially on the Sabbath. Have you nothing better than that to do on Sundays?"

"Oh, yessuh, Judge," replied the prisoner. "Most gen'ally ah caddies fo' you when you plays golf with Mistuh Edwards fo' a dolluh a hole."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Maine Fish Story

About a dozen sportsmen were gathered in a cabin near Kinneo, and hunting and fishing yarns were the order of the day. After some pretty tall ones had been told, an old trapper came out with: "Wa'al, boys, I reckon I've been trapper in these parts long enough to tell some pretty big stories, without stretchin' things, either. I'd come over into Kinneo one winter, three or four years ago, to get an inch auger, and as I was crossin' the lake to my cabin, three miles on t'other side, I remembered I had nothin' in the cabin to eat; so I reckoned I'd stop and ketch a fish. I got out my line, bored a hole in the ice with that auger, dropped the line in and in less'n an hour ketched more'n a dozen fish, and one of them must have weighed more than 10 pound."

"But how did you get it up through the inch hole?" asked one of the men.

"Wa'al, stranger," said the trapper, as he turned around, 'that was the gall'n part of it; I couldn't."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

Blamed the Worm

Two miners went on a fishing expedition. But they were novices at the game.

"Hoo are ye gittin' on, Jack?" asked one.

"Not at all," was the reply. "I don't believe my worm's trying."

Waiting for Third Time

A Hebrew and an Irishman were fishing in separate boats some distance apart. The Irishman got a bite and was so nervous that he fell out of his boat. He sank twice, and as he came up the second time the Hebrew rowed over and called out—"Mister, can I have your boat if you don't come up again?"

Stimulants

A medical student said to a well-known doctor. "And is it true, sir, that fish stimulates the brain?"

"Probably," replied the doctor. "But one thing is certain. Going fishing stimulates the imagination."

Simple Remedy

Many beginners in golf—and many who are not beginners—are grievously afflicted with the malady of topping the ball. A player whose efforts to cure himself of this affliction only resulted in the reverse of the Coue formula, addressed a professional with gloom in his heart and despair in his eye. "I'm hitting the ball every time right on the top. I want you to tell me a cure for it!"

"Oh," said the professional, "just turn the ball upside down."

Collections of Heads

The big-game hunter was showing his trophies to an acquaintance. He pointed proudly to the wonderful collection of heads around the wall, tiger skins on the floor, and all the other things that hunters collect.

"Very, very interesting," muttered the guest, peering at them through his spectacles. "Perhaps you'll drop in some evening and see my stamp collection."

The Friendly Bear

Chinamen are not usually very courageous in the wild woods. The following, though, seems to show the ready wit of the race.

An old Chinaman, delivering laundry in a mining-camp, heard a noise and espied a huge brown bear sniffing his tracks in the newly fallen snow.

"Hu!" he gasped. "You likee my tlacks, I makee some more."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Took Many Panes

A golfer was practicing mashie shots in his garden.

"It isn't too easy," he explained to a friend. "I've to take a lot of trouble to get the shot just right."

With that he put down another ball and addressed it carefully. There was an awful crash, and the dining-room window was wrecked.

"You took considerable panes with that one," remarked the friend.

One White Chip, Only

The scene is the club car of a trans-continental train. Several men are playing poker. A Denver heating contractor, is sitting on the "sidelines" reading a newspaper with an occasional glance at the card game.

Enters a well-groomed, supercilious young man with a waxed mustache. He approaches the table and says: "Have you gentlemen any objection to me sitting in?"

"None at all," returns one of the players. The newcomer sits down and tosses a hundred dollar bill upon the table.

"Porter," calls the spokesman of the players, "bring this gentleman one white chip."

—*Plumber's Trade Journal.*

Interviewer Goes Fishing

PASSERBY (*to angler mumbling to himself*): "Whom are you talking to?"

ANGLER: "To the fish. I'm trying to draw them out."

Was Getting a Bit Nervous

A party of tourists who were staying at an hotel in the Highlands were questioning a ghillie as to the prospect of securing game.

"Are there any deer about here?" asked one of the party.

"Well," replied the ghillie, ponderously, "there was one, but the gentlemen were aye shooting and shooting at it, and I'm o' the opinion that it left the district!"

—*Phoenix Quill.*

The Trades

So He Blew

The plumber worked and the helper stood helplessly lookin on. He was learning the business. This was his first day.

"Say," he inquired, "do you charge for my time?"

"Certainly, boob," came the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The plumber, to fill in the hour, had been looking at th finished job with a lighted candle. Handing the two inche of it that were still unburned to the helper, he said, witheringly "Here—if you gotta be so damned conscientious—blow tha out!"

—*Life.*

T-t-t-t-oo La-la-la-late

Stuttering Blacksmith (*at the forge*): "S-s-s-s-strike tha h-horse shoe q-q-quick!

Nervous Assistant: "W-w-w-w-where sh-sh-shall I s-s-s strike it?

"N-n-n-n-never m-m-m-mind n-n-n-now. It's c-c-c-cold!

—*Passing Show* (*London*).

Obeyed Literally

Construction Superintendent: "You big bonehead you've gotten us into a damage suit. I told you to fire tha man—not to hit him with an axe."

Swedish Foreman: "Well, boss, dose axe she have sig vot say "For Fire Use Only," so I use her.

—*Washington Columns.*

One Sure Success

"Six of my sons are studying to be artists and writers, th seventh is learning to be a bricklayer."

"Aren't you rather optimistic, thinking he can support th six of them?"

—*Fliegende Blatter* (*Munich*).

He Could Afford One

BRICKLAYER TO FOREMAN: "Looks like a good, long job, but I can't take it with no place near to park my car."

FOREMAN: "All right. Anyway, this is a high-class job—we don't want you unless you have a chauffeur."

—*Pure Oil News.*

Versatile

A man visiting a country town in Maine went to the local barber shop for a shave. The barber made several slips with his razor, and each time he would paste a small piece of paper over the cut to stop the bleeding.

When the operation was over the victim handed the man a dollar. "Keep the change, barber," he said. "It is worth a dollar to be shaved by so versatile an artist. Why, man, you're a barber, butcher, and paperhanger, all in one."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Forgot the Facial Massage

FIRST BARBER: "Why were you so late?"

SECOND BARBER: "I was shaving myself and couldn't get away until I'd talked myself into a hair cut and a shampoo."

—*Montreal Star.*

Why All the Parade?

"Who are those fellows, Mike?"

"They're Shriners."

"And what are Shriners?"

"Why, they're Masons."

"Sure and what the divil do they want now? They're gettin' $18 a day."

—*The Hudsonian.*

To the Head of the Class, Willie

TEACHER: "Now, Willie, I will give you another chance. Whose emblem is the leek?"

WILLIE: "The Plumbers' Union, Miss."

—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Machinery Expert

A man was being questioned as to his fitness for a job as a mechanic.

"Yes," said the applicant, "for six years I had experience at the Ford works."

"And what did you do there all that time?"

"Well," said the man, "I screwed on nut 467."

—*Good Hardware.*

Quite Doubtful

BARBER (*shaving customer*): "Will you have anything on your face when I've finished, sir?"

VICTIM: "Well, it doesn't seem likely."

—*Montreal Star.*

No Just Simple

JOHN: "I'm an electrician. Last night at Ruth's the fuse blew out and I fixed it."

HENRY: "Huh! You're no electrician. You're an idiot!"

The Travelers

Modified King James Version

Not far off the boulevard, between Los Angeles and San Diego, are some quaint towns, and one of them has a unique garage. At one time it was a church, but now a double door has been cut through the side, and the vestibule at the front is used for an office. But the blend of old and new affords a laugh to every traveler who stops there, for over the door, weather beaten but still readable, is a Scriptural quotation that goes: "Behold, I have set before you an open door." And on the panel below the garage man has inscribed in red paint, "Positively no admittance."

Waiting For an Earthquake

It was in the Far South.

"How's times?" asked the tourist.

"Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old fellow, who was sitting idly on the stump of a tree. "I had a pile of brush to burn and the lightning set fire to it and saved me the trouble of burning it up."

"I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled them and saved me the trouble."

"Remarkable! But what are you doing now?"

"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

Inspires Confidence

Picture post cards of a Kansas City hotel, carry this message:

"This hotel fully equipped with automatic sprinklers. Statistics show loss of life has never occurred in a sprinkled building. In case of fire you may get wet, but not burned."

To one traveler that brought a wonderful thought and he wrote thereunder the following prayer. "Now I lay me down to sleep. Statistics guard my slumber deep. If I should die I'm not concerned, I may get wet but I won't get burned."

—*Tavern Talk.*

Her Wonderful Climate

A lady from the east went to Los Angeles to spend the winter, and while there she motored to Tijuana for the races. At the race-track gate an aged Mexican was vending what he alleged to be genuine hairless Mexican puppies at fifty dollars a pup, so the lady bought one and took it back to Los Angeles with her. Before the winter was over the dog had grown into a Great Dane and he ate so much that she had to send East for more money to take care of them both.

The next time she went to Tijuana, she saw the same Mexican still vending genuine hairless Mexican Pups, so she upbraided the scoundrel for cheating her. He looked at her solemnly and said: "Senora, where you leeve?"

"In Los Angeles, "she replied.

The Mexican shrugged helplessly and said: "Well, what you expect, senora? In those so wonderful climate those leetle pup she can't help grow beeg like yearling calf."

—*The American Weekly* (*Buenos Aires, Arg.*).

Treating Them Gently

She was in Alaska looking over a fox farm. After admiring a beautiful silver specimen, she asked her guide, "Just how many times can the fox be skinned for his fur?"

"Three times, madam," said the guide gravely. "Any more than that would spoil his temper."

—*The Continent.*

In Deep

NORTHERNER: "Pretty mild winters you have down here."

SOUTHERNER: "Mild! Do you call two feet of snow mild?"

NORTHERNER: "Two feet! say, man, the snow was so deep in our country last winter that the farmers had to jack up their cows to milk 'em."

—*Oil Pull Magazine.*

Off Only

"When you found you hadn't your fare, did the conductor make you get off and walk?" asked the inquisitive man.

"Only get off," was the sad reply. "He didn't seem to care whether I walked or sat down."

She Was Perfectly Safe

A number of Vassar girls were traveling through the Mediterranean. Their ship tossed wildly about and several tourists became seasick. At midnight it suddenly occurred to one of the girls who had become ill that if she could ever manage to get on deck for a little while the fresh air might revive her. In her nightie, without pausing to dress, she peered cautiously about. Not seeing a soul, she hurried to the stairway. She had almost reached the top when she encountered a man staggering down. Greatly embarrassed she uttered a weak scream.

"You're safe, my dear lady," the feeble man gallantly gasped, "I'll never live to remember."

Railroad Repartee

OLD LADY: "Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window."

CONDUCTOR: "Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

—*The Earth Mover.*

Do You Believe in Signs?

IRATE OLD LADY: "Mr. Conductor, I gave you a dollar. Where's my change?"

CONDUCTOR: "Read that sign, lady. Doesn't it say, "This car goes through to Umphville without change?"

—*American Builder.*

Nobody Hurt

A young man springing into an over-crowded moving train, trod on the toes of an old gentleman in a corner seat. "I'm very sorry," he said.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*hand behind ear*): "Eh?"

YOUNG MAN (*more loudly*): "I beg your pardon."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Eh-h-h?"

YOUNG MAN (*shouting*): "I trod on your foot. It was an accident—an accident."

OLD GENTLEMAN (*catching last word only*): "An accident! You don't say so. Anybody hurt?"

—*Traveler's Beacon.*

Reflected Glory

Two artists on tour took a hack at Marseilles to visit the city in comfort.

At the end of a few minutes the cabman turned around and remarked:

"I'll say you two are no fools."

Astounded, the two friends looked at each other without a word.

Five minutes afterward the same thing happened.

"But why do you keep telling us that?" asked one of the travelers.

"Ha, pardi," he answered. "You have engaged, without knowing it, the best cabman in Marseilles."

—*La Rire, Paris.*

Shades of Caesar!

A party of visitors were being shown over the magnificent home of a marquis. In the library they paused before a bust, and one of them asked whom it represented.

"Marcus Aurelius," said the guide.

"Ah," said the inquirer, "that would be the father of the present markis?"

—*Tit Bits.*

He Was Prepared

The train, as usual, crawled along and then stopped dead.

"Conductor," shouted a jovial passenger, "may I get out and pick some flowers?"

"Afraid you won't find many about here," said the conductor, good-humoredly.

"O, there'll be heaps of time," commented the jovial one. "I've brought a packet of seeds."

—*New York Central Lines Magazine.*

Not In the Time Table

A highbrow traveler at the St. Johnsberry station approached the Portland express, which was made up and ready to start."

"Is this train ready for occupancy?" he asked.

TRAINMAN: "No, sir. This train goes to Concord, Whitefield, and Portland."

—*Caledonian Record.*

Dead Dog

A Los Angeles couple were staying recently in China. One day they were served with an excellent dinner, the composition of which they knew nothing about. When the Chinese cook came to clear the table, the wife asked him in fun, "I hope you didn't kill a stray dog from the road to make our dinner, Chang?"

"No killee dawg," answered Chang, "him al'eady dead when I picked him up."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Ten Dollars Extra

TOURIST (*at country hotel*): "Oh! The dearest little bird sang outside of our bedroom window this morning!"

"Yeah? That'll be ten dollars extry for music."

On the Right Road

TOURIST: "I say, old man, is this the road to Pickle Center?

OLD INHABITANT: "Wal, yes, it's the road, all right, but you better turn around if you want to get there."

—*Rutgers Chanticleer.*

Couldn't Have Been Sonny

TRAVELER: "Your son just threw a stone at me."

IRISHMAN: "Did he hit you?"

TRAVELER: "No."

IRISHMAN: "Then he wasn't my son."

—*Witt.*

Now It's Your Move

Two Englishmen were in a continental railway compartment, and one would have the window open in spite of the other traveler's protests.

At length the latter couldn't stand it, so he sat on the other side of the compartment and lowered the other window whereupon the blast that came through made even the surly one shiver.

"Hi, mister," he said, "what's the game?"

"Oh, this is a game of draughts," replied the other, "and it's your move."

Teapot Dome

SIGHTSEER IN WASHINGTON: "And now that I've seen all the other public buildings, show me this new Teapot Dome we read so much about."

He Could Guess

A group of Americans touring England was paying its first visit to a famous abbey. "In that far corner," said the guide as he pointed with outstretched fingers, "are the tombs of very famous men."

"O, how interesting," exclaimed one of the tourists, "and can you tell us the names of some of them?"

"Well," said the guide, "there's William the Conqueror and Joan of Arc over there. Then around where you can't see them at all lie Guy Fawkes, Robin Hood and Sam Weller."

He turned to a member of the party who was smiling slightly. "Now, sir," he said, "does that guide book I see in your hand tell who is lying here?"

"No," murmured the skeptical tourist, "it doesn't. But I can guess."

Would Supply The Victim

A writer who spent some time in Teheran, tells how he was received in audience by the Shah of Persia who said he contemplated visiting England and inquired if there were any elephants there, as he wanted to shoot one.

When eventually he did go to England he was taken to the Tower of London. He was greatly interested in the old block and ax and said he wanted to see some one beheaded. On being told there was nobody ready at the moment, he promptly offered one of his own retinue, and was very annoyed when the officials refused his request.

Not A Bird's-eye View

An Iowa girl, en route to visit friends in New York, entered the city by the Hudson tunnel, then took the subway to their address. "What do you think of the city?" they asked on her arrival. "I couldn't say," she replied. "I've had only a worm's-eye view."

—*Legion Weekly.*

A Question of Pace

A traveler was making his way along a toilsome road when he came across an old man. Addressing him, he asked how long it would take him to get to the next village. But the man went on with his work, neither speaking nor looking up. The traveler, thinking the old fellow was deaf, went on his way.

He had not gone far when he heard the man calling after him: "Hey, mister! Come back; come back!"

The traveler returned, when the old man said: "It'll take you just 20 minutes to get into the village."

"Why did you not tell me that when I asked you?" remonstrated the traveler.

"How did I know how fast you was going to walk?" retorted the old man.

Eats Overboard

STEWARD: "I thought I'd just bring you a little something to eat up here, sir, and save your trouble."

PASSENGER: "Thanks, steward; save me a little more trouble and throw it over the rail."

—*Judge.*

All Lights Out

HE: "We're coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?"

SHE: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

—*Bison.*

It Depended

An excited man caught the arm of the porter standing at the steps of a fast train. "My wife is on the train. Will I have time to get on the car and tell her good-by?" he asked.

"How long have you been married?" parried the porter.

—*Pathfinder.*

Possibly Fifteen Per Cent

BRITISH GUIDE (*showing places of interest*): "It was in this room, sir, that Lord Wellington received his first commission!"

AMERICAN TOURIST (*suddenly interested*): "How much was it?"

—*Provident Notes.*

Necessity Defined

The motorist from London had stopped to replace a tire in a desolate part of the Highlands. A native chanced along and helped.

"I suppose," said the stranger, busy with his wheel, "that even here the bare necessities of life have risen tremendously in price?"

"Aye, ye're richt," replied the native, "and it's no worth drinking when you get it."

The Church of England

ENGLISH CLERGYMAN: "And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey."

FAIR AMERICAN: "You bet, I'll rattle these off sure, but what I've been hankering to see ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper is the Church of England."

—*Exchange.*

All Aboard!

A man who was evidently a British tourist stood for a long time before the train board. Finally a train announcer stepped up to him and asked: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Thank you; I was just trying to make up my mind."

"About what, sir?"

"I wish to see some Indians, so I fancy I will just purchase a ticket for Indianapolis."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Substitute

GUIDE: "In this room the earl was murdered!"

VISITOR: "But you told us that in quite a different room last year."

GUIDE: "Yes, but that one is being repaired now!"

—*Karikaturen* (*Christiania*).

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